

Renegados



A Sourcebook About Dead People Who Are Mad As Hell
for Wraith: The Oblivion™

Renegades

By Jackie Cassada and Nicky Rea
Fiction by P.D. Cacek and Tom Deitz



"No Government has been, or can ever be,
where in time-servers and blockheads will
not be uppermost."

-John Dryden



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Developer's Note

Well, this is it. This is goodbye — my last **Wraith** book. It's a wrench finally letting go, but the 12th century beckons and it's time to go. I hope you've enjoyed the books I've done over the past few years, and I'd like to think that some of them might have given you more than just a good time — like a thought or idea that matters to you, or maybe even a few facts that you didn't know before. Thank you for taking the time to read and play **Wraith** — and for being willing to take a shot with your hard-earned cash on listening to what I've had to say. So the most important Special Thanks goes to you — players and Storytellers alike. This one's for you.

— The Deadguy

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Ben "New York Mob" Monk, for trying to make peace when he had nuthin'.

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Jess "Murder Inc." Heinig, for being the new guy and taking it like a man.

Authors' Dedication and Special Thanks

To Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, Phil Ochs, Buffy Ste. Marie and the hundreds of other famous (and not-so-famous) protest singers of the 1960s, whose music formed the backdrop for a decade of gorgeous illusions and broken dreams. Thanks for the memories.



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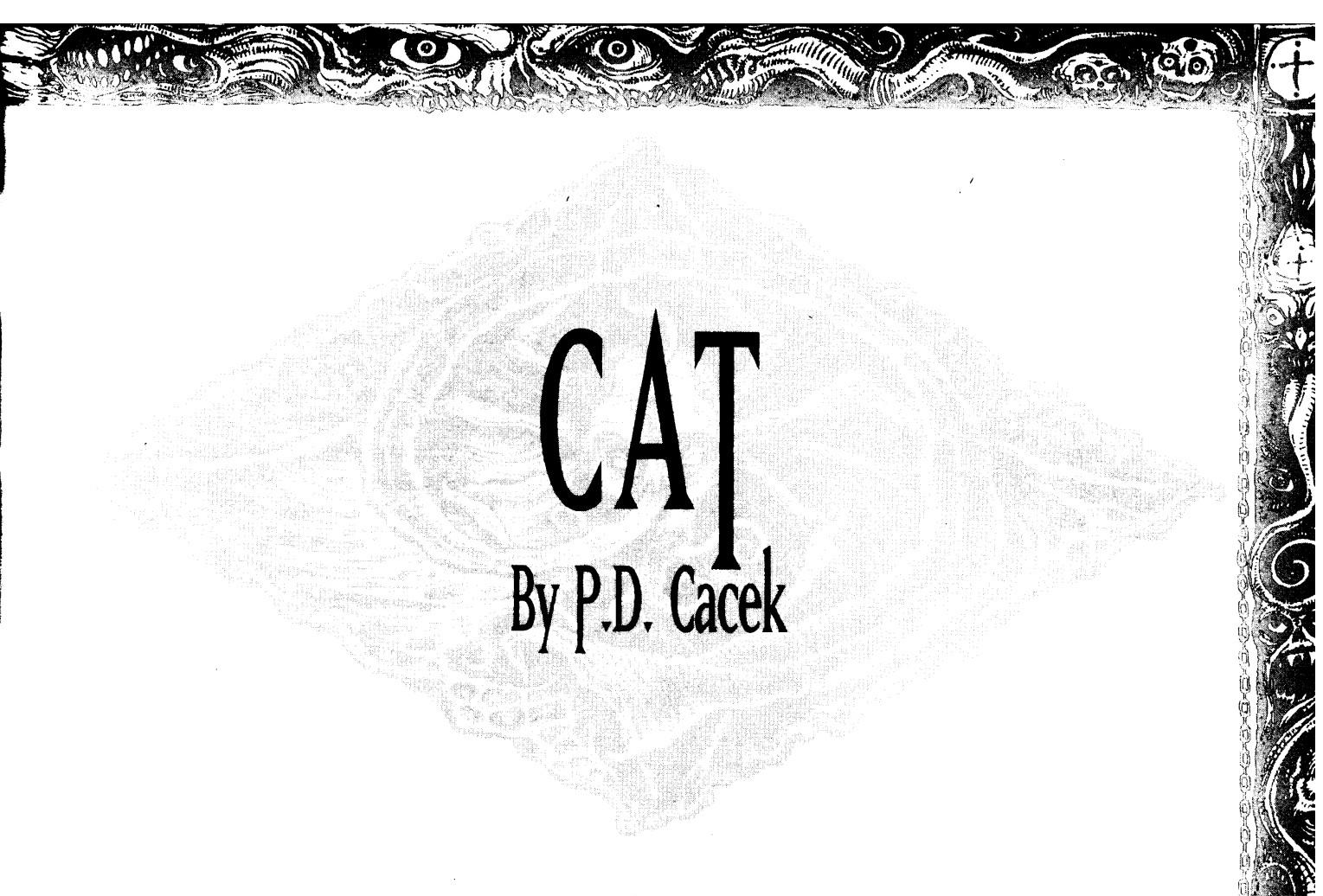
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CAT

By P.D. Cacek



hey call me CAT.

Which ain't bad, I guess...long as they're thinkin' of the feral, half-starved creatures that hunt and prowl and slink where they want and when they want. If they're not — if they're thinkin' I'm more like one of them fat cats all pampered and prettied, sittin' in the sun bein' done for — I'd rather they keep the name t'themselves.

'Cause I ain't like that.

I never was.

Not even back when I was breathin' regular.

'Course, they got a piece of it wrong. If I really was like a cat, I'd have me eight more lives to prance around in, instead of just the one.

Still, they call me CAT.

Not my gang, you understand. We don't call each other nothin', 'cause names don't mean nothin' in the Shadowlands except as a way of rememberin' things better left forgot. If you remember, you're only foolin' yourself and I didn't raise myself t'be no fool. 'Course, there are some things worth rememberin', but I ain't talkin' about no gentle, easy stuff you hear some wraiths moanin' and cryin' about. Naw, I mean the important things like how you died and who did it to you.

That gives you the strength t'carry on carryin' on, not bein' named.

But still I hear 'em, whisperin' the name like it was some kind of dirty joke. *Them*. The other Renegade gangs working this domain. Men — or what used to pass for men when they were on the other side — talkin' and pointin' and braggin' t'one another how they're gonna catch me and mine and either make us their slaves or sell us to the nearest soulforge.

Which ain't gonna happen.

I wasn't no man's slave on t'other side of the Shroud and I sure as hell ain't gonna be one on *this* side. Same with the forge. I sometimes wish one of them would try, just try...then I'd show 'em what kind of claws this CAT's got.

Remora. She's my claw. Dainty, I guess is what some might call her now — small enough to make anybody feel safe about tryin' to take her off me — but she's big enough to make 'em leak plasm when they try. Not too many soulforged daggers like my Remora.

Remora.

That wasn't her name in the Skinlands, so it's not like I'm tryin' to remember her the way she was or anything like that. I just call her that now 'cause that's what she was then — feedin' off my kills without havin' to get her hands dirty, just like those fish that swim with sharks.

It's like the name CAT. Don't mean anything but what I choose it to mean.

Like I said, I ain't no fool. Never was, on this side or the other.

Remora couldn't say that. That's why I watched her 'n' followed her, like a shadow in her shadow, the moment I spotted the deadlight on her. That's why I Reaped the Caul off her the minute she passed through, 'n' brought her to a forge a minute after that. It was so I could keep her close. Keep her safe. I didn't want any other Renegade gang or barghest hunt to snatch her and forge her into something for the Hierarchy. She was mine then; she's mine now.

Forever.

An' that part I do remember and keep as close's I keep her. My little Remora.

But tonight I ain't the only one rememberin'. My Ladies are rememberin', too, even though they try t'hide it from me. Silly. They should know by now that CATs can see in the dark.

So I stand out in the middle of the street like I been doin' and look at 'em. They're all huddled together on the decayin' stoop of the brownstone — skin hanging off their faces and arms, hair all matted with grave-grunge, eyes sunk deep inside their skulls — but whisperin' and hissin' through half-rotten lips like it was a regular Sunday picnic. And laughin' up a storm.

Far as I'm concerned, there ain't nothin' funny when a murdered woman laughs. I should know — I was one.

I am one.

Murdered right here, matter of fact, right inside from where my Ladies are shootin' the breeze. Four stories up, last apartment on the left — Home Sweet Home.

Not.

I look up and pretend I can see through the brownstone's crumblin' brick and termite-eaten wood. I can't, of course. There's things a wraith can no more do

than the Quick can; but I pretend and close my hand over Remora's hilt. The cold fire burns and freezes my dead flesh at the same time.

"My, but don't you Ladies look comfortable," I say, tightenin' my grip on Remora. I hear her moan from between my fingers. It's a pleasin' sound. "No one'd ever guess you t'be Renegades."

The laughter dies, just like we all did.

"Is there a law against Renegades being comfortable?" one of my Ladies asks. I think she was a teacher in the Skinlands; she still tries to talk like it. "It's not as if we have anything planned for the evening, do we?"

My, but she gets on my nerves sometimes.

"Evenin'?" I ask, looking up into a sky so black you'd think y're were staring into a bucket filled with tar.

When you're Quick and breathin' you think you know what dark is, what night is; but once you're dead you know how wrong you were.

I thought the night I died was dark, but it was all sunshine and brightness compared to this.

It was dark when they caught me, darker still when they did me and slit my throat. It was darkest when I woke up to see what I thought was one of 'em comin' back for seconds.

But it didn't get much brighter when I fought and kicked and tore myself free of the Caul. Guess that's why they call it the Shadowlands.

Same they that call me CAT, more'n likely.

"Yeah," I finally say, "I got us something planned."

And the whisperin' starts up again. This time, though, there ain't no laughter in it, just a kind of snappin' electricity that sizzles the air. I know what my Ladies like and I give it to 'em as much as I can. If I didn't, they'd probably hand my soul to the highest bidder.

And I wouldn't blame them. Turnabout's fair play, after all.

But I wait another minute more, just t'give 'em a little more to whisper about before I smile and say, "I found one of 'em. He's a Legionnaire at a Stygian outpost not far from here."

And a sound — not a whisper, but a *real* sound so low and hungry it would make my Corpus crawl if it still could — fills the night and pushes the dark back a little.

I can't help but smile.

I handpick my Ladies, one by one, and that ain't easy; what with needin' to keep a sharp eye out for any Reaper who might want to add me to his quota.

But I manage, 'cause I know exactly which of the just-reborn Enfants I want.

Maybe it's 'cause I didn't have no help bein' reborn, or maybe it's 'cause I was killed before my time, but I can see right through a new Enfant's Caul to the revenge etched on the sleepin' wraith's face.

I don't harvest men, even if they did die at the hands of another, unless I need to barter for something. They just ain't worth the trouble. Their Passions are too cold for what I need. Too easy for 'em to refocus on something else, like the Hierarchy, the Heretics or politicking.

A woman's vengeance comes through the Shroud strong and pure and hot, and I make sure it stays that way.

"One of ours?"

"One of our murderers?"

"Whose?"

"Does it matter?" I finally ask.

No, they answer with silence, it doesn't. It never matters. Only thing that matters at all is keeping the Passion strong, keeping the vengeance alive in the land of the dead.

"Whichever one of you he killed, he's *all* of ours now," I remind them, not that I really have to. We're Renegades, as solid and strong as any gang in the Shadowlands.

I just like to make sure we all remember that.

"He's cocky, though," I continue, addin' just a little more fuel to the fire as my Ladies gather around me. "Likes to stand out where everybody can see him and swing a Thrall chain back and forth. I saw him use it like a whip once to snag a Renegade to be made into the next link. He's got real bad eyes. Evil, even for this side."

"Sounds like my husband—"

"—My daddy—"

"—My lover—"

"—The crazy man down the street—"

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. Doesn't matter if it's one of their killers or not. All that matters is keepin' the vengeance strong.

"Could be," I say to one and then to another. "Could be. Let's get goin'."

And my Ladies fill the street — ragged bodies swaying from side to side as they walk, loose necks cocked at odd angles or hooked forward like vultures', grave-worn shoes scraping against the broken asphalt — and move into fighting formation without me havin' t'say a word; right down the tattered yellow line like we own the street.

Which we do. For now. Unless we run into something bigger and meaner. But until then, we move like we're carrying our weight in oboli and soulforged weapons.

We don't talk while we're on the move, and I always take the lead; eyeballin' the deeper shadows for signs of

attack and listenin' to the Lemures and Mittys scramble through the rubble of buildings like the mice and roaches I used to catch as a kid.

Me and my Ladies catch the useless wraiths for the same reason. They ain't got no Passions 'cept maybe regret, and that don't burn at all. So why not? If we don't take advantage of the situation, some other gang or hunting party will.

That's death for you.

"Is that him?"

I look up, almost surprised at how fast we got to the outpost.

The Legionnaire — a proud cock of the walk, a rooster of a man who musta been nothin' more'n a beat cop back in the Skins — is walkin' back and forth in front of the outpost as if he was one of the Deathlords himself.

It don't matter that he ain't got chains like in my story. He looks like he mighta been the type to kill women, and that's all my Ladies need to see.

The new sound that sweeps up from behind me would make even a Mourner turn tail and run straight back to the Tempest.

It's a dirge of hate, so pure and sweet that it makes the Legionnaire squint into the darkness lookin' for the source of it. Maybe he thinks one of the Deathlords is comin' by to say howdy. Don't really care what he thinks, 'cause soon enough, he and his stronghold are gonna know firsthand what's comin' for 'em.

On the other side, I know there's a sayin' about Vengeance bein' the Lord's duty. But here, on this side, ol' Charon's the lord and he's been missin' for some time now.

That bein' the case, I feel it only proper that vengeance is *mine*.

And my Ladies', of course.

When I pull Remora from her scabbard and point her toward the wraith who has, for the moment, become all of our murderers, I hear her voice mix with the song my Ladies are singing.

It makes me feel good.

It makes me feel *alive*.

They call me CAT.

But they whisper when they say it. And those who remember how, tremble at the sound.





Viking

By Tom Deitz



thousand years ago, I'd have been a Viking — a Norseman — a wolf-of-the-sea. Call it what you will; they're merely different terms for the same sailor-pirate-warrior-traders who used to terrorize the northern world because it was easier (and more soul-satisfying) than subsistence farming between glaciers and fjords.

That's if I'd been the same genetic "me" then that I am today: a rangy six feet tall, with a face full of angles like a Norwegian cliff and long hair as yellow as the sun that shines up north. Never mind the name — Snorri Sorenson — and the fact that I can't ever seem to stay in one place long enough for boredom to spread its dust on me. Maybe I could've done the violence thing — the old rape, pillage, plunder bit — but I like to think my own private heaven would've been the pure wanderlust of sailing out of sight of land on a long, sleek *drakkar*, bound for Russia, Ireland, Iceland or even the Americas.

I was, in fact, born 10 centuries later, complete with an identical twin named Hrolf, with whom I shared a powerful urge to go roaming whenever possible, while nominally attending a big Southern university. College was really an excuse to sample everything I could that had any bearing on my heritage, like studying Old Norse, hanging out with the local

medieval re-creation society (where I learned the basics of how to swing a sword and use a shield) and perfecting that most universal of young male skills: how to hold my liquor. I didn't try to be a rebel, I just was. Or maybe less a rebel than simply my own man. With a twin as a built-in best friend, I had no need to meet others' expectations.

But if I don't stop this infernal scribbling and take my turn at the oars, I won't be anything — not in a form that's sentient here in the Shadowlands. There's been a good wind on this black sea, so we haven't had to do much rowing — and no one's behind us that I can see — but that doesn't mean anything, and one can't afford to drop one's guard.

Still, I wonder as I write this why I bother, except that maybe I want to leave some proof that I was not only here, but that I tried to achieve something lasting and grand, which I never had a chance to do on the other side. No, scratch that, I want to leave *Hrolf* proof, for when he crosses over, as I know he will because he's my twin and my other half and my only significant Fetter. He's been the one thing that's stayed with me forever, never judging me like our folks did, and never wanting anything out of me, like all of my friends did. I hope I'll be his Fetter, too, if it can work that way. Or maybe we're each other's Shadows. I've thought about that a lot, actually. Maybe when we meet we'll sort of swap over and become two discrete wraiths, like one dark and one light. That'd give the theosophers



over here something to ponder besides the permeability of the Bosnian Shroud or whatever the hell.

But I digress....

I've named this ship I'm captaining *Naglfar*, after the vessel the Vikings thought would appear at Ragnarok: the ship made from the nail parings of the dead, as this one is made of their souls. I stole it a dozen islands back and named it, because a man ought to have a ship, and a ship ought to have a name. I named the Toyota I had in life *Naglfar*, too, but it didn't turn into a relic — at least not mine.

Names matter, I've discovered. Names give power to things and places, and that keeps 'em "alive," here if not in the Skinlands. One day, too, I *will* get to Stygia and visit its great library, and read all those *names*: all those lost plays by the Greek playwrights, and those Norse sagas and Mayan codices that exist beyond the Shroud only on lists of things destroyed by the living.

But that's for later. For now, I have one thing to do — one Passion, if you will — which is to destroy Valhalla. Not the real Valhalla, mind you; the fake surrogate someone's contrived here among the Far Shores as a plastic mockery of the genuine article I'm certain exists elsewhere, because...well, because it just has to, now that I've seen proof that there really is an afterlife. But the one I've heard about — the one I saw actual images of — is no more Valhalla than Sleeping Beauty's Castle at Disneyland is Neuschwanstein. And frankly, there're some things that just ought not to be messed with. And if Odin's priests think that hanging on a tree once a year for knowledge makes 'em the genuine article, I'm afraid they've got another think coming.

Unfortunately, so do I, because I managed to piss off a bunch of 'em when I leveled that first sanctuary. I just came riding in off the tide and nailed it with a couple of well-placed barrow-bombs — with them all inside, of course.

I was young then, freshly dead of a broken neck.

I was playing lacrosse when I got hit wrong, landed wrong and —SNAP!— 180 pounds of young manhood became so much surplus meat with a still-working brain stuck on. Well, and a mouth that could beg my twin, as I lay in the hospital, to take a discarded needle out of the trash and inject a fatal bubble of air into my IV drip. Which he did. Maybe that damned him there, but it saved me here.

I'll need all the help I can get, too, because a man with a Passion that flies in the face of convention is always a hunted man. And my goal is simple, like I said: destroy the false Valhalla I found here among the Far Shores (after I spent nearly a year trying to get here, once I heard of the place), take word of that falsehood back to the Shadowlands proper and proclaim to anyone who'll listen that their own former blood and bone are being enslaved and deluded by bogus priests. I might even point out that a war of liberation would be a damned fine idea.

But first I have to get proof, and to do that, I have to find it, secure it and return with it intact. *Naglfar* is a means to all three ends, and besides, it makes me feel good to captain it, even if I don't trust the wraiths in my crew — possibly because their agenda isn't the same as mine, and possibly because my Shadow knows their

agenda too, and likes it better than mine. At least I feel bad about the mayhem I practice in a righteous cause. The Shadow doesn't. For it, rape and pillage suffice.

Thank Odin for the berserker-thing that keeps my dark half in check. Though come to think of it, he might be pretty damned useful if his plan works — his wildly audacious, all-too-obvious plot. (Which of course makes me suspicious. You never can tell with your Shadow.)

In any event, I really need to put down this pen that never runs out of ink for a while and set my shoulders, with the others, to rowing.

I'm back now. I've been sitting in the stern watching that screwy smoke that comes from ice-cold barrow-flame rise up to merge with a sky that darkly mirrors its colors. My smoke. My cold-fire. My revenge.

My bane.

Maybe I should transcribe this as poetry — staves of perfect alliterative verse. It'd be the Viking thing to do, I bet.

But I can only recall.

We came upon them at dawn. I knew the place, because it looked exactly like my namesake said it did in the *Elder Edda*: an island rising from an icy sea, fjords surrounding it and an enormous mountain rearing sheer-sided from the center, like one of those South American mesas that gave birth to the legends of the lost world. There was a rainbow bridge, too, made of souls that cried out to us as we trod upon them, each pleading for a liberation I couldn't yet grant.

I had a sword I trusted, and a band of warriors I didn't. And I ran up that long railless span two yards at a stride, with my Shadow yammering "Bloodlust! Bloodlust! Bloodlust!" in a steady, deadly drone. When we reached the top, I let him drive. Those who support lies that enslave others deserve what they get. That's something I believed Quick, and something I still believe now. The Shadow believes it too, but without any of this "everyone has a right to exist" crap. Or maybe (he tells me), he simply got tired of indulging me. In any event, we both fought.

Fought, hell! We engaged in battle! Men and women in full combat kit — all rings, intricate gilded soulsteel and boiled leather — all after our blood, our souls, our heads. It was marvelous mayhem, too; blade against blade, and wounds we knew were true because our foes fell down before us, like as not, missing important parts. They didn't get up, either — at least not before we could get manacles on 'em and lead 'em away to the ship, so we could take 'em where they could be free.

That's how it was supposed to be — and for once that's how it actually was: Ragnarok with a rock-and-roll soundtrack, because someone had a relic CD player and a relic CD of "Immigrant Song."

And then we were all howling our way toward the massive soulsteel doors of bogus-Odin's bogus citadel. They gave way be-

fore us since, to our surprise, someone had left them unbarred. The door posts whipped by in a blur of complex zoomorphic carving and we entered the Hall of Heroes.

But there were no heroes anywhere about, just that damned Odin wannabe standing there with his eye patch, his wide black hat and something pretending to be his famous eight-legged steed.

No sword. No weapons of any kind.

"Thought and memory," he thundered, naming the raven-shapes that hovered near. "Huginn and Muninn. Thought and memory run things here."

I glared at him, and almost ran him through then and there. My Shadow wanted to, but I fought him down. "You aren't Odin," I spat.

He ignored the accusation. "You're a long way from your twin, boy. A long way from your Fetter."

Anger wracked me, yet somehow I contained it. There was no way he could have learned about Hrolf. And yet—

"How do I know?" Odin smirked, not waiting for my reply. "Maybe I got tired of having my coasts ravaged, and consulted a certain seer, who told me that the great Captain Snorri Sorenson had a twin in the Skinlands — a twin in jail under suspicion of murdering his own brother. A twin who might hang himself when he realizes what he's truly done."

"Thereby dispersing me," I growled bitterly. My Shadow had certainly told me enough about that.

Battle erupted around me: Odin's acolytes had hacked their way inside and were attacking mine. I ignored them. For me the room was empty except for the blasphemous imposter.

"Better you tend your kin," Odin grinned. "Better you let Valhalla lie!"

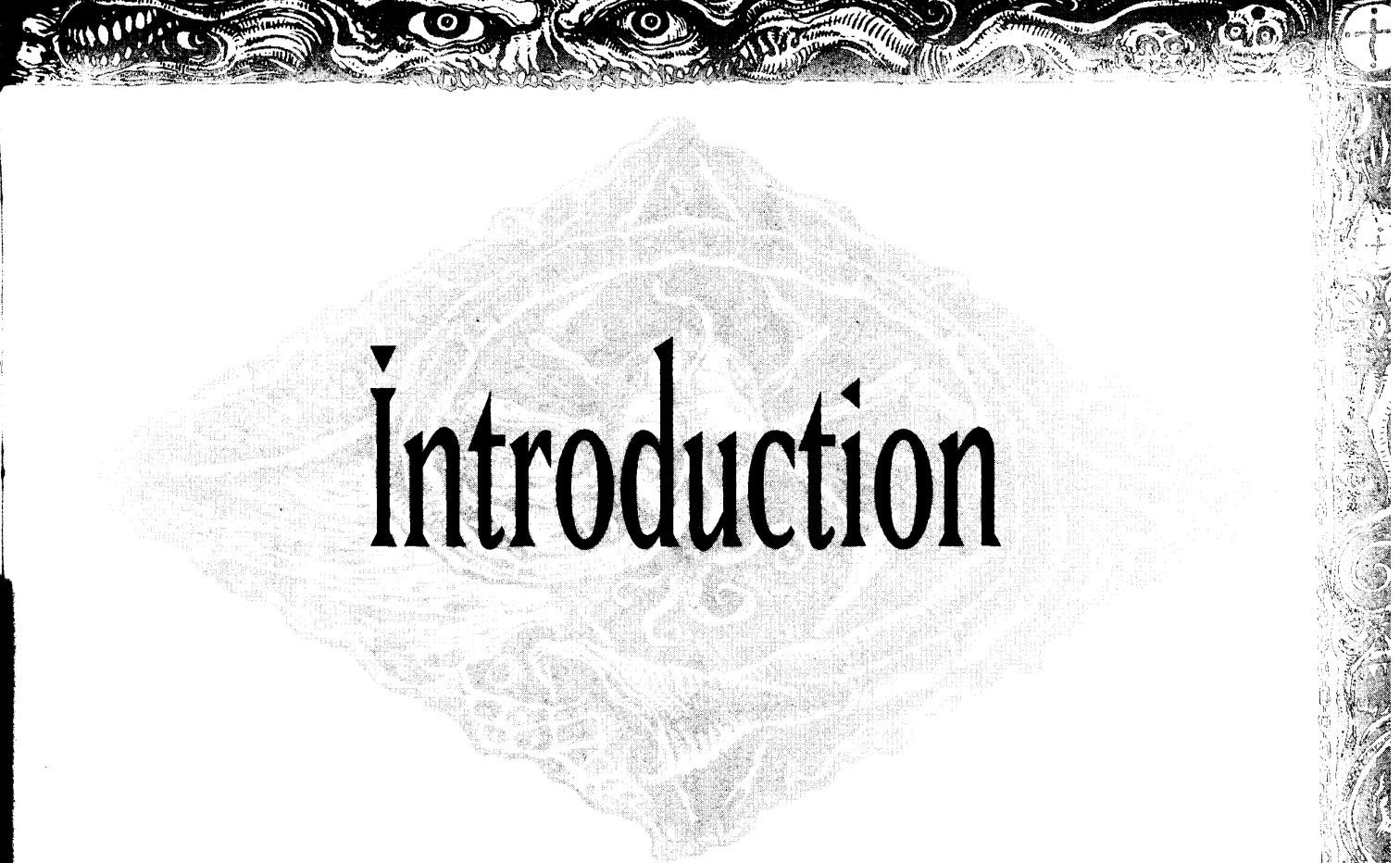
"Lie indeed!" I shouted back. Before he could even reach for a sword or shield, I hewed his head from his shoulders. It hit the floor, bounced twice, then spoke from where it lay atop the pavement with plasm slowly oozing from the stump of its neck. "Kinslayer! You are the son of my blood across 50 generations. I who was a Viking and made this place, because some kind of Valhalla had to be. We are blood!"

I turned from him, not believing at that point, then rallied my troops and put the place to the barrow-bomb. The icy conflagration blazes still, assailing the sky like a god's funeral pyre.

And me? It seems that I must wreak vengeance on myself. Like Signy, I have betrayed one to whom I was bound by blood, when I was already bound to another. I think, therefore, I owe myself a death — my own, I guess — for killing my own kin. So now I'll return to the Shadowlands, where, somehow, I'll contrive the demise of my still-living twin and be consigned to Oblivion. My death will be doubled for my ancestor's, and all things will be set right.

But that still raises the question: Where do souls go when they die? I don't know, but I still believe, more fiercely than ever, in Valhalla. And with Hrolf at my side, I would dare even Oblivion to prove the legend of Asgard to be true.





introduction

Letters from the Barricades

Transcript of a speech given in Central Park, The New York Necropolis,
May 1, 1998:

We gather here this evening in the center of one of Stygia's most corrupt and influential Necropoli. Our presence serves a single purpose: to show the Legions that we exist and that their days are numbered.

The Deathlords and their lackeys label us Renegades. They're wrong. We call ourselves freedom fighters. We oppose the oppressive Empire of Stygia and everything it represents — eternal slavery, rule by fear and the abuse of power. By denying Stygia its authority to dictate our every action and its right to monitor our thoughts, we deprive it of some of its power. By taking actions to oppose the Legions, we strike a

blow for freedom and demonstrate to other wraiths that they do not have to exist as slaves.

The Hierarchy portrays us as troublemakers. They insist that, by undermining their orderly and stable society, we serve Oblivion. They lie.

We don't seek to destroy Stygia so much as to liberate it; to rip free the shackles of servitude and ignorance that bind its citizens to its rotting corpse. By opposing those who enforce unquestioning obedience and blind submission, we strengthen ourselves against the overwhelming despair that drags so many wraiths into the jaws of Oblivion. We refuse to accept the slave mentality encouraged by the Hierarchy. Instead, we foster the ideals of liberty and free expression, of individual responsibility and willing cooperation. These qualities make up our arsenal of weapons, and they are just as effective against Oblivion as they are against the Legions.

Look around you. The wraiths standing next to you, in front of you or behind you all share something with you. Something brought them here tonight to listen to a speech by one of the Renegades, one of the "outlaws" of the Stygian Empire. What brought you to this place? Curiosity? Good. That means you've learned to question at least part of what you've been



told. Hunger? If you came here to feed on righteous anger, go ahead — sate yourselves. Maybe you'll pick up something else along with your meal, like a few ideas to kick around in that dead mind of yours. Excitement? Well, things have been pretty tame so far, but I can't guarantee that in the next few minutes the shit won't hit the fan. You'll have your share of thrills then, and you'll discover that living on the front lines and running for your soul delivers a jolt of excitement you won't find in any Hierarchy desk job.

Some of you have undoubtedly come to spy on us and then report back to your Hierarchy bosses or your patrol leaders. I pity you, but I also welcome your presence here. You need to hear what I have to say. Even if you discount my veracity today, you'll remember my words tomorrow. Maybe you'll begin to question the decisions of your leaders and start to think for yourselves. If you do that, the next time you come to one of our rallies, you'll come to join us.

In the meantime, I'd suggest that you get ready to run — or defend yourselves. That whistle from my lookouts means that the Legionnaires are on their way. If you're just here on a lark, then get your ass away from the park now. If you're tired of being pushed around or if you care to risk everything to strike one solid blow in the name of freedom, then get ready to push back. You may lose, but the Hierarchy has already lost its hold on your soul!

Overheard in the back room of Sal's Taproom, May 2, 1998:

Yeah, I heard about what happened at the rally last night. How many of those so-called freedom fighters made it out of the park? Not many. Most of 'em got hauled off to the forges early this morning, so I'm told.

You want to know where the real Renegades are? You're lookin' at one. Me and my gang say, "Fuck the system," and we mean it. Here's how I see it:

The Hierarchy gives us nothing, and we owe it nothing in return. It just sits like a greedy dog perched on top of a pile of bones it claims but can't possibly eat. We're the bone-pickers, and here's how we do it.

We hear about this Renegade rally in the park. We don't go there ourselves. Instead, we stay put and wait for the heat to come down. Meanwhile, we let the word get out that we're a safe haven in case things get tough.

Sure enough, the Legionnaires hit the park and some of the ones that get away come to us. We hide 'em, cause Sal pays the Legions not to look in his Haunt. But a hideyhole ain't cheap, so we charge a small fee for staying here, plus another small fee for transportation to a safe place. It's not

our fault if the safe place gets compromised — and if we collect another small fee from the Legions in the process....

See, to my way of thinking, being a Renegade means that you fuck everyone, regardless of where anyone stands. The minute you start being for something, you stop bucking the system. We're against everything, unless we can make a profit from it.

So what makes us different from Hierarchy finks? Here's the philosophical part: Because of us, nobody trusts anybody. And that pulls the Moliated rug out from under the Empire...and lets us sell the rug to the highest bidder.

Port Authority Bus Station, May 2, 1998:

See that yokel with the backpack getting ready to board the Express to Nashville? I'm jumping in his skin and getting the hell out of this town. No, I didn't go to the rally yesterday, and no, nobody warned me away from it, either. I don't do rallies.

I'm what you might call a private Renegade.

Yeah, the Grim Legion grabbed me fresh from the Skinlands, before my Caul was dry.

They trained me for a few weeks and then sent me out with one of their patrols to fight Oblivion. Ha! I

took one look at "Oblivion" and nearly lost my eyeballs. Then I took off in the other direction.

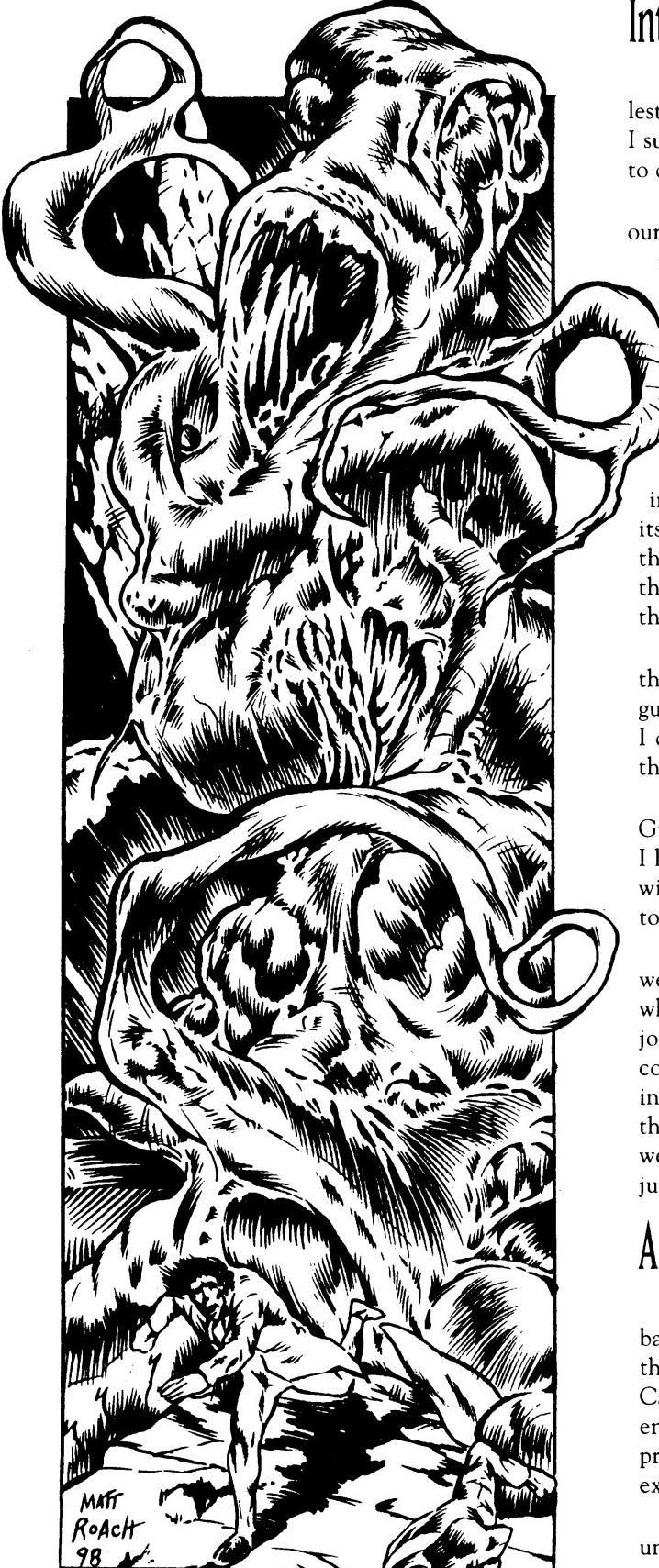
It's like this. I already died once. I don't feel like doing it again — for real, this time. I guess my desertion makes me a Renegade to most people. I call myself a survivor. The Hierarchy feeds us a line about how we can make a difference in the war against the Spectres and the enemies of Stygia, but I don't see that. I also don't like being threatened with the soulforges if I don't behave.

So, I decided to pack it in. I'm not the only one who feels this way, either. Not everybody has the courage of their convictions. Heck, I don't even think I'd know a conviction if it walked up to me and shook my hand. I just want to stay in one piece and avoid getting my Corpus ripped to shreds in the name of something I don't believe in.

My friends are over there too, picking out some bodies to Skinride out of town. We tend to move around a lot, because if we stay in one place for too long, the patrols get suspicious. Oh, every now and then, we run messages for one of the Renegade gangs — since we're technically in the same class they are — but we don't do anything that puts our own asses at risk.

If you want to waste yourself fighting a losing battle against the things that live in the Tempest, be my guest. Me — I'm outta here.





Interview with a Pacifist, May 3, 1998:

I did not attend that unfortunate rally in Central Park, lest I call unwanted attention to myself. That does not mean I support the Legions. Oh no, far from it. I simply choose to do things in my own manner.

The Hierarchy robs us of everything — our dignity, our freedom and, in many cases, our right to exist. Most importantly, it forbids us the one thing that makes this desolate time in the Shadowlands bearable — the hope of Transcendence.

No, I am not a Heretic, seeking a mythical paradise on the Far Shores. Transcendence does not come that easily or that simply. We achieve Transcendence through cutting our ties to the Shadowlands, meeting all of our obligations and breaking our chains. The Hierarchy would keep us here to fight its battle against Oblivion and to bolster the armies of the Deathlords. They do not want us to escape them through achieving a higher state of being or a new life in the world of flesh.

That is why I am a Renegade, for I turn my back on the Hierarchy. I do not fight them with fists or swords or guns; I struggle against them with my power to refuse them. I deny them what they want most — my acceptance of their authority over me.

I do not serve in the Legions or support the puppet Guilds. I own nothing made of souls, not even an obolus. I have a few relics, items that came through the Shroud with me when I died or that friends have given or traded to me for favors. All else, I do without.

I do not resort to violence, for such is the Hierarchy's weapon, not mine. I speak, as I am speaking to you, to whoever will listen, hoping that I can convince others to join me. If all the wraiths in the Shadowlands refuse to cooperate with the Hierarchy, if they stop delivering souls into the hands of the Legions, if they refuse to work for the Deathlords, the Empire will collapse under its own weight. Once more, we will be free to seek that which lies just outside our grasp.

A voice in the alley, May 3, 1998:

The day after the rally, three truckloads full of forgembait left for Stygia. Only two made it out of the city. The third truck got hijacked by a bunch of Renegades — us. Call us liberators, if you want. I think of us as alternative entrepreneurs. See, the Legions don't profit from turning prisoners over to the soulforges or the slave markets — excuse me — Thrall malls. That's their job.

But we got a deal going with some of the transport units. They look the other way while we make off with

part of their haul, then report an attack by an army of Renegades. They take their losses, but it's no skin off their backs.

Meanwhile, we have a truckload of wraiths sweating Pathos 'cause they've just avoided becoming some Deathlord's patio furniture. Thralls are expensive, if you get 'em from the Hierarchy. We sell 'em a lot cheaper, and have enough left over to kick back a few oboli to the patrols that closed their eyes at the right time.

Hey, don't tell us we're not Renegades. You don't see us marching street patrol or taking off into the Tempest to fight Spectres. Besides, we never manage to sell off every wraith we liberate. Some of 'em we let go, especially if they can pay us to slip their chains. That keeps us righteous in my book.

Somewhere in the Shadowlands,

May 5, 1998:

Rallies and peaceful protests don't work. The only thing the Hierarchy understands is might. If they fuck us, we'll fuck them back, harder. We're here to bring down the system any way we can. The Legions aren't misguided, they're our enemies. This isn't about ethics or morality or justice; it's about destroying a monster and surviving the aftermath.

Most Renegades are gutless wonders — all talk and no action. No one will vote the Hierarchy out of power or talk it into giving up and going away. We have to blow it up, rip it apart and tear it down.

Call us the Revolutionaries. The big guys in Stygia and the Necropoli call us terrorists. That works, too. Don't get me wrong, though. We're not suicidal. We intend to win our war against the Empire.

Unlike those martyrs who make pretty speeches and end up screaming on the anvil, we bide our time, storing up our caches of weapons and building our armies. Every now and then, we strike somewhere — just to make the Hierarchy nervous. We don't want the Legions to suspect that we've got bigger plans than just ambushing a patrol or freeing a political prisoner from their holding cells. We have training camps, safe houses, secret arsenals — we even hold a few Necropoli now. Our time is coming.

Do we make deals with Spectres? Come on, what do you think? The enemy of my enemy...

Times Square, May 6, 1998:

They tell me I'm a Renegade. I never meant to become one. I just enjoy Skinriding, and every now and then I like to visit my family. There's this medium I've been seeing, too.



Anyway, those things are illegal. They sent a patrol to my Haunt and gave me a warning for the first offense. The Legionnaire told me I got off easy that time and that I should "cease and desist" my violations of the *Dictum Mortuum*.

I tried. For a week, I gave it my best shot. Then I got homesick and it just seemed natural to jump inside my big brother's girlfriend and visit the old homestead. They were waiting for me when I got back, but I ran like hell. I've been running ever since.

I hooked up with some people who felt like I did. We formed a gang and that's how I came to be a Renegade.

I don't really care one way or the other about the Hierarchy or the war against Oblivion or whether or not I'm wearing soulforged earrings or if my pocket change groans. I just want to do what I want to do. Is that too much to ask? Yeah, I know the answer to that. That's why I'm a Renegade. The rally? Nah, I didn't make it. I was busy with personal stuff. Maybe next time, if it's safe.

Down on the Corner, May 6, 1998:

What a crock of shit! Rallies? Are you people for real? You talk real purty, let's see ya get your Corpus dirty and waste some of these Hierarchy fuckers. Then you can talk to me about being a Renegade. 'Til then, fuck you and your "political consciousness."

Renegades, Ya Gotta Love 'em

Trying to pin down the definition of a Renegade belongs right up there with goals like keeping the beach dry at high tide or finding a needle in a stack of pins. Renegades, by their natures, defy classification. By necessity, they shun ready marks of identification. If someone claims to be a Renegade, look for her Hierarchy badge — or start running.

Every society, even the most tolerant and liberal, produces its dissidents — individuals and groups who don't fit the norm or who bear some grievance against the prevailing regime. The Hierarchy's excessive inflexibility and oppressive practices spawn Renegades of all sorts. Taken as a group, these rebel wraiths constitute a gigantic thorn (pun intended) in the Hierarchy's side. However, Renegades rarely do anything "as a group." Agreeing only to disagree, they most often become their own worst enemies. Factionalism and philosophical tunnel vision most often prevent the various Renegade gangs from achieving any kind of coalition, except under the direst of circumstances. Temporary alliances dissolve as soon as the immediate threat has passed.

Everyone's a Critic

Every Renegade nurses a beef. Some oppose the Hierarchy on moral or ethical grounds, condemning such practices as forging souls, enslaving Thralls or forbidding contact with the Skinlands. Others resent the idea of any kind of authority holding sway over the Underworld, preferring the concept of absolute freedom and anarchy to even the most vestigial form of government. Many wraiths become Renegades by running afoul of the Hierarchy; this faction includes a few ex-Legionnaires as well as a host of petty criminals, misfits and outlaws. Still more wraiths simply ignore the Hierarchy as much as possible, focusing on their own personal struggles in the world beyond the Shroud; although they don't consider themselves opponents of the established order, the powers that be label them Renegades and hunt them down as vigorously as they pursue the most troublesome activists. Regardless of what makes a wraith into a Renegade, the presence of these gadflies and critics of the Stygian Empire attest to one inescapable truth: Something is very, very wrong with the Underworld as it stands.

How to Use This Book

This sourcebook examines the history, ways and means of the various groups that collectively form the Underworld's Renegade faction. It is a book about rebellion, dissension, revolution, anarchy and stubborn refusal to go along with the crowd. United only by their opposition to the Hierarchy, Renegades comprise one of the most diverse communities of wraiths beyond the Shroud. As such, this group provides Storytellers and players with an abundance of ideas for chronicles and characters.

Chapter One: A History of Revolution offers a commentary on the history of the Renegades as well as a glimpse of the "other side" of the official evolution of Stygia and the Shadowlands.

Chapter Two: Under the Gun examines the various groups that make up the Renegades, from philosophical idealists to street fighters to Byway gangsters. It details the different types of Renegade gangs that exist in the Underworld as well as how various factions of Renegades interact with one another.

Chapter Three: Bridges and Barricades places Renegades within the greater society of wraiths and examines their connections to other creatures in the World of Darkness.

Chapter Four: Making the Revolution reveals the tactics of Renegade groups as well as new Backgrounds, Abilities and Arcanos arts. This chapter contains nuts-and-bolts instructions on how to play a Renegade.

Chapter Five: The Soul of a Renegade looks at character creation and gives some ideas about roleplaying a Renegade character as well as creating a chronicle centered on Renegades.

Chapter Six: Children of the Revolution offers some ready-made Renegades to insert into your own chronicle or customize to suit your needs.

The **Appendix: Leading the Charge** details some of the Underworld's most famous or notorious Renegades.

Rebels All

Several themes converge in this supplement about those who turn their backs on the establishment. Defiance lurks within every Renegade. Its expression differs according to its object. Most rebellious wraiths spit in the face of something — the Hierarchy, the Legions, Oblivion, the *Dictum Mortuum*, existence, the Underworld or just the wind. The desire for freedom ranks high on the list of wraiths who find themselves confronted with the prospect of an afterlife as a Thrall or worse. The process that transforms an individual Renegade's opposition to the status quo into the determination to overthrow, alter or ignore it sparks the fire of revolution.

Not all Renegades serve lofty ideals. Some work for their own personal gains — self-indulgence, power in the Underworld or the right to do as they please. The lack of high moral standards does not prevent a wraith from becoming a Renegade, though, and Heaven help any wraith who thinks that the Renegades are all "good guys."

In many ways, the "Renegade Movement" is one of the Underworld's most egalitarian, equal-opportunity organizations. The diversity found within Renegade society comprises another motif that runs throughout this book.

Sparks of Revolution

Many moods combine among the pages of this book. By and large, Renegades are an angry bunch. Outlawed by the Hierarchy, persecuted, prosecuted, vilified and condemned for their inability to toe the line, Renegades find hundreds of ways to express the depths of their rage against a system they abhor. Most Renegades are extremely serious about what they do. Their determination forms the backbone of the "movement" and serves as a stronger barricade against their enemies than any construction of soulforged bricks and barbed wire. Idealism and cynicism bed together successfully — if not comfortably — among the Renegades. The ability to envision change keeps many rebellious souls from falling prey to apathy and despair when confronted by the enormity of their task. A strong current of pride — in their cause and in themselves — counters the hopelessness that tempts many Renegades to pack it in and sign up for the next forge-bound express train to Stygia.

Bibliography

The literature of revolution is extensive. Libraries and bookstores are full of the writings of famous revolutionaries such as Thomas Paine, Mao Tse Tung, Maximilien Robespierre and Che Guevara. The following books present a sampling of titles on revolutions and their instigators.

About Revolution

Exodus and Revolution, by Michael Walzer, examines the parallels between modern radicalism and the biblical account of the Jewish Exodus.

Revolution: 500 Years of Struggle for Change, by Mark Almond, presents a country-by-country look at the phenomenon of violent social change. This volume is filled with handy timelines and thumbnail sketches of the principal players.

Revolutionaries and Functionaries: The Dual Face of Terrorism, by Richard Falk, looks at the uses of terror tactics as a means of revolution as well as an end in themselves.

The World Atlas of Revolutions, by Andrew Wheatcroft, offers a chronological account of revolutions throughout the world from 1776 to 1980.

Biographies and Memoirs

Borstal Boy, by Brendan Behan, describes the author's turbulent and troubled boyhood with his customary dark humor and graphic irony.

Biography of a Runaway Slave, by Miguel Barnet, tells the true story of Cuban revolutionary Esteban Montejo, who rose from slavery to become a guerrilla fighter in the Cuban Revolution.

Insider: My Hidden Life as a Revolutionary in Cuba, by Jose Luis Llovio-Menendez, tells the first-hand story of one man's disillusionment with the reality of an ideal.

The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade (Marat/Sade), a play by Peter Weiss, presents a cutting satire on the harsh reality of revolution. It also has one of the best titles of any book published in the last century.

The Revolutionary Career of Maximilien Robespierre, by David P. Jordan, chronicles the life and times of one of the French Revolution's seminal thinkers and tacticians.

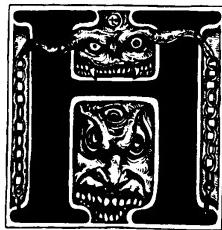
Walden and Resistance to Civil Government, by Henry David Thoreau, is a landmark work on the politics of passive resistance and quiet revolution.

Writings on Civil Disobedience and Nonviolence, by Leo Tolstoy, presents a compilation of political thought by one of Russia's most profound and influential philosopher-authors.



Chapter One: A History of Revolution

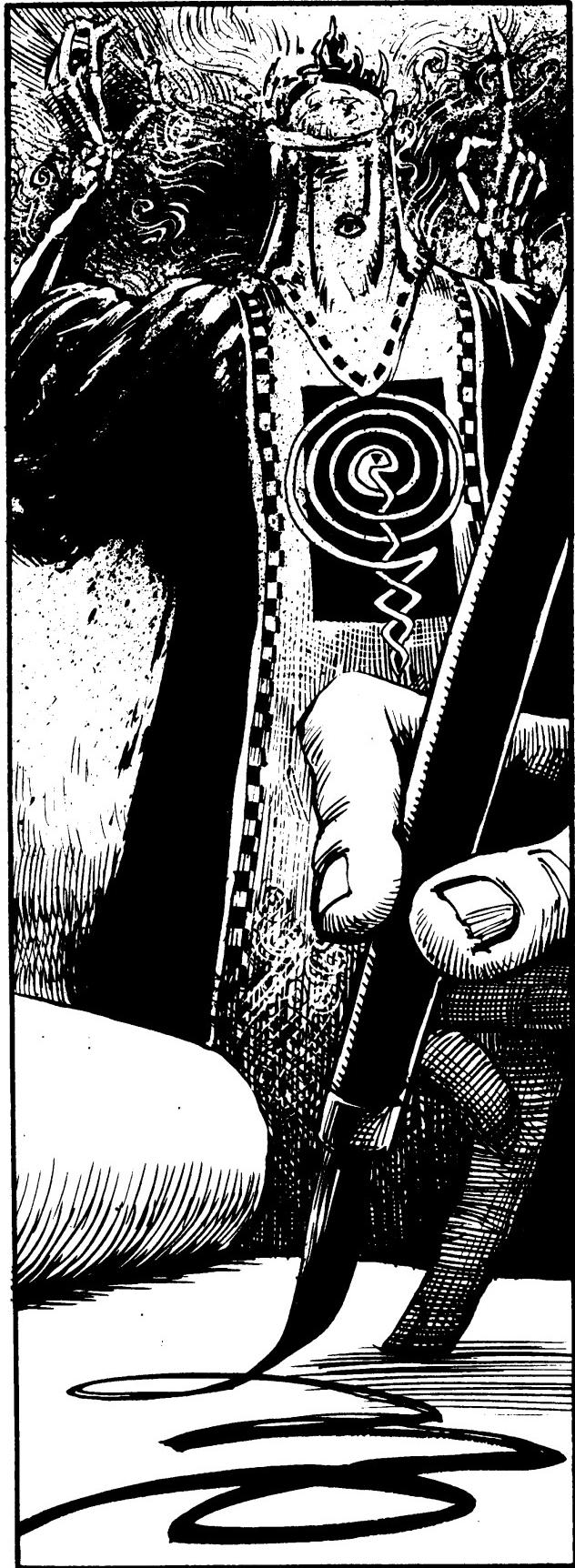
Opening Words



ear me, rebellious Muses, whose bloody hands and incendiary tongues have spurred the souls of mortals to acts of righteous anger since the dawn of the ages. Fill now my battered heart and broken lips with words of hope and inspiration that I might faithfully chronicle the deeds of those whose dedication to freedom and opposition to tyranny have branded them anathema and earned for them the epithet of Renegades. Open the eyes of those who read this treatise that they may understand the truth hidden behind the lies that hold them captive in an empire of slavery and fear.

Right. Like anyone's listening up there in Musetown. I just had to prove that I could get as literary as any historian with an office in the Onyx Tower. Unlike the toadies who stroke the Deathlords' pride with their accounts of the noble efforts of Charon, Inc., I haven't been around for centuries. Not yet, anyway. I don't have the poetic genius of Dante or the dedication of Herodotus, but I do have a few credentials that qualify me for the task of compiling a history of what "they" call the Renegade Movement. I'll address that misnomer later on, after I get this introduction behind me.

Who am I, and what makes me think I can write a history of revolution and anarchy in the Underworld?



First of all, my name isn't that important anymore. It used to mean something when I was alive. Seeing my byline plastered across the front pages of newspapers and on magazine covers translated into money in the bank. What I do — or did — in the Skinlands gives credence to my literary/journalistic pretensions here on this side of the Shroud.

I made my living as a war correspondent. For about 30 years, I hit all the major hot spots in the world: Belfast, Beirut, Vietnam, Cambodia, Central America, the West Bank, Los Angeles, Detroit, Kuwait — you name it, I've seen it and written about it. I built my reputation on debunking the laudatory reports of the official press. I scraped my pen along the underbelly of every uprising and war of liberation I could find, and tried to bring the real story to the attention of the public. I had to compete with the edited versions of the truth promulgated by the authorities; sometimes my articles were never published or else, when they did appear in print, some editor slashed away all the good bits and left only the harmless pap that the readers were supposed to believe. The underground presses, on the other hand, loved me.

Then came Bosnia — and I ended up here in the Shadowlands. My Reaper belonged to a gang of Renegades called *Les Enfants Terribles* — The Bad Kids. It seems they'd waited around for someone or something to do me in so they could claim me before the Legions did. I owe them for that.

This history is my way of repaying them for keeping me out of the Deathlords' armies or the soulforges. You won't find this account in any library of any Necropolis — except for the ones we call ours. Stygia has blacklisted it, and any wraith caught with a copy gets a one way ticket to the Artificers' workshops. The copy you hold in your hands has probably been passed around from one gang to another; that explains the commentaries that occur every few pages or so. I don't claim to hold a monopoly on the truth, so if you see something you disagree with or have something to add, feel free. After all, you're a Renegade, right?

Gee, thanks for the permission. Who made you king? You bet your ass we'll add whatever we want, despite your arrogant assumption you're the only spokesman worth to be heard.
Gidro, Sons of Anarchy

Now that I've covered the basics, let's get this show on the road.



The Founding of Stygia

Technically, the history of the Renegades begins with the founding of Stygia. In reality, we existed in the Shadowlands long before Charon erected his monument to authority and stagnation on the shores of the Sunless Sea. The history of oppression stretches far back in time to those murky days of prehistory. In those early days, most Renegades (and we weren't called by that name until later), arose wherever one group of people exerted its power over another population. Most societies, nomadic or agrarian, owned slaves or kept war captives for forced labor. When these unfortunates died and found themselves in the Shadowlands, their resentment at their stolen lives did not die with them.

One of the earliest recorded accounts of Skinlands Renegades involved the mass exodus of thousands of Hebrew slaves from Egypt sometime during the second millennium B.C.E. "Let my people go," has a familiar ring to it, doesn't it? Like those 12 tribes of rebellious former slaves, however, the proto-Renegades who crossed over into the Shadowlands spent their early years wandering around aimlessly, nursing their grievances and itching for some way to vent their frustration at the raw deal life had dealt to them.

Then Charon founded Stygia. We had a target.

—We? He sounds as though he has been personally responsible for revolution throughout history. Does this upstart photojournalist actually compare himself to those of us who have struggled for centuries?
→ Deborah

— Centuries? And you haven't won yet?
Lame-O! Give my gang a couple of thousand years, honey, and you'll see some results!
Johnny K. Club Sanctuary

— Who neEdS TArgetS? —

Sammmy

The Republic

Charon modeled his city of dreams on the Roman Republic. According to the official record, the Republic of Stygia heralded a golden age for the Shadowlands, bringing light and order to the formerly disorganized chaos that characterized the afterlife. In the beginning, most wraiths bought into Charon's vision, figuring that something — anything — was better than the near-nothingness in which they had existed. Suddenly there was somewhere to go, something to do while waiting to cross to the Far Shores where Transcendence awaited.

Then things started to get ugly, beginning with Nhudri and his forge. At first, most wraiths simply accepted the buildings and roads that rose up to form the City of Souls. Then a few started asking questions, like *Where did all those building blocks come from?* Or, *Why do the stones we walk on groan with every footstep?* And there was the ever-popular *What happened to good ol' Marcellus the Angry?*

Inquiring minds wanted to know, and they demanded answers from Charon and his council of seven Senators (not yet known as Deathlords). Some of those questioners disappeared mysteriously, but eventually the truth came out. Nhudri and his Artificers were forging souls into malleable substances and fashioning material objects, such as weapons, armor, coins, bricks and paving stones from them. Charon assured the citizens of Stygia that only those souls who were too weak to remain in the Shadowlands and seek Transcendence became fodder for the forges. He made a great speech, quoted many times in the official records of the Hierarchy, concerning the need to use these weak-willed souls as bulwarks against Oblivion.

Even today, you'll find many Renegades who don't object to using gutless wonders and Fetterless wraiths as raw building materials. What most of us do condemn, universally and unequivocally, is the process whereby wraiths are chosen for the forges. Instead of confining themselves to souls who arrive in the Shadowlands without Fetters and would otherwise slip immediately into the arms of Oblivion, Charon and his crew also included anyone who disagreed with the authorities in their sweeps for forgeable souls.

That news turned many wraiths away from their unabashed admiration and near-worship of Charon.

In the meantime, the Roman Republic in the Skinlands, which served as Charon's model for Stygia, grew into an empire and its excesses increased. Soon, slaves outnumbered free citizens in Rome. Since the life of a slave mattered little, the Shadowlands became clotted with the souls of abused, exhausted and tortured slaves. Many of these had very strong Fetters — their families, homelands and the few possessions





they managed to hang onto in life. Too strong for the forges, they joined the ranks of Stygia's citizens. Although many of them fell for Charon's propaganda, a few recognized the transparent resemblance between Stygia and the Roman Empire which had profited from their lives and deaths. Most of them, however, realized that they had little chance of changing the established order — at least for the time being.

Blah, blah, blah. Get to the bloody point!

Nightshade

In 73 B.C.E., a Roman slave named Spartacus led a doomed uprising of slaves and gladiators against the might of the Roman Empire. Needless to say, the legions of Rome crushed the incipient revolt and crucified its leaders. The arrival in the Shadowlands of Spartacus and his cohorts injected a new awareness into the consciousness of those wraiths already dissatisfied with Stygia. Even though his attempt at breaking free of Rome's power had failed, Spartacus served as a rallying point for many wraiths who had grown tired of sitting around complaining, or who despaired of their ability to challenge the iron grip of Stygian rule.

Of course, it took a while for Spartacus to get his act together. Legends claim that he took one look at the Reaper who tried to slap a pair of manacles on him and decked him with a single blow, thus gaining his freedom immediately upon crossing through the Shroud. Other stories claim that he pretended to comply with his Reaper and, when he found himself in line for the soulforges, used his strength to snap his chains and fled into the Tempest — taking a number of condemned souls along with him.

I think that neither of these stories is true, although both of them serve to rally the masses. My theory, and I can't verify it, is that Spartacus learned from his mistakes and simply bided his time, proving his worth as something more than a paving stone. When he had learned what he needed to know about how to move around in the Tempest and how to deal with his Shadow, he just turned his back on Stygian society and became one of the leaders of the Renegades. At least, every now and then, someone who calls himself Spartacus emerges from hiding and stirs things up again.

— SOME IDIOTS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT AND STOP DREDGING UP OLD MEMORIES AND TROUBLES. — S.

Rome Falls, Renegades Rise

The official chroniclers of Stygian misinformation make their first mention of Renegades in conjunction with the fall of the Roman Empire in the Skinlands. A more accurate account — mine — puts a different spin on the story. Stygia already had its complement of discontented, disillusioned wraiths. Rome's fall just swelled our numbers and brought us to Charon's attention.

The appearance in the Shadowlands of large numbers of wraiths who, in life, had opposed the might of Rome caused a great stir within Stygia. Many of these newcomers came from the ranks of the barbarian tribes who saw the Roman Empire as a decadent and ineffectual enemy. Others came from elements within Roman society who had fallen out of political favor. What they saw when they arrived on the other side of the Shroud reminded them of the decadent and licentious tyranny they had left behind.

A spate of internal disruptions rocked Charon's city and extended beyond Stygia's boundaries to the Byways. The perpetrators of these actions — actions which included attacks on caravans of souls bound for the forges (not, as they believed, for the Far Shores) — saw themselves as liberators of slaves. Charon, however, branded them criminals and outlaws. In retrospect, the greatest mistake these early Renegades made lay in assaulting Charon's beloved Ferrymen.

Charon responded to these outbreaks of "boat rocking" by creating his Equitæs, or knights — precursors of the Legions. Stygia's ruler charged his elite corps of mounted flunkies with the job of rooting out those who stood against his Republic, branding them "Renegades" in the process. The name stuck.

The First Great Maelstrom

No account of this period of Stygian history is complete without a mention of the real effect of the fall of Rome on the Shadowlands — the First Great Maelstrom. Overwhelmed by the numbers of souls crowding through the shroud as a result of the rampant destruction and looting that occurred when the Empire of Rome collapsed, Charon's Ferrymen and Equitæs failed to notice the disturbances beyond the Byways until it was nearly too late. The swarms of Spectres that choked the streets of Stygia and laid waste to the City of the Dead gave the lie to Charon's great experiment.

The libraries of Stygia and the Necropoli bulge with accounts — firsthand and otherwise — of that Maelstrom and its aftermath, so I won't bore you with yet another description. What matters is that, in the wake of it all, Charon and his cronies looked around for someone to blame and found — you guessed it — the Renegades. Never mind that the Ferrymen fell flat on their faces, unable to keep up with their workload; ignore the fact that Spectres aren't mind-



less idiots but instead keep tabs on what goes on outside their domain so that they can plan attacks to their best advantage. We were a convenient and visible enemy. Despite our lack of organization, many wraiths saw our way of existence as preferable to submitting to the authority of despots, particularly when that authority had so blatantly failed to provide protection from the Maelstrom.

On the plus side, Charon had other things to occupy his time besides going after the opposition. He had a city to rebuild.

The Empire of Stygia

While Europe limped through the Dark Ages, casting about for something to replace the fallen Empire of Rome, the Shadowlands struggled to recover from the aftermath of the Maelstrom. Charon's solution — to replace his failed Republic with an Empire modeled on the late example of the Caesars — struck many of his critics as less than brilliant, but his legions of admirers deemed it a stroke of pure genius. (It was either that or a swift trip to the forges.) Charon called himself Emperor, promoted his seven Senators to Deathlords and inducted all his subjects into his newly created Legions. With all

of that paper shuffled, he proclaimed a new age for Stygia. The Skinlands' Dark Ages became our Even Darker Ages.

Well...not exactly. Now that we Renegades had a name, we set about living up to it.

— Yo, genius, lots of us don't call ourselves Renegades. That's the man's name for us. My group prefers the term freedom-fighters; others use the names rebels, alternatives, even individualists. The word "renegade" means someone who abandons a party, movement or principle to join the opposition. Well, I've got news for you, genius. Most of us didn't abandon anything. We always felt differently than the Hierarchy's dupes. We aren't necessarily fighting against the Deathlords; we're fighting for our right to be individuals and for self-determination. If we happen to stick it to the Deathlords while doing that, all the better.

— Just Another Joe, FF Anonymous

Turning our backs on Stygia, we sought out our own places in the backwaters of the fallen city, carving out bits and pieces of the Tempest to make shelters. Some of us stole whole chunks of soulstuff from the ruins of Stygia and used those building blocks to erect fortresses and safe houses. The barbarian tribes rampaging across the face of Europe did us a service as well. Each village they put to the torch popped up more or less intact in the Shadowlands. Some of our scouts discovered these relic hamlets and claimed them before Charon's new Legions got their hands on them. Long before the official historians record the appearance of Necropoli, we Renegades had our own settlements along the borderlands of the Empire.

While Charon still maintained that he only wanted the best for his "subjects," we knew better. He was involved in rebuilding a city, making it bigger and better than before. In order to do that, he needed building material — in other words, more souls for his pet Artificers' forges.

When Charon declared himself Emperor, several of his Ferrymen walked (or rowed) away from him, refusing to serve a despotic master. The Ferrymen who left Charon in disgust continued to ply their trade, sometimes ferrying their cargoes of souls to the safety of Renegade towns and fortresses rather than to the Stygian forges. These defectors helped get souls away from the Legions.

During this time of turmoil, the Fishers came to town in force. Charon excelled both at recognizing power and at sucking up to it, so eventually he and the majority of Fishers hammered out a pact — the Treaty of Paradise — which, in essence, assimilated a potential rival into the Stygian fold. Not all of the Fishers bought into the deal, however. Some of them remained true to their God's image as a rebel and defier of authority. These purists found life as a Renegade more in keeping with their beliefs. They not only added to our numbers, they also injected a hefty dose of spirituality into the mix — creating several groups of Renegades-with-a-cause. As usual, we weren't picky. Anyone who opposed Stygia and the mess Charon was making of the Underworld automatically belonged to our side of the line.

-"We weren't picky?" Will you stop trying to make it sound like we have a Renegade social club where we all meet and agree to disagree? People join the Renegade faction (or what's called that) whether you want them to. I want them to or whether they fit in anywhere or not. — Lukiah

Middle Ages

As the Skinlands moved out of the Dark Ages and into the Middle Ages, monarchies arose supported by armies of knights and foot soldiers who restored some sort of order to Europe. Ever the supreme copyist, Charon fashioned his new Stygia after the models of the Skinlands. With himself as Emperor and his counselors elevated to the status of Deathlords, he surrounded himself with Legions and Equitæs (knights), and called his government a Hierarchy.

Another interesting effect of bleed-over from the Skinlands affected the status of the lowest classes of wraiths. In large parts of the world, slavery became outlawed. Charon, in his infinite wisdom, likewise banished slavery in Stygia. In its place, he substituted the institution of Thralldom. The job requirements, however, remained the same.

The myth Charon noised about claimed that wraiths were made Thralls for their own good. Lacking strong enough Fetters to anchor them to the Shadowlands, these weaklings profited from the chains that served to protect them from being swept away into Oblivion. Meanwhile, Thrall labor contributed to the expansion of Stygia. Those souls too weak even to be Thralls — or Thralls too rebellious to submit meekly to their fate — fed the forges.

A few Thralls managed to break free from their chains and become Renegades. While some of them just wanted to get away from Stygian authority, others decided to throw in their lot with the bands that sought to fight back against the Hierarchy.

Thank you, Massah. Glad to know we darkies from down the plantation done managed to serve y'all in some fashion. Oh, sorry, a few hundred years too early. The attitude remains the same, though. Doesn't it? — Reuben

Crusades

The Crusades swept across Europe and the Holy Land at the height of the Middle Ages. As a result, knights crossed the Shroud in hordes, along with the Saracens they fought. Most of them went right over to the Legions or joined the Fishers; a few, however, came to us. Rogue knights, warriors who developed a conscience and an antipathy to emperors post-mortem and Moslem soldiers who found the concept of allegiance to an infidel government abhorrent became Renegades or Heretics.



The Guilds

The Middle Ages in the Shadowlands also saw the rise of craft guilds and the ascension of a mercantile middle class. As guild members died and entered the Underworld, Charon scooped them up and picked their brains for new ideas. Soon afterwards, the Guild system came into existence. Now, Charon had a niche into which he could shove those wraiths who fell into the category of freewraiths — a concept that had been kicking around the Underworld for a while. The Guilds served as repositories for the teaching of Arcanoi; each Guild held special province over its own Arcanos, which could only be learned through membership or special arrangements between co-operating Guilds.

Almost as soon as the Guilds formed, we decided to acquire some of their talent for ourselves. We did so by any means possible; we infiltrated their Guilds and then leaked their secrets. When subterfuge failed (and we lost a lot of good wraiths in attempts to infiltrate the Artificers), we resorted to kidnapping. In some cases, the Guilds agreed to ransom their members by teaching us some of their skills; in other cases, the captured Guild members decided they liked being Renegades and stayed with us, teaching us what they knew. Charon underestimated the independent spirit of skilled workers. In many cases, the Guilds saw the Hierarchy as rivals for power. That made them ripe for our seduction.

The Black Plague

In C.E. 1347, the Black Plague scoured Europe and packed the Shadowlands with its victims. Over a five-year period, 75 million Europeans died. These hapless souls arrived by the village-load in some cases, many of them lacking strong Fetters (since all their relations died with them). On the other hand, since most of their possessions and homes were burned to prevent the spread of the disease, these wraiths arrived with an abundance of relics. Charon's Legions met them with open arms, then divested them of their valuables and consigned the majority of them to the forges or an unlife of Thrallodom.

This time, however, we got a piece of the action. Our intelligence networks, composed of Renegades who posed as upstanding members of the Legions, often got word of new arrivals to us before the Legions received their marching orders. We found that it wasn't too difficult to turn bewildered peasants into angry Renegades — all we had to do was suggest that the Legions had a hand in causing the Plague that killed their husbands, wives, sons and daughters.

Of course, not all of us claimed Plague victims for altruistic purposes. The outlaws among us more often stripped the newcomers of their relics and sold the poor shmucks to the Hierarchy. The relics found a different, more lucrative market.

The Second Great Maelstrom

Despite the best efforts of Charon's Legions and our own modest attempts at rounding up the Plague victims, the cumulative suffering and despair caused by the great pandemic opened the way for the Second Great Maelstrom. Attracted by the presence of weak souls and the overwhelming stink of their hopelessness, Spectres swarmed up out of the Labyrinth and hammered once more at the gates of Stygia. This time, they were defeated. Charon's Legions claimed responsibility for their victory, insisting that the stability of the Hierarchy helped maintain order and structure in the face of rampaging chaos. What no one recognizes is that the Legions weren't the only ones who battled Spectres and other Maelstrom scuzzies.

In many cases, Renegades met Oblivion's armies on the front lines. After all, we dwelled apart from Stygia's walls and battlements, existing along the shores of the River of Death or in secluded places in the Shadowlands. This often put us closer to the hot spots of the Maelstrom. You might say that we met the enemy and weakened them for the Legions. The Hierarchy won't say it, but you might.

You bet we might. I was there. In a lot of cases, the Spectres never even reached Stygia; we stopped them along the Byways. What you fail to mention that's really important about this is that, for the first time, we realized how strong we really are. We went toe-to-toe with Spectres without the so-called "protection" of the city and its Legions, and we won. Never again could Stygia claim we needed them for our own good. We had real proof that everyting they said was a lie. — Rab the Lame, Knights of Freedom

From Fisher to Heretic in One Easy Step

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed....

— Luke 2:1

In the aftermath of the Second Great Maelstrom, Charon's brilliant mind outdid itself. To take advantage of his increasing numbers of wraiths, the Emperor declared a census and exacted a tithe from all his subjects. Most wraiths had no choice

but to comply (except for us Renegades, who gave up paying taxes when we turned in our Hierarchy IDs). The Fishers, however, took exception to Charon's uniform rate. They demanded their due as a political bloc and, in what might well be the beginning of lobbying in the Shadowlands, demanded that Charon reduce their tithes. Charon took offense at this challenge to his authority and took punitive measures, including declaring the Fisher-knights disbanded and doubling their tax.

The result was the Revolt of the Fishers. The Crusader knights stormed the Onyx Tower in an attempt to overthrow Charon — or at least make him admit that he couldn't treat them that way. They might have succeeded, too, if the bane of all rebellions hadn't undermined them. Treachery reared its ugly head, as one of their own kind betrayed them to the Equitæs.

Why didn't the Renegades intervene? Good question, and one I've asked myself a couple of times. In truth, some of us did join with them, seizing any opportunity to rumble with the Legions. The rest of us didn't know anything about it until it was too late. By then, of course, the Hierarchy had put down the uprising and set about looting the Fishers' great temple. (Some of us got in on that as well, since the Legionnaires were too busy pocketing Stygian treasures to question the presence of one or two or three new guys.)

News Flash: Heretics Sold Out — Renegades Warned

You asked for a commentary, so here's my two oboli's worth. The real reason the Renegades didn't come to the aid of the Heretics is that we were tipped off about their betrayal. Treason works both ways. A Fisher-traitor sold out his fellows to the Hierarchy, while an informer in the Legions sold us the information that the Fishers would soon become the Fishes. So why didn't we, in turn, tell the Fishers that they were being sold up the River? Now that's a good question.

— J. D. Mackey, London Fogfuckers

— Blow me! It's the same thing that's plagued us for centuries. Informers have been the bane of every nationalist patriotic movement in history and they'll be the bane of every Renegade group 'til the end of time. — the Professor

The Proclamation of Reason

Charon's subsequent banishment of the Fishers and the other Shining Ones from the shores of Stygia and his investigation of the Far Shores led to the discovery that Paradise did not lie beyond the Sunless Sea. This, in turn, gave rise to The Proclamation of Reason, which forbade the presence of all the Shining Ones — now renamed Heretics. (Charon had a thing for names....) The *Magisterium Veritatis*, otherwise known as the Inquisition, surfaced at this time. This Stygian thought-police created Renegades by its very existence, since it exposed once and for all the blatant tyranny that reigned in the Underworld. For that, we have to thank Charon's genius. We couldn't have asked for a better deal if he had given us permission to set up recruitment offices in the Great Square of Stygia.

The Centuries of "Abomination"

While the Renaissance and the Age of Exploration put an end to feudalism and introduced the concept of imperial expansion in the Skinlands, the Shadowlands experienced a series of upheavals that pointed out the inherent weaknesses in Charon's great plan. The official history of Stygia records this time as the age of the Three Abominations. The Renegade version (according to me, at any rate) calls it the Age of Two Great Uprisings and One Bona Fide Abomination. On some matters, I have to agree with the Hierarchy's take on things.

— Of course you agree with the Hierarchy. You're one of their stooges, aren't you? Who else would bother trying to flush out the real Renegades with this laughable exercise at "telling it like it is" among our various gangs? Just remember, Hierarchy boy, some of us know your game and we're keeping an eye on you. — Nobody 12

Raid on the Onyx Tower

Revolution is like a disease; one person or group comes down with the fever of rebellion and, before you know it, everybody's caught the bug. Granted, it took us a century or so to get our shit together, but the arrival of a few key players in our midst gave us the impetus we needed to make our first — and largely successful — attempt at spitting in Stygia's face.

The 14th and 15th centuries saw the beginnings of peasant uprisings throughout Europe. People like Wat Tyler, Jack Cade and Perkin Warbeck in England stirred up the peasants against the nobles and attempted to free themselves from the onus of serfdom. In Ireland, a proliferation of uprisings against the British funneled a string of Renegades to us who had experience in battle in addition to their revolutionary zeal. Other peasant leaders came to us from France, Germany and Italy (or whatever it called itself in those days). Wars of all kinds sent rebellious nobles and pretenders to various thrones to us by the score. William Wallace and Robert Bruce put in an appearance to represent the Scottish contingent of rebels. Our ranks were swelling with experts in rebellion — albeit failed ones.

Hot Flash — Wat's What with Bolingbroke

Rumor has it that Wat Tyler's main squeeze, Patricia Bolingbroke, still walks the Skinlands as a vampiric VIP and that she's abandoned her revolutionary fervor for a cushy office job in the employ of the Kindred version of the Hierarchy. Go figure.

— Little Liza.

Renegade Grapevine Express

Like we care. — Condor

By C.E. 1500, we were as ready as we were going to be. Following the Heretics' lead, and making certain that we had no traitors among us, an army of Renegades of all stamps and persuasions swarmed the Onyx Tower. Unlike the Heretics, we got inside and made off with most of the treasures stockpiled by Charon, including the ones he stole from the Heretics.

Eventually, the Legions drove us out of Stygia, but taking over the city was never our objective. We didn't want Stygia to begin with. We wanted weapons and valuable goodies. The Hierarchy

claimed another victory, but we see it from a different point of view. We survived and made off — dare I say it? — like bandits. For us, that's a win.

For decades after our assault, the repercussions rocked the streets of Stygia. The Hierarchy first doubled, then tripled its patrols; the Inquisition conducted sweep after sweep, searching for nests of Renegades. In many cases, their information proved false and the watchdogs of Stygian loyalty took innocent wraiths into custody — and sent most of them to the forges. Unease escalated into outright terror among the citizenry as Charon's goons showed their true colors in the wake of our actions. We sat back and watched as more and more wraiths reached the point of disgust with the Hierarchy and began seeking ways to get free of its oppressive rule.

The Spear of Longinus

If you're not gonna mention that we came away from the Onyx Tower with the spear that pierced Jesus' side. I'm gonna do it. That Artifact made our reputation more than anything else we took from the Tower. Charon was so proud of that little item for some reason. I suspect he practiced with it when he thought no one was looking. Unlike the Hierarchy, however, we don't hoard our treasures. We pass 'em around from group to group — sort of like a lending library of realia and memorabilia. My gang had the spear for a while during the 1800s, but we eventually passed it on to another group. Some Renegades call it the honor system, but I believe that the reason no one steals our treasures is because no one wants to get caught with them. It's kind of like a game of Hot Potato, only with really valuable potatoes.

— Kismet Kubliczki, Manitoba Marauders

For real? How come nobody ever offered my gang any of this great stuff? Somehow, this noble passing around of treasures on the honor system just fails to ring true with me. Call me a cynic. — Durango, Will-o'-the-Wisps

- YOU ARE CLUELESS! DO YOU THINK THAT CHARON EVER HAD THE REAL SPEAR OF LONGITUDE OR WHATEVER ITS NAME WAS? IF YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT YET THAT THE SO-CALLED SPEAR-THAT-PIERCED-CHRIST'S-SIDE WAS ONE OF CHARON'S ENEMIES MOLIATED INTO THAT SHAPE' YOU'RE A LOT DUMBER THAN I THOUGHT. — IRONSMITH



Revolt of the Guilds and the Breaking

Just as we took a cue from the Heretics, the Guilds followed our example, staging their own revolt in 1598. They, too, almost succeeded. Like the Heretics, however, one of their own — the Masquers — sold them out. A few other Guilds bailed out of the action early, further weakening their cause. This time, many Renegades (particularly those within the Guilds themselves) tried to help, but to no avail.

Why did the Guilds fail? They represented a real power within Stygia. They owned the secrets of the Arcanoi; they controlled the production of material goods through the Artificers. The Pardoners wielded enormous influence over the Hierarchy. The Harbingers and Monitors and Oracles all practiced vital services within the Underworld. A shutdown of Guild efforts on behalf of the Hierarchy should have brought the walls of Stygia crumbling down. So why didn't it?

I've already mentioned the betrayal by the Masquers. Internal dissension also kept the Guilds from consolidating their efforts and acting with a single mind. With over a dozen Guilds clamoring for recognition — and the same number of Guildmasters trying to take charge — the Guild Revolt fell apart from having too many generals.

FUCK THE
MNEMOI — NOW.
WHAT WAS I
SAYING ?

Charon responded with the Breaking of the Guilds, declaring those organizations disbanded and absorbing the essential services of the Artificers, Harbingers, Pardoners and a few others under the aegis of the Hierarchy. The "noisier" Guilds, such as the Puppeteers, Haunters and Spooks, had no place in the Stygian scheme of things, and so Charon declared hunting season open on them.

His every action, of course, just fed our membership rolls. For the first time, we saw serious recruitment among some of the stodgier Guilds — like the Artificers and the Pardoners. Some of those conservatives realized that the Hierarchy now owned their asses. They came to us hat, hammer or lantern in hand and asked if they could play on our team. The problem children of the Guilds — the aforementioned terrible trio of Puppeteers, Haunters and Spooks — already had close ties with us. Those ties grew even closer as we offered them sanctuary from the Inquisition and the Hierarchy's bounty hunters.

This is not to say that we absorbed the Guilds, any more than the Hierarchy assimilated them. The Guilds maintain their independence in the Underworld, continuing their operations under the Hierarchy's nose.

We had no room for the Mnemoi at all. Traitors have no place among the Renegades. Period.

— Ha! This fella's either a comedian or an idiot! Traitors are all over the Renegades like flies on shit. We waste 'em when we find 'em, but that doesn't stop other quislings from looking to sell us out. Did ya expect anything else? — Nils, Scandinavian Patrol

Of course, the Breaking of the Guilds threw the Underworld into an even greater bout of consternation and uncertainty. Now the Inquisitors could accuse innocent wraiths not only of being Heretics and Renegades, but they could charge them with membership in the outlawed Guilds to boot.

Destruction of the Kingdom of Obsidian

In the Skinlands, Europe had just discovered that it wasn't alone in the world. Other continents existed with riches ripe for the taking and populations waiting to be killed or conquered. These new worlds also provided a convenient dumping ground for the religious and political troublemakers who were stirring up trouble in the European monarchies and threatening the monopoly of the Church.

In the Shadowlands, this discovery of the Americas opened up whole new regions in the Underworld. The Heretics saw their opportunity to get out from under the Hierarchy once and for all (so they thought) by taking a trip across the ocean. Many Renegades agreed and followed suit. Skinriding enjoyed a surge of popularity as wraiths slipped into someone comfortable and boarded ships for the New World.

Once there, however, they discovered that a whole other kingdom of the dead existed. In South America, the Kingdom of Obsidian presented itself to Heretic and Renegade wraiths as something fierce and terrible. The Heretics took the presence of the native wraiths as a personal affront to their hopes for a "paradise" of their own. Like the conquistadors and Spanish missionaries who carved their bloody way across the *Nuevo Mundo* — what the Heretics saw and could not understand, they destroyed. In far too many cases, the Renegades in the Americas did little or nothing to stop them, and in some instances, even helped annihilate the local dead. Within a few decades the Kingdom of Obsidian ceased to exist.

The Hierarchy followed us to the New World and "restored order" in the name of Stygia. In actuality, it just capitalized on the dirty work inadvertently done for it. Because they didn't soil their Corpus with the plasm of Obsidian wraiths, the Legions could self-righteously condemn both the Heretics and Renegades. Still, the Hierarchy's historians refer to the destruction of the Kingdom of Obsidian as an Abomination, and I can't fault them on that count.

The Third Great Maelstrom

For the third time, the upheaval in the Underworld grew to critical mass and the Labyrinth overflowed with another Maelstrom. Born from the excesses caused by civil war, rebellion, mass slaughter and persecution, so the Hierarchy claims, hordes of Spectres launched another invasion of Stygia. This Maelstrom sundered Stygia from the Shadowlands and rendered the River of Death unnavigable, leaving only the Byways as viable connections between Stygia and the rest of the Underworld.



In retrospect, the official history blames the Third Great Maelstrom on the chaos caused by Renegades, Heretics and rebellious Guilds. There is another interpretation, however, which doesn't sit so well with the Hierarchy.

Renegade revisionism looks at it as follows. The anger and revolutionary fire that ignited the assault on the Onyx Tower expended itself in violent action. So, too, did the ambitions of the Guilds. Instead of boiling over and bringing about the Maelstrom, our uprisings actually postponed the inevitable for a time by dissipating the Dark Passions that gave rise to them. The annihilation of the Kingdom of Obsidian was another matter, and that, more than anything else, left a strong enough residual overflow of emotions and guilt to warrant an upsurge from the pits of Oblivion.

The Thickening of the Shroud

Along with the separation of Stygia from the Shadowlands, the Shroud that divided the Shadowlands from the Skinlands grew stronger as a result of the Maelstrom and the rise of enlightened disbelief on the other side of death's curtain. This thickening put a serious crimp in Skinriding and in visitations across the Shroud. Not that the Hierarchy cared — it had long ago forbidden those practices. To us, it mattered one hell of a lot. Many of us became Renegades not out of a desire to overthrow

Charon but because he forbade us to cross the Shroud to visit friends and influence people.

Supposedly his *Dictum Mortuum* came into being to protect the living from the depredations visited upon them by unscrupulous wraiths during the Dark and Middle Ages. Well, shit. In some ways, I guess a lot of us overdid things back then. But it was just so easy to step across the barrier and visit Aunt Bertha and either give her a good scare or else warn her about something that was about to happen — who could blame us for giving in to temptation?

I believe that Charon instituted his taboo on travel across the Shroud more to consolidate his power base and cut off our contact with the Skinlands than to protect anybody. The Skinlands provided an out for us and gave us a window on the mortal world. Charon didn't want anyone except himself and his cronies to get a look at what was going on across the Shroud; that way, he could rightfully claim any new ideas as his sole province.

- Well, duh. Now there's a radical theory for you — Charon trying to fuck over the normal Joes. Who'd have thought? — Slick

Now, thanks to the thickening of the Shroud, no one could travel into the Skinlands with any ease. And it just got worse as science reared its ugly head.

The Age of Enlightenment

A vicious cycle begins. Charon's Code of the Dead forbids wraiths to cross the Shroud. Fewer instances of wraithly visitations cause the living to doubt that we exist. Their disbelief makes the Shroud harder to cross. Science comes along with alternative explanations for supernatural events, thus making it even more difficult for us to sneak into the Skinlands. This bolsters the materialist philosophers and strengthens the Shroud even more. People believe that they exist in a world of five senses and that nothing awaits them after death.

That, in a nutshell, sums up the Age of Enlightenment.

The Arming of the Freewraiths

Again taking his cue from events across the Shroud, Charon saw that Skinland governments were recognizing the existence of a concept called "the rights of man." In order to preserve their authority over the masses, monarchies all over Europe had to concede some rights to the governed.

Charon decided to arm the freewraiths, putting swords of Stygian steel in the hands of those wraiths who agreed to give over their loyalty to him and his Hierarchy. With that one action, Charon undid centuries of our efforts. If we had known that all most wraiths wanted was as chance to strut around the streets of Stygia armed, we might have concentrated our efforts on stealing weapons instead of freeing Thralls.

— So who says some of us didn't concentrate our efforts on stealing weapons? Still do, in fact. Not all of us want to be philosophers, you know. Some of us just want a chance to hack the shit out of those Hierarchy numbnuts. Call us silly, we thought we were supposed to be an army of liberation, not a social club... — Sally X

Founding of the London Necropolis

In the meantime, the lack of adequate communication between the Shadowlands and Stygia hampered the traffic in souls from the borders of the Underworld to the Stygian forges. To counteract that, the concept of Necropoli arose. The first such suburb of the dead rose up in London's Shadowlands, followed swiftly by other Necropoli in the major cities of Europe. Before long, the Legions traveled to the New World and established Necropoli in both Americas.

Territorial impingement played a part in our reaction to the Hierarchy's imperialistic expansion. Since we got kicked out of Stygia way back before the Middle Ages, we Renegades had more or less laid claim to any place that wasn't part of

Stygia. Earlier, I mentioned that we had our own strongholds in the Shadowlands long before Charon decreed the founding of Necropoli. Now the Hierarchy came along planting its flags in parts of the Shadowlands that belonged to us. The Hierarchy called its cities in the Shadowlands "sanctuaries" and gathering places for souls; we called them occupation zones.

In essence, the founding of the Necropoli gave us more targets to attack. Even though the Legions surrounded their Citadels with strong defenses and repelled many of our attempts to take over — or take back — our territories, we still managed to win a number of small victories. In addition, as Necropoli proliferated, the Legions had to spread themselves pretty thin in order to maintain patrols in all the new settlements. This enabled us to slip into the Necropoli and set up our own headquarters, in some cases forming "shadow" governments that rivaled the Hierarchy in terms of control over the minds and hearts of the citizens.

In short, we flourished. As the Hierarchy expanded, so did we. In some cases we got there first. In others, we came along in the wake of the Legions, settling in along the fringes. In the Americas, we grabbed the frontier and hid ourselves in the backwoods of the Colonial Shadowlands.

Yippie ki yay, motherfucker! We's cowboys now! Photoboy here just ain't giving us enough credit. It hasn't occurred to him that some of the places the Hierarchy set up are the exact spots we wanted them to. Guess he just never considered the idea that we might occasionally outsmart Charon's little toadies and be the real power behind the throne in a Necropolis or two.

Ash, Phoenix Coalition

The Age of Revolutions

The Age of Enlightenment gave rise to the concepts of individual freedom, representative government and competitive commercialism, among other things. This led to a growing dissatisfaction in the Skinlands with colonialism and imperialistic paternalism. — *Ism, -ism, who's got the -*

Ism? Talks real purty, don't he? — Murphy, Ozark Raiders

The 1700s ushered in an age of Revolutions that ultimately changed the face of the Skinlands — and left its mark on the Shadowlands as well. Our numbers swelled as patriots and rebels shed their blood for their causes and crossed the Shroud.

In 1776, American colonists declared their independence from England and fought a bloody war of independence. The American Revolution gave us the likes of Patrick Henry and

Benjamin Franklin — though it took a while for some of these freedom fighters to give up the ghost and join our ranks. Nathan Hale joined us in record time.

Not long after the Americans overthrew English rule, the French jumped on the revolutionary bandwagon. Suddenly we had a plethora of rabid wraiths with outrageous accents telling us how to run our campaigns of terror. The French Revolution had an extremely high casualty list as patriots fell out of favor and lost their heads to Madame La Guillotine. Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Diderot and their companions came barreling across the Shroud. A few casualties of Pennsylvania's Whiskey Insurrection staggered over to the Shadowlands in 1794. Austria's suppression of Belgium's revolution sent more victims to us. In 1798, the Irish staged an uprising and gave us Wolfe Tone and a host of rambling lads and lasses, all victims of a glorious failure.

Is it just me, or do we always end up recruiting the losers from these little shindigs? How come none of the guys whose revolutions succeed ever want to join up with us after they kick off? Maybe it's because once they succeed, rebels always turn into The Man. I tell you, if we ever win we're gonna put up something that looks just like what we tore down.

— Rafe the Wraith

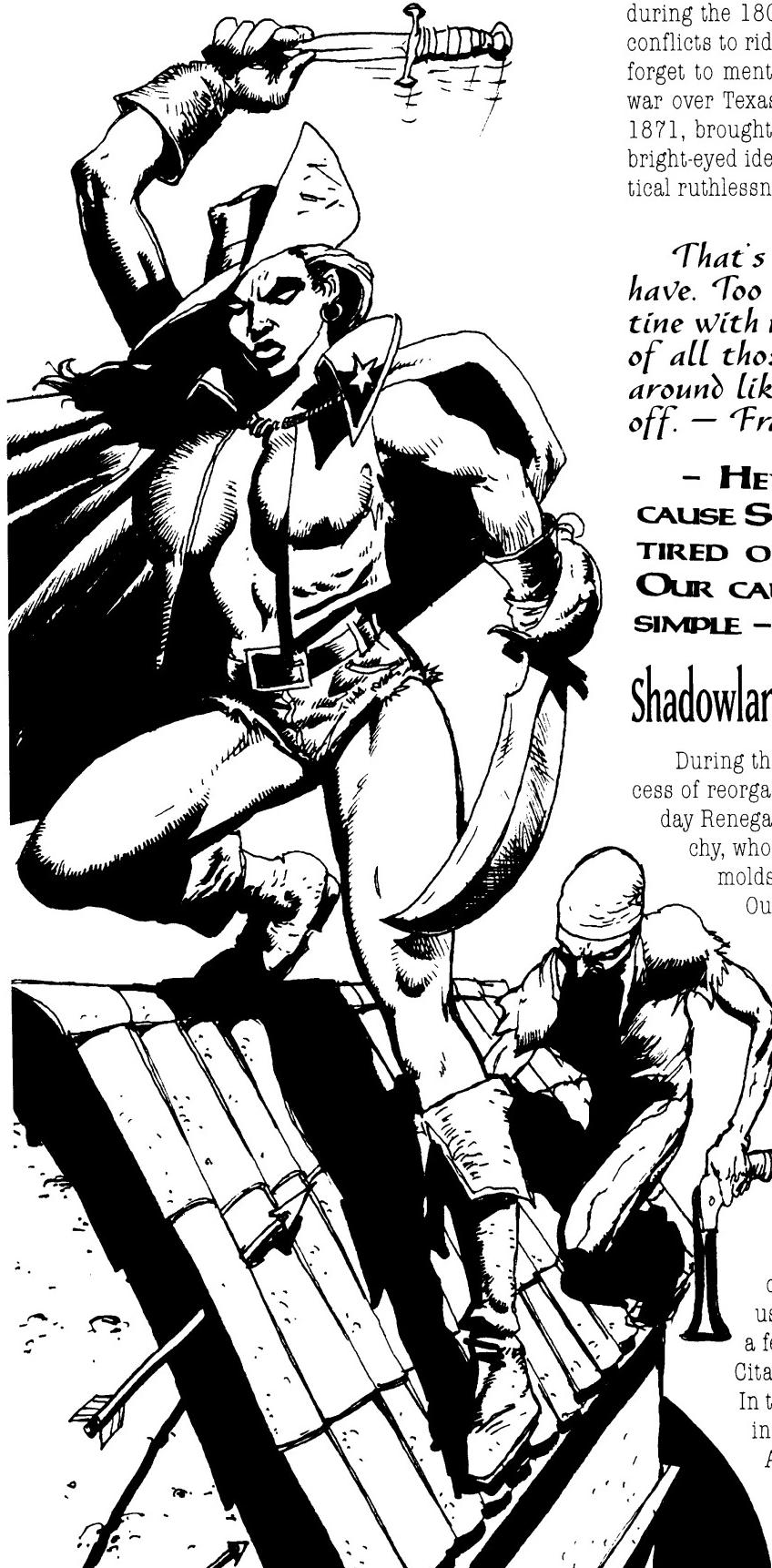
The 1800s produced even more rebel souls as rebellions continued to shake up the European ruling dynasties and, in some cases, depose them altogether. The struggle for Greek independence from Turkey began in 1821; many veterans of the secret society *Filikia Etaria* came our way after the fall of Mesolonghi in 1826. In Venezuela, Simon Bolivar led the South American colonists in revolt against Spanish and Portuguese domination. Bolivar "The Merciless" crossed the Shroud in 1830. Although we had some minor problems acclimating him to our way of doing things, he soon became a valuable source of tactics and inspiration.

Probably Europe's banner year for revolution was 1848. Sparked by the student uprisings in France and anti-Austrian demonstrations in Milan, the cry of rebellion echoes across the European continent. Germany and Austria followed suit. Even Romania got in on the action. Idealists poured across the Shroud, ready-made Renegades still eager for action.

In the 1860s, Garibaldi began his campaign to free Italy from French rule. The grand old campaigner himself lived for many years after his victories, but hundreds of his followers came to us. In the Americas, the Civil War flooded the Southern Necropolis with wraiths. While many Confederate and Union

soldiers enlisted in the Hierarchy, we picked up our share of deserters, outlaws and men who were just plain sick of following orders. We offered them an alternative to a perpetual stint in the armies of the Underworld. Mexican guerrillas crossed the Shroud





during the 1800s as that country staged a series of armed conflicts to rid itself of Spanish domination — and let's not forget to mention the casualties stemming from that little war over Texas. The Paris Commune, born in revolution in 1871, brought us hard-core revolutionaries, as opposed to bright-eyed idealists. We got a strong jolt of realism and tactical ruthlessness from them.

That's quite a pedigree we Renegades have. Too bad we didn't bring the guillotine with us across the Shroud. Just think of all those Hierarchy bastards running around like chickens with their heads cut off. — Francois

— HEY, NOT ALL OF US SERVE A CAUSE. SOME OF US ARE JUST SICK AND TIRED OF BEING ORDERED AROUND. OUR CAUSE IS OURSELVES; PURE AND SIMPLE — TOBY

Shadowland Actions

During this time in the Shadowlands, we began the process of reorganization that laid the foundations for modern day Renegade structure (such as it is). Unlike the Hierarchy, who tried to make everyone fit its predetermined molds, we adapted to fit the wraiths who came to us.

Our Pardoners turned their Castigation skills to debriefing not only the Psyches but the Shad-

ows of our newly arrived Renegades. Everything we could learn about how to succeed in revolution and the undermining of authority, we absorbed eagerly. We then put those lessons to work and started moving on the Necropoli in earnest. Wherever revolutions in the Skinlands had proven successful, we maneuvered ourselves into position and staged our own assaults. In many cases, we employed a series of tactical hit-and-run strikes designated to shake up the citizenry's faith in the Legions. In others, we used insertion maneuvers to liberate Thralls. In a few Necropoli, we actually seized control of the Citadels and set up our own Hierarchy-Free Zones. In the 19th century, most of those safe cities were in Europe and along the eastern coast of North America, but we could see the direction of the future, and we knew that sooner or later, more Hierarchy territory would fall to us. (Or so we hoped.)

Lose, You Sucker We Need You Over Here!

So here's an example of irony for you. Renegades profit more from failed revolutions in the Skinlands than they do from successful ones. See, when the revolutionaries win, all we get are a bunch of headless monarchs and bullet-ridden royalty. Those go right to the Hierarchy for processing. When the establishment puts down an uprising, the rebel leaders usually get shipped across the Shroud courtesy of the firing-squad, the battlefield or the hangman's noose. So who do you think we root for across the Shroud?

Are you behind the times/fuck waiting for them to lose, just jump on in their skins and get a few of them to turn their brothers in, then sit back and wait for the fireworks, fun for generating Pathos too! —Gilder, New Riders of the Purple Age

The Age of Industry

In the 19th century, science and industry became the twin religions of the western world. Mass production led to factory-based economies, while the proliferation of new inventions initiated a whole new market for gadgets and labor-saving devices. Of course, the workers who made those handy-dandy tools and appliances worked long hours in unspeakable conditions. Work-houses, sweat-shops and other monstrosities of the industrial era fostered anger and frustration among the working class, setting the stage for riots and grass-roots uprisings devoid of nationalistic fervor but inflamed by economic desperation. The laborers who died of malnutrition, exhaustion or in factory disasters supplied us with unskilled but dedicated haters of oppression. We clashed with the Legions over these souls, determined to prevent them from ending up as Thralls — or worse.

The Shroud Solidifies

The materialistic philosophies of the 19th century left a lot of souls spiritually stranded when they came across the Shroud. Most people lived lives of poverty and despair, and those decidedly negative Passions (or lack of such) didn't give them much to hold onto in the Shadowlands. Most of them ended up as soulsteel to build Charon's railroads and gunships. Some

speculators believe that the combination of a lack of spiritual underpinnings in the Skinlands and overpopulation by despair-filled Thralls in the Shadowlands formed some great chemical or alchemical process that caused the Shroud to grow thicker and, in most places, impenetrable. Personally, I believe that Charon and his pet Artificers did something to affect the density of the Shroud in order to trap all of us permanently in the Underworld.

Charon's Fall and the Rise of the Deathlords

Sometime during this age, Charon discovered that he couldn't travel in the Shadowlands without beginning to disassemble, so he went home to his Onyx Tower to brood. That wouldn't have been a bad thing, except that his absence gave the Deathlords the chance they had been waiting for. Capitalizing on Charon's blue funk, the Deathlords took over the Underworld without having to go to the trouble of staging a coup.

In some ways, their ascension helped us. Lacking Charon's charisma and gift for inspiring loyalty, the Deathlords substituted their own management techniques: fear, terror, intimidation and suspicion. Disaffection grew by leaps and bounds, proving the following equation:

Unhappy wraiths = Renegades

Q.E.D.

Just what does that mean, anyway? Q.E.D.? Queer Educational Devices? Quality Equality Diversity (sounds a little like Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, doesn't it)? Most of us know it's Latin for something or other, but gee, Mr. Pretentious Journalist War Correspondent, most of us don't speak the damn language. Get it?

-Clueless in Seattle

— Boy, he really nailed that, didn't he? The pseudonym, that is. — Whkkld.

The Century of Madness and Glory

The Hierarchy's version of history lumps the last three centuries together for a reason. The Stygian establishment peaked in the 16th century, when it enjoyed a period of absolute, nearly unchallenged rule. After that, it started a slow downhill course — reminiscent of a controlled dive or a slow plunge — that has almost reached its nadir. In contrast, our fortunes have risen steadily. With the growth of freedom and its radical sister — anarchy — the Hierarchy has had to overextend itself just to maintain the status quo. Renegades, in contrast, lack a static superstructure. By our very natures, we exist in a state of conscious rebellion that demands an attitude of flexibility. We roll with the punches and sail with the tides of fortune. The 20th century has tested our adaptability to the limit. And we're still here.

Wars and Rumors of Wars

The First World War (begun, incidentally, by an anarchist's bullet) sent hundreds of thousands of soldiers and civilians into the Shadowlands. The Legions were ecstatic at first to find so many trained warriors at their disposal. Then they realized that they couldn't handle all the traffic pouring across the Shroud. Like the Black Plague, which brought men, women and children in droves into the lands of the dead, the four years of global conflict glutted the Shadowlands with unprecedented numbers. As if that wasn't enough, revolutions added their casualties to the mix. The Easter Rebellion of 1916 sent us a few good men like Patrick Pearse and Joseph Connolly and heralded the beginning of a bloody civil war in modern Ireland. A year later, the Russians had their opportunity to sweep aside a defective monarchy. The Russian Revolution of 1917 not only shifted the tides of the Great War, as one of its chief participants effectively withdrew to tend to internal affairs, it also guaranteed a steady influx of Trotskyites. (We ceded the tsarists to the Hierarchy without a lot of trouble, preferring to concentrate our efforts on Reaping the masterminds of the Bolshevik and Menshevik movements.)

The Fourth Great Maelstrom

Then, just when we thought it was safe to go into the Tempest, Oblivion belched a swarm of Spectres into the Shadowlands. Catalyzed by the overwhelming suffering and anguish of a world torn apart by war, the Maelstrom that resulted battered the defenses of Stygia and played havoc with poorly protected Necropoli. Spectres infiltrated the Hierarchy's

outposts in the Shadowlands and penetrated the Shroud to cause panic and desperation in the Skinlands — as if the aftermath of war wasn't enough for the poor souls to deal with.

The crash of the stock market and subsequent Great Depression increased the miasma of despair that threatened to crush the spirits of the living. Along came the Spanish Civil War, and we grabbed up the casualties from both sides. The general malaise finally brought Charon out of his self-imposed exile, as if his presence could do anything to salvage the situation.

For the first time in centuries, Renegades and Hierarchs found a common purpose. Setting aside the Code of Charon and declaring a provisional truce, Legionnaires joined with us to send Skinriding shock troops across the Shroud to round up the Spectres still hiding in fleshbags. Working together, we managed to pick off a good portion of the invaders, but we couldn't catch all of them. Eventually, relations broke down and we went our separate ways. It was fun while it lasted, and it set a precedent that we would need again later in the century.

Hell, we had to teach those Legionnaires the basics of Skinriding. It was sorta fun watching them wince as they tried on their first skinbags. They learned fast, and then there was no stopping them. Of course, some of our friends weren't too pleased when we blew the whistle on them later. We got a few recruits out of the Legions, since some of them decided they preferred unlife as a Renegade to a Stygian court-martial and a desk job (as the desk). — The Contessa

— You're forgetting a very important group of wraths, Mr. Historian. Remember the St. Valentine's Day Massacre? Drive-by shootings weren't invented yesterday, you know. The gang wars of the 20s and 30s sent a lot of muscle across the Shroud. We sure didn't join the "Feds" of Stygia. A block of cement stuck to your fuckin' foot makes one hell of a Fetter. — Vhite

War and Holocaust

The world erupted once again in global battle, and this time, the weapons were deadlier. Whole cities suffered massive bombings; civilian deaths outnumbered those of soldiers and those came across in record numbers. At times it seemed as if the Shadowlands would crumble under the weight of th-

victims of the Second World War. The enclaves of Wire were born out of the agonies of the Holocaust. Others have described the enormity of suffering caused by the callous and deliberate policy of genocide perpetrated on Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals and other populations declared "unfit" by the Nazis. I can't do it.

The war ended in 1945, in a frenzy of death by fire — atomic fire. Even though we saw it coming, few of us were really prepared for the Maelstrom that raged through the Shadowlands, echoing in its fiery blast the destruction across the Shroud. Oblivion won that battle, hands down.

One good thing about the Second World War, at least for us, was the arrival of partisans who lost their lives harassing the Nazis in their own backyards. These incredibly brave souls came right to us, perhaps because they recognized the trappings of fascism in the Legions that tried to claim them. We made a special effort to hang out where these freedom fighters were likely to appear, so that we could get to them first. Some of our best leaders come from the ranks of the partisan guerrillas.

Gorool

Freed from the Labyrinth by the Fifth Great Maelstrom, the Malfean, Gorool, rose up to threaten the heart of Stygia. This story has been told so many times, it gets tiresome, but here are the bare bones of the tale. Charon met Gorool in single combat off the coast of Stygia, in full view of anyone who cared to rubberneck, and both man and monster went down to their doom. End of story.

The Deathlords congratulated themselves on their sudden re-ascendancy to power; the wraiths who thought Charon was God wept. Among the Renegades, there was a general celebration. If we'd been nearer to the action, we could have diced for his clothes.

IS GOROOL THE SHADOW OF GODZILLA?

*-Man, you got no respect.
Charon was the Shadow of
Godzilla. - Movieman*



The Last Fifty Years

Knock on wood. The threat of a Third World War, complete with atomic weapons, loomed large over most of the second half of the 20th century. The Cold War kept most Skinland viewers on edge, but instead of another global conflagration, the political powder kegs exploded one by one, in a series of revolutions and mini-wars that kept the Hierarchy hopping and sent us plenty of recruits.

Guerrilla Warfare and Terror Tactics

The list of revolutions and uprisings that marks the decades after the Second World War reads like a litany in some strange mass of revolt. In a lot of ways, this part of the century belongs to the Renegades. As the world gets smaller and more crowded, the old forms of government erode and collapse, not always willingly.

The uprising in Cyprus in the mid-1950s demonstrated the use of terrorism as an end as well as a means. In Cuba, guerrilla warfare proved that even the most terrifying dictators can fall to a well-concerted groundswell of popular support. The Hungarian uprising of 1956 supplied us with a new host of freedom fighters. Revolutions rocked South America, although for the most part they were doomed to failure. The governments of Latin America practiced institutional

terrorism with a vengeance, almost as if they had direct instructions from the Stygian Inquisition. In Ireland, Protestant and Catholic paramilitary movements clashed yet again. The Middle East erupted. All these conflicts warmed our souls and swelled our ranks.

The people of the Skinlands seemed infected with the fervor of revolution, anarchy, terrorism and mayhem. We raked in the victims and the perpetrators with equal enthusiasm. Of course, we had to outrun the Legions to get there first, but then, as I've said earlier, we spent a lot more time looking in on the Skinlands than our Hierarchy counterparts, who had to rely on Monitors (and Merrimacks) to be their eyes and ears.

HERE IS WHERE THEY
DISAPPEARED TO

So, if everybody's a revolutionary nowadays, how come we haven't won yet? It's not a matter of outbreeding them, y'know. — Nun in Shock, Jersey City Pistols



The Summer of Love and the Long Winter of Hate

In America, the Cold War produced a generation of rebellious young people, eager to find a way to escape the constant low-grade terror which served as a backdrop to their childhoods. In San Francisco, the psychedelic revolution introduced concepts like turning on and dropping out. The Civil Rights movement, in contrast, counseled active resistance to discrimination. Civil disobedience in the tradition of Gandhi made the headlines, while the era of peaceful protests caught the fancy of the world. Then it all went bad.

The Vietnam War splashed across the TV screens of America and brought home the horrors of war to people who had never seen live-action death. Suddenly, the peaceful protests turned violent. Similarly, race riots signified an end to patience by the black community. Everywhere you looked, someone was dying for a cause or caught in the crossfire of clashing ideologies. The invasion of Prague by Soviet troops aroused a wave of student protest — an enterprise which proved fatal for many of the protesters (and fortuitous for us). In the Shadowlands, we picked up neo-Renegades who resembled the last century's student revolutionaries. These new recruits added a bizarreness to the mix — educated, naive, dedicated and dead, they came to us with their ideals only slightly tarnished. Along with them, however, came the terrorists and the anarchists. They brought a healthy dose of cynicism and ruthless practicality to our ranks. We accepted both kinds of souls with open arms.

With the collapse of the Soviet Union and the fall of the Berlin Wall, things seemed to get quiet for a few years. Then Central Europe erupted in chaos. If genocide could occur in microcosm, it did in Bosnia. That's where I entered the picture and threw in my lot with the Renegades.

Final Words

Have you ever noticed the similarity between the word epilogue and the word apology? I have come to the end of my revisionist chronicle of the history of Stygia, and now I'm supposed to draw a few conclusions and apologize for the intrusion of my own personal bias. Well, fuck it. I don't apologize for anything. I've called it as I see it, which is more than I can say for the boot-lickers whose scribblings cater to the egos of the Deathlords.

The common thread that links all of us Renegades together is our opposition to the Hierarchy. Patriots and outlaws, mercenaries and joyriders, we all want the same thing — the freedom to conduct our deaths according to the dictates of our own desires, not those of some upper-level management types who think they're kings or gods.

fabuloso, mein freund! You are so insightful. Jeez-Mageez, could anyone else have captured the true spirit of the Renegades? Be still my beating oops, guess it already is! In other words, congratulations. It's been real. We are so impressed! Thank you, thank you, we are all so grateful for your kind words about us. Can we expect to see film at eleven, or is this a private documentary for our eyes only? Please feel free to call us when you get over being a wannabe and want to meet some real Renegades. We'll be glad to escort you on your first Hierarchy kill.

— **Hoser**

There are some who say that the Hierarchy is all that keeps us from falling into Oblivion. I disagree. The Hierarchy has exhausted its repertoire of skills. The real freedom fighters in the war against Oblivion are the Renegades who can adapt their tactics to suit the circumstances.

The Empire of Stygia and the slave Necropoli of the Shadowlands are rotten to the core, while the opponents of tyranny grow stronger and stronger with every soul who comes to us across the Shroud. The writing is on the wall and the Hierarchy is up against that wall. Read the words, motherfuckers. Power to the people.

Respectfully submitted for your enjoyment and edification,

— **RESPECTFULLY, ITTY ASS...**

— **TRIGGER**

Garibaldi MacMullen

Official Chronicler for the Deadbeat Brigade



Chapter Two: Under the Gun

The Structure of the Renegades



ny of the following terms defines the group of wraiths collectively known as Renegades: rebels, idealists, activists, terrorists, criminals, outlaws, miscreants, deserters, revolutionaries, thugs, pirates, mercenaries, visionaries, malcontents, blackguards and dissidents. In short, the term "Renegade" describes any wraith who opposes the Hierarchy and who has not joined the Heretics. Renegades come in all sizes, shapes, colors and political affiliations. Despite their disparate origins and reasons for earning a place on the Hierarchy's hit list, these rebellious wraiths have a few common threads that serve to unite them, and that make it possible for an observer to categorize them in broad terms.

Dissidents, Dreamers, Desperadoes and Derelicts

The best way to divide Renegades into coherent groups is to look at their reasons for falling through the cracks of the Hierarchy. Most Renegades fall into one of four groups — political dissidents (Protesters), philosophical visionaries and dreamers (Idealists), fugitives from the Hierarchy (Outlaws) and circumstantial or situational Renegades (Drop-Outs). Even these dividing lines don't always hold, however, since changing circumstances may alter an individual Renegade's outlook on her condition. An escaped criminal may begin her Renegade career as an Outlaw, discover a cause she believes in and join an Idealist gang. Conversely, a passionate revolutionary may eventually succumb to disillusionment and turn mercenary, discarding her ideals in favor of a more pragmatic existence.

Protesters ("Pols")

These Renegades make up the hard-core resistance to the Hierarchy. Composed largely of wraiths who, in life, fought against oppression, tyranny and despotism, Protesters oppose the structure of the Underworld itself. Some of the oldest existing wraiths belong to this group. Leaders of slave revolts, masterminds of national uprisings, martyrs to the cause of freedom and justice and individuals whose words catalyzed revolutions continue their unfinished business by opposing the tyranny of the Deathlords' rule. In addition, this Renegade faction contains some of the Underworld's most recent arrivals — the activists and agitators who passed through the Shroud as a result of the national liberation movements of the 20th century and who weren't claimed by any of the other Dark Kingdoms.

In a faction not known for its organization, Protesters generally maintain highly structured units — or cells — to focus their seditious activities and preserve security. Unfortunately, the political dissidents of the Underworld suffer from internal dissension, a common thread among the Renegades. The same security measures that keep one cell from knowing the members of another cell also prevent large-scale cooperative actions. In addition, leaders of the Pol factions differ among themselves, pulling their followers in different, and often opposite, directions.

Protesters make up the most active and vocal group of Renegades. Their repertoire ranges from attempted (and occasionally successful) coups levied against the Citadels of the Shadowlands' Necropoli, to the assassination of key Hierarchy figures in order to weaken the establishment's hold over the Underworld. Most Renegade-sponsored violent actions come from within the ranks of the Pols, who see themselves as an army intent on opposing the Legions of the Deathlords.

Leaders

Of all Renegade factions, the Pols come the closest to maintaining an overall government through a complex network of tenuous connections among individual cells. Orders come down through cell leaders from a "Renegade Council," located somewhere within the Shadowlands, and each cell strives to carry out the directives that apply to it. Headed by a legendary Renegade known only as Sangfroid, the Renegade Council serves as a rallying point for political dissidents throughout the Underworld. Whether Sangfroid and the Renegade Council actually exist or simply comprise a monumental case of wish-fulfillment, they serve their purpose as a unifying agent for the fractious Pols.

Renegade journals, Part I

We spent two weeks scouting the target. Joey and I took the day shift, while Dart and Myra made the night rounds. We memorized the layout of the museum. Skinriding a couple of times to get a look at it from the other side of the Shroud. After we were done, we had a pretty good idea of how often the Legions patrolled the area around the building. During that time, we noticed a few deliveries of goods from Stygia go inside.

On the night of the raid, everything was set to go. All the members of our cell were ready to move on my signal. Then Sharkey lost it. His Shadow took over and shoved him forward, right into the path of the patrol that was just leaving the area.

We had no choice but to charge in after our comrade. What should have been a clean, pinpoint search-and-seizure turned into an all-out battle in the streets.

We were lucky. Most of the Legionnaires were greenhorns. They went down fast. We left them to their Harrowings and stormed the museum. We found our target — an arms cache — in the basement.

We got out more or less intact, before the next patrol showed up, except that we had to leave Sharkey behind. The last I saw of him, the patrol leader and one of her men were dragging him to the Legion's HQ.

I figure we have at most 24 hours to stage a rescue before they break him and find out everything he knows. At least maybe the weapons we acquired will give us an edge....

— Desdemona, Captain of the Midtown People's Militia

Idealists ("Dealers")

Some Renegades focus their opposition on specific practices within the Hierarchy. For these wraiths, the Stygian-based authority of the Deathlords would be acceptable if only one or two policies were changed. Proponents of civil disobedience, legal protests, grassroots campaigns and change through education and awareness gravitate to the Dealers (though for some it simply marks a stopping place en route to their radicalization into a Pol). Martyrs, speechmakers, pacifists and freedom marchers find a natural outlet for their beliefs among this group of Renegades. Feminists, civil rights activists, environmental activists, Gray Panthers, gay liberationists, gun-control advocates (as well as their NRA opponents) and almost any other single-cause supporters find their niche with the Dealers.

Outlaws ("Cons")

All Renegades are *de facto* "outlaws," but some are more so than others. Wraiths who break one too many laws and manage to elude the long arm of the Hierarchy make up the bulk of the Renegade faction known as Outlaws (or Cons). Thieves, black marketers, slavers, deserters from the Legions, independent self-licensed bounty hunters, runaway Thralls, malingeringers, thugs and all sorts of castaways make a place for themselves in Renegade society. Although they don't share the glorious ideals and revolutionary ardor of the Pols and Dealers, these fugitives from the system share a common hatred for the society that threw them out or branded them criminals.

In life, most Outlaws played fast and loose with the conventions of their societies. Upon their arrival in the Shadowlands, these former gang members, mobsters, petty criminals, hardened felons, smugglers, pimps, junkies, drug dealers, mercenaries, arms dealers and other practitioners of illicit trades find themselves faced with another set of rules they can't — or won't — follow. Hence, they become Renegades.

Let's face it: Most of them deserve whatever they get. The majority of Outlaws are degenerate, mean, nasty and would as soon sell your Corpus to the highest Spectral bidder as look at you — after getting their jollies torturing you. Some even make a point of locating their victims' Fetters so they can be there waiting to recapture the hapless wraiths once they come out of the Harrowing such treatment often causes.

The Cons care nothing about those wraiths they sell into slavery, Moliate, turn over to the soulforgers or kidnap to fatten the flocks of the Heretics. They have no ideals, don't care what side anyone is on, and exist primarily to wreak havoc, cause disruptions for the hell of it and acquire whatever they

Renegade Journals, Part 2

It was just a spur of the moment thing. The wraith had Reaper written all over him, and he looked like he was going somewhere in a hurry.

We'd just come from the rally, and things were quiet. Here in the mountains, the Anacreon's troops are stretched pretty thin, and we can meet without drawing any fire as long as we don't start any riots. So — yeah — we were bored.

We tracked the Reaper through the Tempest and back into the Shadowlands, following the Byways until we reached a place where the Shroud just felt weaker, like something was about to happen there.

Janya and Cross and Tully started screaming, "Spectres! It's an ambush!" and stuff like that as loud as they could. Sure enough, the Reaper started looking for something to come out of the Tempest. Right about then, the Enfant came bustin' through the Shroud, her Caul tight around her face. I grabbed her and ran like crazy. The others jumped to their Fetters to get away from the Reaper, who was startin' to figure out that something wasn't quite right.

So, now we have a new member of our bloc. Her name's Katy and I think she'll realize soon enough how much better off she is with us than with the Legions. Of course, the Anacreon'll be pissed....

— Danny Joe, Black Mountain Freedom Patrol



want regardless of whom it hurts. They feel no remorse, don't understand any emotion gentler than hate or rage and care only for themselves. Even other Outlaws won't lift a finger to help a member of their repulsive faction. In fact, they often find great amusement in seeing a rival Outlaw captured — even going so far as to set up the capture themselves so they can enjoy the show.

In addition to hardened criminals, however, the Outlaws faction often contains many disaffected members of the Hierarchy — Legionnaires who discover they can no longer hack the systematic brutality of army life or wraiths who arouse the disfavor of some powerful Hierarch. Cons also include self-styled Robin Hoods, vigilante "knights" and other nobler elements who disavow association with big causes and simply seek to right wrongs or redistribute resources by taking the law into their own hands. A number of these independent "do-gooders" eventually get sick of the perverted weirdos who form the bulk of this faction and ally themselves with other Renegade groups, leaving their Outlaw days behind for good.

Most Cons organize themselves into "bands," groups whose primary reason for existence is to ensure the survival of their members. Mutual assistance among members of a particular band makes this group, ironically, one of the most overtly cooperative of any of the Renegade factions. Inter-gang cooperation is extremely rare, however, as one group of bastards knows better than to trust another group just like themselves. After all, they'd sell out the other guy, given half a chance, and they expect the same in return.

Leaders

Self-styled leaders abound among the Outlaws. Like the desperadoes of the American West, Outlaw bands thrive on reputation and infamy. Renegade lore is full of tall tales featuring Outlaw leaders like Bloody-Eye Giancomo, the Byway Phantom, One-Tit Annie and Corpus Kristie. From time to time, several Outlaw leaders form alliances, merging their bands into rampaging hordes that terrorize local Necropoli. Individual egos (or Shadow rivalries) soon break these associations apart, since none of the leaders of the bands involved wants to assume a subordinate role.

Drop-Outs ("AWOLs")

Perhaps the most diverse faction within the Renegade movement consists of wraiths who have simply opted out of the Hierarchy for one reason or another. These Renegades are literal drop-outs from Stygian society. They have taken the Hierarchy's measure and decided to ignore it.

Renegade journals, Part 3

It took us four weeks of solid tracking through the Tempest, but we finally found the Cutter Gang's piss-ass excuse for a Haunt. Dumb fuckers weren't even expecting us. They thought they'd made it free and clear with our property, but they were wrong. We wasted 'em — tore their Haunt apart and threw those sorry suckers into the Tempest. They may never get out, and fuck 'em if they don't.

Then we took our Thralls back. We stole those saps honestly — no wimp group of Outlaw-wannabes is gonna liberate what we can get a good price for on the market. Nobody fucks with our gang. Nobody.

— Garrett Younger, Riceville Raiders

Most Drop-Outs (or AWOLs) have intensely personal reasons for identifying themselves with the Renegades. Many of these wraiths resent the Hierarchy's prohibitions against interaction with the Skinlands. Puppeteers, medium groupies and Skinriders flock to this element of Renegade society.

In life, many AWOLs were hedonists, dilettantes and thrill-seekers; others simply enjoyed close ties with friends and relatives and refused to let a little thing like death interfere with keeping up those ties.

Like the Outlaws, Drop-Outs have little in common with one another besides the need to survive outside the Hierarchy's dubious protection. Most often, Drop-Outs form groups with wraiths they consider friends, regardless of any other common ties. These communes lack even the loose organization of Outlaw bands but still manage to survive due to the mutual respect and loyalty felt among members.

In some ways, these circumstantial Renegades provide the most insidious form of opposition to the Hierarchy. They don't actively work against the system; they simply refuse to recognize its authority.

Leaders

Although AWOLs produce few, if any, true leaders, they do provide the Renegades with a plethora of cultural icons. The outrageous exploits of the Contessa, a notorious Puppeteer who patronizes several well-known boardwalk mediums, have led the Hierarchy to place a large bounty on her head. Drop-Outs such as Rizzo the Skinshopper and Firebug Frankie attract numerous followers and imitators. While these Drop-Out superstars claim to speak for no one but themselves, they constitute the closest thing to leaders to arise from this eclectic group of Renegades.

Renegade journals, Part 4

We decided to split up for the day and do our own thing. Sara and I hopped some fleshbags and Skinrode to the State Fair. We ate so much popcorn and cotton candy we made our hosts sick — and then made them ride the ferris wheel a few dozen times. After that, we caught a movie, then bailed out and came home.

Jerry and Bayler and Trish visited this house they've been "haunting" for the past few weeks. Each time they go there, they do something new. Today, I think it was blood on the ceiling and groans in the basement. They're hoping someone in the Skinlands will write a book about it so they can read about themselves.

Then the goons from the Legions paid us a call. Fortunately, Sara and I were able to talk our way out of trouble. Then they asked us about rumors that some local wraiths were causing trouble around a house in the Skinlands. We were just about to plead ignorance, when in walked the Terrible Trio with guilt plastered all over their faces. We got off lucky, I guess. The patrol leader must have met his quota or something cause he gave us a choice: Either get out of town or he'd put us on a transport to Stygia the next day.

I hate that they can do that, but of course we'll move — again. Maybe someday we'll find a nice quiet Necropolis that isn't run by the Legions...like when the Shadowlands freeze over. Fuck them! Fuck them all!

— Maxie Moran, Dover Rovers

Renegading for Fun and Profit

What do Renegades do with their days and nights? Contrary to rumors that this group operates a massive alternative government across the Shadowlands, that mimicks the Hierarchy's structure and policies, most Renegades spend their time trying to survive as hostiles in enemy territory. Although many Renegade gangs work toward specific goals, they can't always focus all their energy on attaining their aims. Like other wraiths, they deal with day-to-day concerns, including monitoring their Fetters, gathering Pathos and struggling with their unruly Shadows. In addition to these activities, most Renegades need to keep

a sharp eye out for Hierarchy patrols or bounty hunters (some of whom are, themselves, Renegades) and protect their Haunts.

For some Renegades, merely avoiding capture by the Legions constitutes a major achievement. Others have more ambitious agendas. What a Renegade does above and beyond the activities necessary for survival depends on her particular motivations.

Overthrowing the Government

Hard-core political Renegades promote radical social change, such as the downfall of the Stygian Empire and the liberation of the Shadowlands from the control of the Legions. The Pols take this duty extremely seriously and direct most of their activities toward the coming Revolution. While actual assaults on Stygia and major Necropoli are rare occurrences, preparations for attacks go on constantly. Some cells protect caches of relic weapons and stolen Hierarchy blades, while others assemble intelligence on the movements and deployments of Legion patrols. Most Pols participate in rudimentary military training to prepare themselves for close combat with the Legions. Occasionally, several cells come together in a training camp deep within the Tempest in order to conduct large-scale maneuvers. These outings usually precede a major action against one of the Necropoli.

Recruitment

The Pols and Dealers make an active effort to increase their followings through recruiting other wraiths and Reaping new arrivals. Special-action units, called cadres and made up entirely of Pol recruiters, pay visits to Necropoli where instances of civil unrest provide opportunities to ply their skills at conversion. Sometimes, recruiters notice individual wraiths whose activities target them as suitable candidates for their Renegade faction.

Dealers prefer to stage public rallies or distribute pamphlets advertising their cause and urging wraiths to become part of a greater movement. Wary of infiltration by Hierarchy spies, Dealers usually exercise certain security precautions before finally admitting wraiths recruited at rallies, often requiring new members to submit to examination by a trained Pardoner.

Both Pol and Dealer recruiters find their jobs harder in areas where the Hierarchy exercises the greatest control. Recruitment efforts work best in areas where the disaffected can slip through the cracks without being noticed. Any Necropolis in which the Legions are sloppy or where discipline is not strictly enforced provides fertile ground for new recruits. Ironically, in those areas where rigid control and heavy-handedness cause the most resentment, there is little chance for recruiters to contact wraiths looking for a way out.



Some of the more organized Renegade factions have managed to place agents within the Hierarchy. These brave souls look for disgruntled Restless or those who have committed infractions which might land them in the soulforges and arrange for them to meet and join their Renegade comrades. Such "charity cases" are always investigated carefully before being accepted, and it may take years and dozens of raids before recruits gained through this method are trusted by their fellows.

A favorite method of attracting new recruits is to send members of gangs to join a Guild. While learning needed Arcanoi, the agents lobby other Guildwraiths (particularly those who seem unlikely to rise too high within the Guild's organization, or who chafe under strictures placed on them), convincing them that the Renegade way offers them more freedom and greater respect. Some are even offered relics and other inducements to join. Again, these recruits are carefully checked before they are allowed to know too much.

Still, with all the security precautions, Renegade gangs often find themselves under siege soon after accepting the wrong recruit into their confidence. Recruiting from the Restless community at large always carries this element of risk. Some groups feel it's worth it, while others only accept members whom they have Reaped personally.

Reapers who work for the Pols and the Dealers keep track, through sympathetic Monitors, of living people predisposed to rebellion. Whenever possible, Renegade Reapers greet these potential comrades as soon as they pass through the Shroud, preventing them from even limited exposure to the Hierarchy's propaganda. Some groups go even further: Agents working for hard-core political factions are sometimes guilty of not waiting until a fellow traveler crosses the Shroud of his own volition. Instead, they take an active hand and force the issue by driving the desired recruit to suicide or using Puppetry tactics to murder her. Other recruiters simply ambush Hierarchy Reapers and steal their catches. Unfortunately, some of these claim-jumpers come from the Outlaw faction of Renegades; their motivations are usually far from altruistic, and the hapless Enfants taken by one of these mercenary Reapers often end up sold to the highest bidder — regardless of affiliation.

Indoctrination

Becoming a Renegade is easy; staying a Renegade involves more than just avoiding capture by the Legions. New Renegades need to assimilate the mindset appropriate to their faction and to learn the tools that make survival outside the Hierarchy possible. Indoctrination thus plays an important part in the making of a true — and viable — Renegade.



The tactics used to instill group loyalty and teach survival skills differ from faction to faction. Politically oriented groups (Pols and Dealers) employ such tried-and-true radical techniques as consciousness-raising classes and group criticism to inculcate recruits with the "right" attitudes for their faction. Despite these supposedly admirable techniques, many gangs do little more than play on the fears of their recruits and exploit their deepest hatreds, convincing them that the Hierarchy (and other factions) are comprised of the most black-hearted villains to ever walk the Underworld. Often, what begins as a pure Passion such as Love or Desire to Protect Others gets twisted through indoctrination into a strange mockery of itself, a compulsion to love and protect the gang or to defend it rabidly from those who might harm it — even when such an overblown reaction is not necessary. This opens the door to the recruit's Shadow and sometimes creates new Dark Passions for the Psyche's alter ego to exploit.

Despite lavishing time on teaching new recruits what it means to belong to a particular faction, Renegade gangs rarely impart anything truly important to their survival to such newbies. Until recruits have been thoroughly examined and have participated in several highly visible radical actions, recruits don't learn of the gang's plans for retreat, the best hiding places, important targets or who the faction's real leaders are. Aside from some political rhetoric and button-pushing, new recruits only learn what their gang thinks they should know.

Outlaws and AWOLs usually prefer to indoctrinate by example, doing what comes naturally and letting new gang members figure out for themselves how much fun it is to raise hell. Some go farther, however, pushing new recruits to greater and more dangerous exploits to prove themselves and show their toughness. Anything that pissed off Outlaw recruits before they crossed the Shroud can be equated with Hierarchy practices, allowing the gangs to feed the flames of their members' anger. Again, such tactics, while they may result in excellent Renegades, often result in wraiths on the edge of joining the Spectres as well.

To indoctrinate anyone successfully, you have to know what makes him tick. Knowledge of a recruit's greatest fears, most cherished loves and deepest resentments allows those who seek to warp her mind to their own way of thinking to push the right buttons. Even more importantly, many groups seek to discover what makes a new recruit's Shadow tick which allows them to go much deeper in indoctrinating a new member than that wraith is consciously aware of. When one's Shadow can be called into play during maneuvers, gangs can wreak real havoc with their enemies. Several gangs have specialists among their ranks who do little more than indoctrinate new arrivals and assess the thinking of opposed groups. Often working with knowledge of both Mnemosynis and Castigate, indoctrination specialists are prime targets for capture by other Renegade factions and Hierarchy troops alike.

Training

Not every Renegade arrives knowing how to use a weapon, sneak into a Hierarchy holding, infiltrate a Legion or spout inspiring rhetoric. In order to pick up those skills, most undergo training. While many Renegade gangs feel that on-the-job instruction works best to hone the talents of new recruits (and to weed out the useless or incompetent), other groups rely on more formal methods.

Formal training takes place at secret bases in the Shadowlands (with a very few set up somewhere within the Tempest), usually as far from interfering Legionnaire patrols as possible. Practice sessions using stolen weaponry or setting up tactical situations for the recruits to tackle form the major portion of new Renegades' training. Some groups attempt to capture foes and let their recruits practice interrogation techniques on them as well. Such Renegade camps are mostly for show and hold few, if any, top leaders. A collection of trainees and one or two instructors is the best haul the Hierarchy can get if it discovers the camp and captures any personnel.

After training in the original camp, recruits are formed into units and assigned a more experienced leader, who then takes them on their first raid. Those who fail to perform up to standard or who just can't hack it are cut loose and left behind (or struck down and left to undergo a Harrowing). At this point, the casualties don't know enough to seriously harm the gang that trained them. However, a wraith who screws up his first time out often finds that his gang will not accept him back into its midst. As rumor runs rampant through Renegade circles, the disgraced revolutionary wannabe can often find it hard to join any other group either. Such "dropouts" usually end up joining the Outlaws, or existing alone until the inevitable end.

Pol and Dealer maneuvers for new recruits typically begin with easy raids on loosely guarded spots, ambushes on unwary Legionnaire patrols or mock-runs designed to familiarize the wraiths with territory they will pass through on a later, more important raid. Recruits are only allowed to participate in truly serious operations once they've successfully completed several minor raids, or if the gang's membership is so depleted that the group needs the manpower.

Outlaw philosophy on training is more direct and brutal: If the new guy can't keep up and pull his weight, he gets dumped. If he hasn't had enough training to survive the raid, tough; he knew the risks coming in. He should have watched his betters and learned from them. Weak sisters get no sympathy. They endanger the whole gang. Screwups who survive are usually treated to a one-way ticket to the forges courtesy of the slavers who were supposed to be their buddies. Persistence of the strongest and fittest is the only thing new Outlaws really need to know.

Profiteering

Outlaws and some AWOLs are not above making an obolus or two, particularly when they can avoid splitting their profits with Stygia or the Necropolitan authorities. Many Renegades engage in a profitable black market in relics and Artifacts, seizing them from clueless new arrivals and selling them to whoever can meet their price. Rumors that some Outlaws have supplied Stygian Domems with brand new Fetters in order to allow these ancient wraiths to travel in the Shadowlands once more have led many Pols and Dreamers to condemn the Cons for doing so. The Fettermongers counter by claiming that their customers include Renegade Domems who have been trapped on the outskirts of Stygia for centuries.

Trafficking in Thralls also rakes in the oboli. While some Renegades liberate wraiths bound for Stygia in order to recruit them to the cause, or merely to set them free on principle, Outlaw bands ambush convoys of Thralls in order to reap a profit. Under-the-table agreements between Outlaw slavers and members of the Legions ensures that the Hierarchy turns a blind eye to auctions of captured Thralls, some of whom end up in Hierarchy hands anyway.

Flouting the System

One of the joys of being a Renegade lies in the freedom to screw with the establishment. This particular activity has many forms of expression, ranging from harmless pranks to serious crimes against the Hierarchy. Slogans and obscene caricatures scrawled on the walls of an Anacreon's Citadel do more than just embarrass and offend the sensibilities of a Necropolis' leader. These actions announce to the Underworld that the Hierarchy's vaunted security measures possess some glaring holes.

Anarchists from all Renegade factions lead the charge in orchestrating acts of random terror and calculated sabotage. From derailing a train of thralls and confiscated relics bound for Stygia, to assassinating a Hierarchy administrator in her own Haunt, these unexpected attacks on the government of the Underworld emphasize the weaknesses of the Hierarchy and force wraiths to doubt their leaders.

Good Clean Fun

Then again, there are the Renegades who spend their time in pursuit of sheer self-indulgence. Most of these hedonists and pleasure-seekers belong to the Drop-Outs. Skinriding in defiance of the *Dictum Mortuum* leads the list of recreational Renegade activities, followed closely by cross-Shroud communication through mediums and by means of Arcanoi such as Outrage and Pandemonium. While some Pols and Dealers

see Skinriding as a means of keeping in touch with the Skinlands, and, in fact, avail themselves of living hosts in order to conduct top-secret meetings out of the Hierarchy's reach, most Renegades who take advantage of their ability to step inside someone more comfortable do so just for kicks. Communicating with mediums also serves the purposes of serious-minded Renegades, particularly in terms of preparing potential recruits for what to expect in the afterlife. Most Renegades however, harbor personal reasons for reaching across the Shroud. Either they seek to maintain contact with their families or else they simply enjoy the chance to shake up the Quick with their performances.

Many Spooks and Haunters belong to the Renegades by virtue of the fact that their Guilds have long been proscribed in Stygia. For them, the act of haunting a house or causing eerie phenomena in the Skinlands constitutes their *raison d'être*.

It also turns them on, but that goes without saying.

Renegade Journals, Part 5

It was bitchin'! Sometimes I can't stand myself. I have this thing about fires — they're gorgeous to look at and they bring things across the Shroud, too.

So, anyway, I was inside this kid — college type — not your typical arsonist. His buttons were simple to push, a hard tweak on the jealousy knob, a few twists of suspicion and a jab at the big red "Anger" button. Then I headed him off to his girlfriend's house, with a stop on the way to purchase three or four gallons of gasoline.

He almost got away from me a couple of times while I made him circle the house, soaking it real good in just the right places. Then he used his gold-plated lighter; of course, I made sure he was soaked in gasoline and standing right next to the house when it went up.

I jumped back across the Shroud and stood around to watch the house come through, just like I knew it would, almost right in the backyard of the local Citadel. I waved my hands in the air and screamed "Free relics!" and then just sat back and waited for the looters. The riot lasted for about an hour before the Legions finally busted it up and hauled most of the looters off. Some of 'em'll probably end up on the way to Stygia.

Who cares? I got what I wanted — a real good show. Now it's off to mark up some buildings. Death's a gas when you don't give a shit.

— Firebug Frankie





Gangs

Renegades organize themselves in Circles just like most other wraiths. Although most wraiths refer to Renegade Circles as gangs, the Renegades themselves distinguish among several types of gangs. Different factions within the Renegades have their own peculiar gang structures, which are specifically suited to their needs and aims.

Cells

Pols prefer to organize in cells, small groups of from three to 10 individuals who subscribe to a rigid hierarchy of ranks and division of responsibility. Each cell has a leader (sometimes assuming a military command title such as Captain or Major), who decides policy for the gang and assumes direct responsibility for the actions of those wraiths under her command. Cells also include a security specialist, who oversees the safety measures for the group and monitors the activities of her comrades for signs of treasonous behavior, as well as a quartermaster, who distributes the group's possessions as necessary. While these three positions are essential to the survival of a cell, larger cells also consist of morale officers, combat trainers, communications specialists, re-

connaissance experts and liaison officers. Decisions within cells come from the leader; while other members of the cell may offer advice and information, the leader's directives are unilateral and final.

Because the Pols fear infiltration and betrayal more than any other Renegade group, cells operate on a need-to-know basis with regard to anyone on the outside. Members of a cell rarely know of the existence of other cells so that capture of any one member does not necessarily jeopardize anyone outside her own cell. Usually the cell leader knows one or two other leaders, although not the members of those leaders' groups. By carefully controlling how much information any one Pol knows, this Renegade faction keeps the Hierarchy from conducting mass arrests.

Blocs

Idealist Renegades prefer the name "bloc" to describe their gangs. Borrowing the word from the Skinlands' term for special interest groups engaged in lobbying for their particular causes, Dealers organize their blocs as if they were standing committees led by a chairperson. Blocs can contain anywhere from three to 15 members. Additional positions of responsibility include a treasurer (who controls the funds and communally owned properties of the bloc's members), a special activities coordinator (who organizes rallies and meet-

ings and arranges for the participation of other blocs with similar interests) and a security officer (who provides at least a minimum of protection for the bloc's Haunt).

Unlike the paramilitary organization prevalent among the Pols, Dealer blocs operate on a more egalitarian basis. Decisions come about through consensus or majority vote, usually after exhaustive discussions. A bloc's chairperson acts as a moderator and organizer of group activities, but has no absolute authority over her fellow group members.

Blocs tend to share information with other similarly aligned Dealer groups. Some make use of the Internet to alert other blocs of upcoming rallies and meetings, while others rely on word-of-mouth or personal contact with other bloc leaders. These meetings and exchanges of information do not always result in increased cooperation among various blocs. Often negotiations break down into sessions of heated arguments and mud-slinging as opinions clash in a war of ideologies.

Bands

Outlaw bands don't subscribe to any one method of organization. Some gangs of Outlaws have an undisputed leader and a troop of followers, while others have a two-tiered hierarchy; the leader and his cronies make the decisions, while the other members carry out their boss's orders. A few bands operate without leaders, acting out of a group consensus and allowing whoever wants the glory to take charge of any given situation. Most Outlaw gangs have at least five members; some notorious ones have as many as 20. In general, the most effective bands consist of four or five wraiths operating as a unit. Larger groups — in effect, Outlaw armies — consist of several smaller bands acting together rather than one large horde under a single leader. These sub-groups (which contain anywhere from three to six members) often break away to conduct their own business, engage in lucrative side-excursions or act as outrunners for the main group.

Although most Outlaw bands avoid ranks or titles, each group usually has a variety of available skills among its members. Certain members of a band act as security advisors, while others plot tactics and plan ambushes or act as scouts and information gatherers. Outlaws who maintain connections with the Legions usually do so through a member of the band who acts as a liaison with the local Hierarchy.

Outlaw bands usually stake out their own territory and discourage other bands from operating within their boundaries. While cooperation between bands sometimes occurs, gang warfare is commonplace within this faction of Renegades.

Communes

Notable for their lack of visible structure, AWOL communes nevertheless manage to get things done (at least by someone's definition of "done"). Occasionally a member

of a commune will take it upon herself to organize some group activity; for that amount of time, she becomes the "leader." Communes participate in discussions about everything from when to organize a group Skinride to whether or not a member was followed back to the Haunt.

Because communes exist primarily to ensure mutual survival while individual members pursue their own goals, they have no real need for a rigid internal structure. Usually one member of a commune delegates to herself the job of security monitor. Often, this is the only actual "position" within the group, although many communes also acknowledge the necessity for a social director to keep up with the various activities and proposed outings for group members.

Communes may consist of as few as three members or may have an indeterminate number of core wraiths and fringe associates. "Group" activities rarely involve the entire membership of a commune (unless it is a very small one). The emphasis on cooperative individuality as opposed to following the crowd encourages the formation of smaller units, which can then pursue common goals.

Most commune decisions come about through consensus, although occasionally members do put an idea to a vote. Frequently, communes choose their activities by default ("I guess we aren't going Skinriding tonight after all....").

Because communes exist independently of one another, cooperation among different communes occurs by accident rather than by design. Although these structures seem to constitute the weak link of the Renegade factions, the resiliency of the communal structure makes it difficult to undermine. After all, it's hard to take out a gang's leader when it's impossible to pick her out from the other members of her group.

Mixed Gangs and Other Complications

Not all Renegades sort themselves neatly into gangs based on factions. Mixed gangs of Renegades crop up with annoying frequency. After all, Renegades don't adhere to any rules or guidelines. Particularly in small Necropoli (where most wraiths belong to the Hierarchy and few question the rightness of the Underworld's established authorities), Renegades of all stripes are forced to band together out of a common need to survive rather than from similar interests. Mixed gangs often include one or two hard-core Pols, an ex-Legionnaire turned Outlaw and a compulsive Skinlands visitor. While it is difficult for these composite gangs to reach full agreement on goals and means, usually some sort of compromise allows all the members at least partial expression of the motivations that made them Renegades in the first place.

Complicating matters even more, Renegades don't always form the type of gang normally preferred by their particular faction. Some Pols operate as completely independent units, taking their orders from no one but themselves. These Protesters usually ignore the tight discipline of cells in favor of a looser structure. Renegades from other factions may form groups that operate with the military precision and tight security of some Legion patrols. In short, Renegade gangs are ultimately organized according to the desires of their members.

From the Ground Up: A Sample Gang

For anyone curious to know how the members of a Renegade gang fit together and what skills are necessary to put together a successful, viable gang, the following description of the Deadbeat Brigade may provide some guidelines. While Storytellers may use the thumbnail sketches of the gang members as seeds for creating fully fleshed-out personalities to act as allies or rivals in Renegade chronicles, players may also find some ideas for creating their own Renegade gangs.

The Deadbeat Brigade

The gang known as the Deadbeat Brigade consists of wraiths dedicated to the dissemination of information throughout the Underworld, specifically the spreading of the truth about the Hierarchy to any wraiths who will listen. Based in the Shadowlands near Baltimore, Maryland, the gang represents a cross-section of Renegade society and includes among its members a hard-core revolutionary, a political idealist, an ex-Centurion of the Grim Legion, a Renegade Pardoner, a Consort and a former mercenary. While the Deadbeat Brigade does not involve itself in overt actions such as raids, assassinations or attempted coups, it does try to keep track of these activities and prevent official Hierarchy cover-ups from keeping the population of the Underworld in the dark.

Most of the gang's members arrived in the Shadowlands in the 1970s and 80s, although its oldest member and *de facto* leader has been around since the mid-1800s.

The gang's structure falls somewhere in between the rigid delineation of roles typical of a Pol cell and the loose confederation of a Dealer bloc. Although they have an undisputed leader, the Deadbeat Brigade's members avoid ranks, adopt common courtesy as their protocol and rely on pooling their information before coming to a decision. In extreme situations, such as during a recent Hierarchy raid on a Renegade safe-house they were visiting, the Deadbeats proved capable of defending themselves and coming out of a conflict with all members intact. They credit this success largely to their ability to react to their leader's directions quickly.

On the other hand, a debate about the best way to ensure that their latest exposé of Hierarchy cover-ups reaches as many wraiths as possible has gone on for eight months without resulting in a firm decision.

The members of the Deadbeat Brigade bring a broad range of interlocking and complementary skills to their gang.

- **Charlotte de la Muse, Gang Leader:** — A factory worker turned revolutionary, Charlotte fell on the barricades during the Paris student uprising of 1848. Reaped en masse with other victims of the doomed revolt, Charlotte found herself bound for Stygia and the forges. Rescued by a Renegade gang, Charlotte threw in her lot with the Underworld's dissidents, learning the rudiments of guerrilla warfare and a few essential Arcanoi "on the job." Seeing the need for a way to inspire fellow Renegades by advertising the successes (both small and large) of other Renegade groups, she drifted from one gang to another, looking for the perfect combination. Finally, a series of circumstances led her to travel to the Shadowlands of America, where she formed her own Renegade gang consisting of wraiths who supported her vision.

Charlotte brings to the gang she leads a wide variety of skills and a good smattering of Arcanoi learned in the century and a half since her death. An expert street fighter, she has acquired a fair degree of accuracy with modern firearms. She possesses a flair for leadership and, despite her small size, can easily intimidate even the most physically imposing Centurion. In addition, her familiarity with both Underworld and Skinlands politics enables her to interpret what goes on around her accurately and quickly. A decade-long stint with a Renegade Chanteur mentor taught Charlotte the arts of Keening, which she uses to inspire and motivate those around her. She also possesses rudimentary levels of Argos, Moliate and Puppetry.

- **Garibaldi MacMullen, Chronicler:** — Garibaldi took it with him when he went — 30 years of experience as a war correspondent and photojournalist. Reaped by an Idealist bloc in the Shadowlands near Sarajevo, Garibaldi saw the need for someone other than the Hierarchy to report the news. Assigning himself to a one-man fact-finding mission, he wandered the Shadowlands looking for the "real story." He connected with Charlotte de la Muse in the Baltimore Necropolis and became the first member of her gang, which he named the Deadbeat Brigade.

Garibaldi's skills include the ability to express himself eloquently, a broad knowledge of history and politics, rudimentary combat and firearms abilities and an empathy with operating machinery — including cars, bikes, trucks and computers. Though he has a basic knowledge of both Argos and Puppetry, he has managed to learn the jealously guarded Inhabit Arcanos from a Renegade Artificer he befriended in Europe.

- **Aaron Jacobs, Tactics:** — A former paratrooper whose parents emigrated to Israel when he was a child, Aaron met his death in a bombing incident in Tel Aviv.

Reaped by the Grim Legion, Aaron soon found unlife with the Hierarchy unbearable; the Stygian government's fascist and authoritarian overtones reminded him too much of the stories he'd heard about Nazi Germany. As soon as he was able, he deserted his patrol and surrendered to the first Renegade gang he met. That gang happened to be Charlotte de la Muse's Deadbeat Brigade, en route to yet another center of Renegade activity in the Shadowlands.

While Aaron has yet to earn the full trust of his comrades, the Deadbeats rely on his knowledge of small-unit tactics and Hierarchy strategies to help them survive confrontations and, more importantly, elude sweeps by local patrols. He has taken upon himself the task of training the other members in small-arms combat, hand-to-hand fighting and tactical deployment. In his short career as a Legionnaire, Aaron focused on learning Moliate, which he now uses on himself and his gang members whenever combat seems likely, and enough Usury to make him the group's medic. He possesses a working knowledge of Argos and Castigate.

• **Sister Promise, Morale:** — The daughter of a civil rights activist preacher and his choir-director wife, Angela Marie Shepherd grew up steeped in the belief that faith could work miracles, move mountains and end racial hatred in the South. A church firebombing in her home town ended her life but did not destroy her faith. Reaped by the Hierarchy, she found that her spirituality and deep convictions made her a natural for training with the Pardoners. Taking the name Sister Promise, Angela completed her training and then volunteered for "missionary work" among the Renegades before embarking on her career as a Pardoner-Legionnaire. She ended up attached to the Deadbeat Brigade and soon discovered that she had more in common with the gang than with the Legions. She has not returned from her missionary tour, choosing instead to offer her services to the Deadbeats as Pardoner and inspirational counselor.

Sister Promise has minimal combat abilities but excels in interpersonal skills. She has an intuitive understanding of the human psyche — as well as its Shadow. As a Journeyman Pardoner, she possesses a thorough knowledge of Castigate, a familiarity with both Argos and Lifeweb, and — to her shame — a real flair for Outrage during Catharsis. Sister Promise relies on Aaron's Castigation skills to keep her own Shadow in line.

• **Arabella Paz, Liaison:** — The daughter of a linguistics professor and her anthropologist husband, Arabella grew up surrounded by the academic life. Her own interests, however, bordered on the occult and the metaphysical. Arabella steeped herself in the study of the Tarot, astrology, numerology and other related "-ologies." She at-

tended seances, played with Ouija boards and sought for proof of survival on the "other side." A gypsy-wannabee, she dressed in long skirts, scarves and jangly jewelry.

To her parents' dismay, Arabella dropped out of college during her senior year and embarked on a hitchhiking journey from California to the East Coast, emulating the nomadic lifestyle she so admired. Her trip ended abruptly when she accepted a ride with a drunk driver.

Her Reaper was a Renegade Oracle, drawn to Arabella's passage through the Shroud by the mysterious pull of Fate. After studying with her Reaper for several years, Arabella sought other teachers who could help her learn to cross the Shroud into the Skinlands. She became attached to a medium she had visited during her life. She also attracted the attention of the Hierarchy, a situation which forced her to leave her teacher and seek protection elsewhere. After months on the run, she found a home with the Deadbeat Brigade.

Arabella has quick reflexes, although she is untrained as a fighter. She inherited her mother's talent for languages and uses her linguistic fluency to ease communications between her gang and Renegades from Europe. Her knowledge of Fatalism, Puppetry, Embody and Phantasm have proven useful in many situations.

• **Ronny Smith, Scout/Quartermaster:** — A Vietnam veteran turned soldier of fortune, Smitty saw combat in Central and South America before succumbing to a massive coronary in an Ecuadorian brothel. A pair of Reapers, one from the Legions and one from an Outlaw band of Renegades, fought over the new arrival. The Renegade won. Smitty quickly proved his usefulness to his Reaper's band and, in turn, learned from them how to make a lot of oboli through various kinds of profiteering. When a Hierarchy raid drove Smitty's band into the Tempest, the Outlaws ran right into a Spectre ambush. Smitty was the sole survivor. The experience changed him profoundly, making him conscious for the first time that there really were terrible things "out there" and that there was more to the afterlife than money. Shortly afterwards, he found a home with the Deadbeat Brigade.

The predominantly idealistic Deadbeats rely on Smitty's combat instincts and survival skills, as well as his practical knowledge and acquisitions skills. Smitty also knows a considerable bit of Argos as well as a smattering of Pandemonium and Inhabit he picked up during his stint as an Outlaw.

The Deadbeats' Haunt is an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of Baltimore. The Gang owns a relic HUM-V, courtesy of Smitty, and a relic printing press discovered by Garibaldi.

Famous Renegade Gangs

Although many Renegade gangs attempt to keep a low profile and do their business without attracting unwanted attention from the Legions, a few gangs have acquired reputations of one sort or another among the population of the Underworld. In some cases, notoriety comes about despite a gang's best efforts; other Renegades deliberately seek to spread the word about their activities in order to garner the respect of their fellows. **Wraith: The Oblivion** mentions The Brotherhood of the Black Rabbit, the StormRiders and the Flying Column as particularly well-known Renegade gangs. Below are a few others that typify the varied interests and concerns of those who defy the authority of the Deathlords.

Wraithjackers

One of the largest and most notorious Outlaw bands in the Shadowlands, the Wraithjackers conduct raids on Hierarchy convoys and transports. Focusing on the liberation of thralls, these Renegades have gained a reputation as "noble bandits of the Byways." Based outside of the San Francisco Necropolis, the Wraithjackers consist of former soldiers-of-fortune, bikers and vigilantes. While the Wraithjackers provide a second chance for many wraiths otherwise destined for the Stygian forges or for an afterlife of eternal servitude, they also turn a profit from other endeavors such as relic theft and arms smuggling.

Rumors persist that members of the Wraithjackers kick back to the Legions a portion of their receipts from black market sales in return for access to information regarding movements of Thrall transports. The presence of a former member of the Silent Legion, a Centurion kicked out of the Legion for unspecified "crimes against the Hierarchy," adds some veracity to the allegations that the Wraithjackers rely on cooperation from local patrols in order to achieve their astounding success rate. Further muddying the waters, the notorious Master Pardoner known as Brother Angyr frequents Wraithjacker Haunts in San Francisco and serves as their unofficial "spiritual counselor."

No one has ever determined how many Thralls "liberated" by the Wraithjackers actually managed to escape re-capture by the Legions, but nearly every Renegade group on the West Coast knows at least one wraith who claims she owes her continued existence to the Wraithjackers' intervention.

Daughters of Liberty

Formed from a Boston-based women's collective who met their deaths in a car crash en route to a feminist rally in Washington, D. C. in the early 1970s, the wraiths who make up this gang of Idealist Renegades has managed to stay together in the afterlife. Brought into the Renegade fold by a sympa-

thetic Reaper, the members of the Daughters of Liberty (the name of their Skinlands collective) settled into their new existence with a vengeance. Targeting more than just the Hierarchy's oppressive policies, these Idealists also combat evidence of paternalism and sexism within the Renegade movement. Their outspoken condemnation of fellow Renegades has aroused mixed feelings among the Shadowlands' rebels. Many Pols consider the Daughters of Liberty dangerous, charging that they promote internal dissension and that their beliefs are counter-productive to the Revolution. Some Idealists support the Daughters wholeheartedly, while others see their aims as frivolous.

Strangely enough, the Daughters of Liberty do not oppose the Hierarchy as a whole. They admit the need for some sort of government in the Underworld, citing the necessity for taking care of the basic needs of millions of wraiths as their main reason for not advocating the total overthrow of the Stygian Empire. The Daughters believe that by ridding the Hierarchy of its outmoded and authoritarian elements, they can salvage its more positive aspects.

The Midnight Watch

One of the oldest Renegade groups in existence, the Midnight Watch consists of Domems who survived the raid on the Onyx Tower and escaped into the Tempest around Stygia. Carving out a Haunt for themselves not far from the City of Souls, this gang of Pols maintains an eternal vigil over the city that was once their home. Alert to the fluctuations of the Tempest surrounding Stygia, the Midnight Watch considers itself the true guardian of the Underworld's heart. Charging that the Legions are too busy doing the Deathlords' dirty work, these Renegades watch for signs of Maelstroms and look for evidence of Charon's eventual return.

Members of the Midnight Watch believe that they are the true inheritors of Charon's Empire, and thus they fall into the category of Renegades who support the overthrow of the Deathlords. Some wraiths believe that the leader of the Midnight Watch is a former Deathlord deposed by the current holder of the title. Occasionally, the Midnight Watch entertains envoys from one or another of the Heretic groups that inhabit the Far Shores. This has led to some interesting speculations about a joint Heretic-Renegade effort to overthrow Stygia in the near future.

Greater Newark Skinriding Association

Those who believe that nothing exciting comes out of New Jersey need look no further than this group of Drop-Out Renegades dedicated to the pursuit of pleasure in the afterlife. Only the most avid thrill-seekers and danger junkies meet the standards of membership of this Renegade commune. Casualties among the GNSA are high due to the reckless abandon that characterizes the group's high-risk "deathstyle." Po-



tential recruits must prove their worthiness to join the GNSA by succeeding in some hazardous or outrageous undertaking, such as possessing a NASCAR driver in the last lap of a Winston Cup final or Skinriding the President of the United States during his State of the Union Address. Those who come through the experience intact gain admittance into this elite group of devil-may-care Renegades.

Most current members of the GNSA involve themselves in crusades against the *Dictum Mortuum*'s ban on congress with the living. Although they appear to exist solely to indulge themselves in revisiting the pleasures of the flesh, the "Newark Skinnies" actually serve a larger cause. As one of the key elements in the Puppeteers' master plan to weaken the Shroud and undermine the Hierarchy, the GNSA crosses the line between Drop-Outs and Pols, proving that even those who purportedly pursue personal pleasure can also serve the Revolution.

Dixie Tricksters

From their base of operations in an abandoned plantation outside Columbia, South Carolina, the Dixie Tricksters excel in flaunting the Hierarchy's bans against crossing the Shroud. This mixed gang of Renegades consists of members of each of the four factions. As a result, their escapades range from subversive attacks on the Citadel of the Columbia Necropolis to elaborate con games that involve both the Quick and the Restless. Most of the Tricksters are active Puppeteers who make contacting the Quick a priority in their active social schedule. Although they tend to shy away from obvious hunters and debunkers, the Dixie Tricksters maintain a stable of mediums and have sparked a psychic renaissance in the Skinlands around Columbia. At least one of their number, a Renegade Oracle, sometimes acts as a counselor for a local psychic hotline, specializing in uncannily accurate predictions of the future.

The Tricksters don't limit themselves to contact with mortals. They actively seek out the company of vampires, werewolves, mages and changelings whenever possible. Over the century and a half since their inception during the psychic revival of the 19th century, the Tricksters have gained some expertise in the various divisions among supernaturals. Zeela Shire, public relations liaison for the gang, turns a tidy profit from selling the gang's information about supernaturals (some of which is even accurate) to other wraiths.

World Wide Wraiths

Comprised of Renegades skilled in Inhabit, these wraiths have no formal group organization, existing entirely within the silicon jungle of cyberspace. Members of the World Wide Wraiths belong to various Renegade gangs in addition to the 3Ws; they make use of the Electron Highway and various communication networks in order to hold meetings and plan strat-

egies. Formed to combat the use of computer networks by the Hierarchy's Online Legion, the World Wide Wraiths assault their enemies through viral insertions, rerouting of vital communiqués and the capture of sensitive data. Flame wars between members of the 3Ws and the Online Legion spice up newsgroups across UseNET while chat rooms often host verbal duels involving members of both groups.

Known to one another solely by their online handles, the World Wide Wraiths preserve their anonymity while maintaining high levels of security. Although some Renegades point out that it is theoretically possible for a wraith to be a member of both the Online Legion and the World Wide Wraiths, the security measures taken by both groups make this highly unlikely.

London Fogsuckers

Claiming the status of the oldest Renegade group operating within a Necropolis, the Pols who make up the London Fogsuckers (formerly known as the London Opposition) pride themselves on their adaptability and longevity. Formed just after the founding of the London Necropolis, Stygia's first permanent settlement in the Shadowlands, this cell of Renegades seeks to take control of London from its Anacreons. The Fogsuckers have succeeded in forming a standing Renegade War Council comprised of several London-based Renegade cells, but it's clear who's in charge of the operation. From their headquarters somewhere in the SoHo district, the London Fogsuckers orchestrate raids on the Legions' arms caches with a regularity disturbing to the Anacreons.

Despite their successes, the Fogsuckers have also garnered the enmity of a group of Irish Renegades based in Northern Ireland. While they attempt to ignore the allegations of treason made by the Armagh Irregulars, some Renegades question the uncanny accuracy of the Fogsuckers' intelligence gathering. These critics charge that the Fogsuckers have a tacit understanding with the Hierarchy in the London Necropolis which allows a certain amount of carefully monitored Renegade activity in exchange for assistance in preserving the status quo. Some Renegades who believe these charges of collaboration have suggested that the original name of the London Fogsuckers was actually the London Loyal Opposition.

Armagh Irregulars

Based in Ulster's County Armagh, the Irish Pols who call themselves the Armagh Irregulars operate one of the deadliest campaigns of terror and sabotage in the Underworld. Born from the Troubles of the 1970s, the members of this Renegade cell are either former members of the IRA or else casualties of sectarian violence. Determined not just to overthrow but to eliminate the Hierarchy in Armagh entirely, the Irregulars specialize in a two-pronged assault on the enemy.



Targeting high-ranking members of the local Legions for extermination forms one part of this cell's master plan, while the second half of its strategy involves the systematic destruction of enemy Fetters. To accomplish this, the Irregulars make use of Puppetry, forcing the Quick they possess to murder relatives of Hierarchy wraiths. Some Irregulars, skilled in Lifeweb, oversee the severing of their enemies' connections with inanimate Fetters. So far, the Irregulars have succeeded in forcing more than two dozen Hierarchy Administrators out of the Shadowlands due to lack of Fetters. They have sent nearly as many Centurions and Marshals to Oblivion.

Although many Renegades decry the ruthless tactics of the Irregulars, no one can question their effectiveness. Their chief drawback stems from their universal anti-British bias, which prevents them from maintaining cordial relations with Renegade groups with British members.

The Armagh Irregulars operate under a tight military structure. Security is strict, and any hint of treason or collaboration by any of its members meets with immediate and vicious reprisals which don't stop at the Shroud.

Working Together...

Lack of cooperation among various Renegade groups prevents the faction from posing a serious sustained threat to the Hierarchy. In the centuries since the great raid on the Onyx Tower, no massive pan-gang uprising has taken place. Some observers of Renegade activity have noted that there were considerably fewer Renegades 500 years ago, thus making large-scale cooperation easier; others rationalize the lack of large-scale activity by saying that smaller actions are more effective.

The truth of the matter is that, while instances of Renegade alliances are few and far between, they do occur — but the Underworld has expanded beyond the borders of Stygia. The occupation and settlement of the Shadowlands in both Europe and the Americas have resulted in the dispersion of Renegade groups, thus making it difficult to organize uprisings on anything other than a local scale. In addition, the advent of modern technology — and its bleed-over into the Underworld — has put new weapons into the hands of the Hierarchy. Counter-terrorist measures that take advantage of speedy communication and transportation have hampered Renegade efforts to organize themselves without interference.

Nevertheless, Renegade groups do manage to get together just often enough to cause problems for the Hierarchy. In the last 20 years, several Necropoli have fallen into Renegade hands, including such hotbeds of Skinlands activism as Berkeley, California and Cambridge, Massachusetts. In Europe, massive political upheavals in the former Soviet Union and Eastern Europe have sparked Renegade activities in formerly

stauch Hierarchy territories. Even in major Necropoli, Renegades frequently control entire sections of a city, usually in areas where economic depression or racial tension have created a ready-made environment for seizing control from the Anacreons and their patrols.

Various factors contribute to instances of cooperation among Renegades. In addition to political actions such as attempted coups or mass uprisings, Renegades also band together in times of dire need. Hierarchy sweeps through Necropoli result in Renegades from all factions working together to protect each other and avoid discovery. In addition, most Renegades within a given Necropolis put aside their differences in order to rescue other Renegades from captivity.

On an even smaller scale, Renegade gangs in proximity to one another sometimes assist each other across faction lines on a situational basis. Outlaw bands supply other Renegades with stolen relics or weapons, while AWOL Skinriders carry messages to the Skinlands for Renegades from other groups. Protesters occasionally use their expertise in small-unit tactics to liberate captured Renegades who belong to other factions. Dealers' recruitment efforts often bring wraiths, even those whose temperaments and desires are more appropriate for other factions, into the Renegade fold. These wraiths are often delivered to suitable gangs free of charge or in exchange for "future considerations."

Treason: The Bane of Revolution

Every group whose existence depends on secrecy fears the presence of traitors in its midst. Some of the most notorious figures in history have been traitors — not murderers or thieves or even master spies — but individuals who have sold out their cause for any number of reasons. American history vilifies Benedict Arnold's treason; the Old Testament recounts Delilah's betrayal of Samson. The collaboration of Norway's V. Quisling during the Second World War coined a new word for traitor.

In the Shadowlands, traitors represent a constant danger for Renegades. Since most wraiths begin as members of a Legion, it is often hard to tell when a defector from a Legion is sincere and when he is simply a plant. Many Renegades refuse to accept wraiths who desert the Legions, reasoning that anyone who can betray his comrades once can do so again.

Paid informers make up another level of betrayal. These wraiths don't "join" the other side; they take payment from the other side in return for leaking information. It's a toss-up as to whether informers are worse than traitors, but most Renegades agree that a short, swift trip to Oblivion is the only answer for either kind of wraith.

...and Apart

Unfortunately, dissension and backstabbing among Renegades undermine many attempts to unite the Underworld's dissident population. Renegades work at cross purposes almost as often as they cooperate with one another. Poor overall communication among Renegade gangs, particularly across faction lines, result in snafus of sometimes monumental proportions. One such example involves the abortion of a Santa Cruz Pol group's precision raid on an arsenal controlled by the Grim Legion due to a surprise attack on the same site — one day earlier — by a neighboring Outlaw band.

Other factors contribute to active hostilities among Renegades. Sectarian and ethnic hatred in the Skinlands often passes through the Shroud unchanged. Wraiths who, in life, learned to hate members of another race or religion frequently find it difficult to overcome their prejudices after death. Gangs sometimes refuse to cooperate with one another because a member of one gang bears a grudge against a member of the other gang. Stereotyping occurs among Renegades with alarming frequency, leading one faction to make assumptions about another, prohibiting long-term alliances and sometimes resulting in mutual enmity between groups. Pols tend to distrust the motivations of Outlaws, for example, while Dealers often consider AWOLs frivolous and unfocused.

Shadow Games

Renegades struggle with their Shadows just as other wraiths do. In many cases, a Renegade's Shadow actively supports actions which cause dissension within the gang's ranks, growing stronger through the promotion of discord. Since most Renegades lack consistent access to the ministrations of Pardoners, many rebel wraiths go for long periods of time without the benefit of Castigation. This, of course, makes the Renegades' Shadows more powerful. In addition, the overall stress of existing outside the law increases the Angst prevalent in Renegades' daily existence. With such a steady source of nourishment at hand, it becomes easier for Renegades' Shadows to run amok at inopportune moments, such as during negotiations between opposing gangs. Countless instances of botched raids, abortive infiltration attempts and failed alliances have resulted from direct interference by Renegades' Shadows. Even when they don't actively cause trouble for Renegade gangs, Shadows enjoy spreading rumors that sow seeds of distrust and suspicion among Renegade factions.

Dealing with individual Renegades whose Shadows have betrayed comrades or undermined months of careful





planning proves problematic. Some Renegade gangs make allowances for members who fall prey to their Shadows, reasoning that the Psyche cannot be responsible for the actions committed in the throes of Catharsis. Other gangs are not so understanding, dealing harsh punishments to members weak enough to succumb at critical moments. Rumors circulate that many Shadow-ridden Renegades end up as soulsteel on the forges of Renegade Artificers.

The Renegade Council

A persistent legend among Renegades holds that somewhere in the Shadowlands there exists a council which orchestrates Renegade activity throughout the Underworld. The Hierarchy spends a good portion of its time tracking down rumors of the existence of this governing body of dissension. So far, all their efforts have come to naught.

Some Renegades believe that the Renegade Council avoids discovery because of its extreme precautions and tight security. Other, more cynical rebels declare that the Renegade Council will never be busted because it doesn't exist.

Both groups are correct. Over the centuries, councils made up of important Renegades from various factions have attempted to join together to coordinate the masses of wraiths who disapprove of the Hierarchy. The first official Renegade Council coordinated the raid on the Onyx Tower in the 1500s, doing so from its headquarters on Freedom Isle. That Council disbanded after it lost many of its members in the Third Great Maelstrom. Since that time, many incarnations of the Renegade Council have come together, meeting on Freedom Isle or else in safe Haunts scattered in isolated pockets throughout the Shadowlands. Comprised of leaders who come primarily from the Pols and the Dealers, these superstars of the revolution attempt to dictate policy and make some sense of the fragmented groups who make up the Renegade population of the Underworld. In general, the Renegade Council ignores the activities of Outlaws and AWOLs, deeming them not "serious" enough to make any lasting contributions to the Council's goal of overturning the government of the Deathlords.

Most of the orders that filter down to the cells of politically minded wraiths come from the Renegade Council. There are also other "councils" of revolutionary wraiths who claim the title "Renegade Council" and who devise strategies for cells or blocs under their control. This serves to confuse both the Hierarchy and the Renegade population, since no one is really sure which Renegade Council is which. Some wraiths believe that the situation is exactly what the real Renegade Council intends.

Council of Cerberus

Far more sinister are the rumors of a Renegade Inquisition, whose members conduct periodic purges of revolutionary cells and Idealist blocs to flush out traitors and Hierarchy plants. No one really knows whether this "star chamber" of Renegade secret police really exists, or whether it is just an elaborate phantasm formed from the fears of the Renegades. Outlaws and AWOLs, in particular, claim that the Council of Cerberus exists to persecute them for their lack of revolutionary zeal. Many disappearances of Renegade wraiths have been laid at the Council's doorstep, along with rumors of a secret base of operations called Free Hades, complete with prison and interrogation facilities and located somewhere deep within the Tempest.

No one has successfully confirmed the existence of the Council of Cerberus, but then, most wraiths who go looking for it get lost in the Tempest. And that is all the proof many Renegades need.





Chapter Three: Bridges and Barricades

Renegade Relations



Despite their position on the outside of Hierarchy society, Renegades interact with almost all of the Underworld's populations. As in most things, Renegades do not hold to one party line (with one glaring exception) with regard to any single group. Opinions about the Hierarchy, the Guilds, Spectres and other elements of the Underworld differ among gangs. No one expects agreement from a faction of wraiths founded on the principles of disagreement and dissension.

The Hierarchy

Charon had the opportunity to build a paradise in the Underworld. Instead, he took the worst aspects of thousands of years of Skinlands government and created a patchwork monstrosity of vicious cruelty and unmitigated repression. He called this "thing" the Hierarchy.

— Mikel Arounakis, Torchbearers

If the Hierarchy didn't exist, we sure as hell wouldn't invent it.

— Belle Barton, Dallas Desperadoes

So, which Hierarchy are we talking about — the one in Stygia, or the one in the Shadowlands? They're different, you know. The higher-ups in Stygia play their elaborate political games and call it dictating policy, emphasis on "dictating." They don't see how what they do affects anybody, and they don't care, anyway. The Stygian Hierarchy is just cold.

The Shadowlands' version of the Hierarchy — well, people have to deal with the orders that come down from the Deathlords, whether they like those orders or not. The Anacreons know what they're doing and do it anyway, cause they have to.

Come to think of it, there's not much difference between the two. They both need to go.

— Hector D., Indy Raiders

Deathlords suck.

— Pancho

Some of the Legionnaires are decent. I met this one Centurion by accident. I nearly collided with him when I popped back through the Shroud after a Skinride to the Collective Soul concert last week. He just gave me this funny look and asked if I got hurt. I said I was fine, so he told me to go on about my business and to look before I leaped. Just before I split, he kinda winked at me and said, "How was the show?" Then he walked away without waiting for an answer.

That was really cool. I mean, he could've busted me right there, but he didn't. Maybe he was new or something. Maybe he hadn't had time to become an asshole.

— JoEllen, Camden Crazies

Hell, some of my best customers are Legionnaires. You spend enough time sluggin' it out with Spectres, you lose a few Fetters. When the Fetter-count gets down far enough, that's when my business starts pickin' up. Centurions, Legates, Private Joe Wraith, they all come to me when they're one Fetter shy of Oblivion. They don't ask where I get my goodies, and I don't tell them. I just rake in the oboli and give them what they want.

They don't bust me 'cause they need me, just like you will some day.

— Zane, Dillard Gang

Although it is tempting to deal with those who serve the Hierarchy, we must resist this enticement. Once we take anything from their corrupt hands or trade them materiel they need, once we take that fatal

step, we have already fallen prey to their monolithic system. We become little more than another cog — albeit an eccentric one — in their machine. Once they know what we need and what we'll do to get it, what compromises we are prepared to make, we become their pet rebels, inconvenient, but ultimately controllable. If we get in bed with the Hierarchy for any reason whatsoever, we're the ones who'll end up getting fucked. Shun them at all costs!

— Whacker, who now knows better

Don't kid yourselves, boys and girls. We not only get in bed with the Hierarchy all the time, we smooth out the sheets and give them a goodnight kiss. Where the hell do you think half our equipment comes from, some nebulous Renegade forge somewhere out there in the Tempest? Shit, no. It comes from Legionnaires who sell it to us under the table. Didn't they ever teach you about profiteering arms dealers in the Skinlands? We don't stop doing business just because we're on different sides. Grow up.

— Marauder, Paris Connection

The Hierarchy is not healthy for Renegades and other unliving things. Yeah, so it's a lame parody. Bite me!

— Grazier, Sideshow Freaks

If the Deathlords all wear masks and may not be the same wraiths who originally held the seats of power, why aren't we working toward replacing one or more of them with our own people?

— Nobody, Discorporated Legion (yes, it's a joke)

**Who says we haven't?
— The Baron, Undertakers**

You just don't get it, do you? We need the Hierarchy. We need their oppression, the fear they engender, their unfair practices, their smug assumption that they are right. To effect a true revolution there must exist something monumentally evil to rebel against — a system so corrupt that its own poisons inevitably bring it down. Its excesses are our best argument for recruitment, its cruelties the clearest indication of why we need the revolution. Without such a foe, we would be pitiful worms struggling against little more than our own Shadows, engaged in a vain exercise to elevate ourselves to power. Be thankful for the Hierarchy. It embodies everything we need to utterly reject.

If that truth is too bitter for you to swallow, consider the opposite: The Hierarchy needs us as much as we need them. Without the threat we pose to them and the opportunity this allows them to paint us as insane and dangerous, they would have little control over their populace and little justification for their militarism. Why do we not disappear and so expose their lies, then? Because they would find another excuse — not as convenient, but still minimally plausible — and we would have surrendered the gains we have made for a hollow victory.

— The Renegade Lord

The Heretics

These guys are loonies — certified, bona fide, crucified stark raving crazies! I don't know what their story is, but they give me the creeps. If you want my advice, stay as far away from known Heretics as possible. Don't look 'em in the eye, don't talk to them, don't take anything they offer you — even if it seems harmless. They're like a disease; come too close to them and you'll catch whatever they've got. Then where will you be?

— Allyn du Lac, Montreal Special Action Group

The only purpose Heretics serve is to deflect the Hierarchy's attention away from us. We like to plan our raids and military actions for times when the Heretics come to town. Nine times out of 10, the Legions flock to the site of the cultists' gatherings, leaving us more or less free to do our business. That, in itself, makes having Heretics around worthwhile.

— Livia, Justice Warriors

They hate the Hierarchy for denying them their dreams of Transcendence. We hate the Hierarchy for destroying our visions of freedom. There's a certain congruence of thought here. As far as I'm concerned, I don't have to believe in a Heretic's cause in order to accept her help against the enemy. And the Heretics do help us often enough for me to feel that they, like we, deserve a chance.

Don't be so quick to condemn what you don't understand. After all, the Deathlords condemned us. If the Heretics are on the Hierarchy's shit list, that's good enough for me.

— Justin Blake, Chicago Constitutionalists

If the Heretics weren't so hung up on their own views of Transcendence, they'd make awesome revolutionaries. Most Heretic Circles I've come across have incredible self-discipline. They know how to subordinate their individuality to a greater goal, unlike some Renegades I know, who put the liberation of the Underworld on hold while they indulge themselves. We could learn a lot from the Heretics.

— Guillermo Diaz, Barcelona Commune

Kill 'em all; let Oblivion sort 'em out.

— Pancho

If Charon had stopped shipping all the Heretics off to the Far Shores, he would've had my vote. Don't quote me.

— Morgan Creel, Detroit Chapter, Sons of the Revolution

Heretics are fun! Don't knock these guys. Sure, some of them have some really fruity ideas about achieving Transcendence or Nirvana or some other cosmic goal, but a lot of them are more in touch with the Skinlands than most wraiths I know. I learned more about Skinriding from my Heretic friend Tessa than from any of the Puppeteers who supposedly hold the patent on it. I don't think I could live like one of the cultists all the time, but I sure like to party with them.

— Shawn McLandon, Midland Village Skinriders

Heretic rule is just another word for oppressive autocracy. No way is it really a theocracy, man. These cats aren't religious; they're just out to grab everything they can for the top bosses and screw the little guys. If you find that hard to believe, just ask yourself what happens to all those sleazy televangelists when they get here? Hell, they just set up shop and keep right on shoveling the same horseshit they've been preaching for years. I, for one, don't trust any of them, and I think we Renegades ought to avoid them like the plague. Guilt by association, you know? If we hang with these guys we're either giving the okay to a bunch of pansy-ass followers too afraid to say "boo" to their leaders, or advocating the kind of leaders who feed on the fears and weaknesses of their own followers. Who needs either one?

— Jude, former Unitarian minister

The Guilds

They're sort of like labor unions. They did a hell of a lot of good for the common working-class wraith — once upon a time. In the old days, when the only classes of souls in the Underworld were important wraiths and Thralls, the Guilds made plying a trade respectable. They carved out room for the middle class in Stygia.

Then they got cocky and thought they were the whole show, just like the unions in the Skinlands. They lost a lot of supporters that way. If they'd wanted just to bring down the system instead of putting themselves in power, they might have gained more support from the masses.

Now, they either serve the Hierarchy or they don't exist. Or else, they turn Renegade and join up with souls like us. Die and learn....

— Vinnie the Stalker, League of Family Values

Some Guilds are better than others. The Artificers scare the shit out of me. Every time I see one of those big-armed hammerboys, I head in the other direction. I know they don't just grab you off the street and turn you into yard art without permission from their Hierarchy masters, but still....

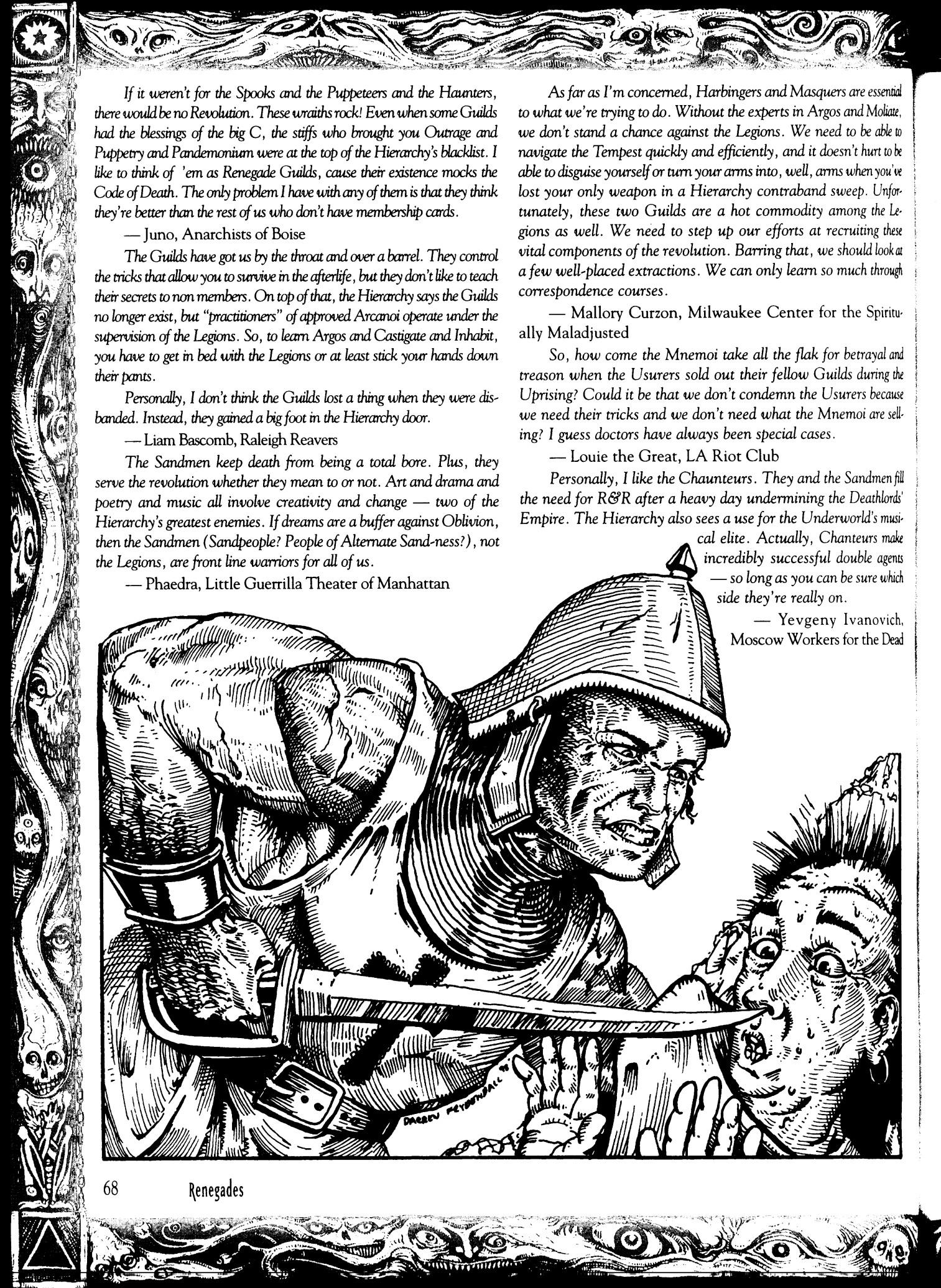
— Avery Caulkins, South Forest People's Army

I can't think of a better asset for our gang than a sympathetic Artificer. We can't always rely on stealing weapons and other useful items from the Legions. So long as you don't push the wrong buttons, these Guildwraiths can be good company. Besides, you never know when you might find your existence dependent on the goodwill of a soulforger.

— Fernando G., José Martí Freedom Battalion

Everybody needs the Pardoners. You won't find many wraiths badmouthing the Castigators; they don't dare. We have a Pardoner in our gang. So far, she seems righteous — not the Hierarchy stoolie some of us thought she might be. She claims she's bound by oaths not to rat on anything we tell her. That had better be true, cause she probably knows more about our dirty laundry than we do.

— Tamarlane, Mob of Seven



If it weren't for the Spooks and the Puppeteers and the Haunters, there would be no Revolution. These wraiths rock! Even when some Guilds had the blessings of the big C, the stiffs who brought you Outrage and Puppetry and Pandemonium were at the top of the Hierarchy's blacklist. I like to think of 'em as Renegade Guilds, cause their existence mocks the Code of Death. The only problem I have with any of them is that they think they're better than the rest of us who don't have membership cards.

— Juno, Anarchists of Boise

The Guilds have got us by the throat and over a barrel. They control the tricks that allow you to survive in the afterlife, but they don't like to teach their secrets to non members. On top of that, the Hierarchy says the Guilds no longer exist, but "practitioners" of approved Arcanoi operate under the supervision of the Legions. So, to learn Argos and Castigate and Inhabit, you have to get in bed with the Legions or at least stick your hands down their pants.

Personally, I don't think the Guilds lost a thing when they were disbanded. Instead, they gained a big foot in the Hierarchy door.

— Liam Bascomb, Raleigh Reavers

The Sandmen keep death from being a total bore. Plus, they serve the revolution whether they mean to or not. Art and drama and poetry and music all involve creativity and change — two of the Hierarchy's greatest enemies. If dreams are a buffer against Oblivion, then the Sandmen (Sandpeople? People of Alternate Sand-ness?), not the Legions, are front line warriors for all of us.

— Phaedra, Little Guerrilla Theater of Manhattan

As far as I'm concerned, Harbingers and Masquers are essential to what we're trying to do. Without the experts in Argos and Moliate, we don't stand a chance against the Legions. We need to be able to navigate the Tempest quickly and efficiently, and it doesn't hurt to be able to disguise yourself or turn your arms into, well, arms when you've lost your only weapon in a Hierarchy contraband sweep. Unfortunately, these two Guilds are a hot commodity among the Legions as well. We need to step up our efforts at recruiting these vital components of the revolution. Barring that, we should look at a few well-placed extractions. We can only learn so much through correspondence courses.

— Mallory Curzon, Milwaukee Center for the Spiritually Maladjusted

So, how come the Mnemoi take all the flak for betrayal and treason when the Usurers sold out their fellow Guilds during the Uprising? Could it be that we don't condemn the Usurers because we need their tricks and we don't need what the Mnemoi are selling? I guess doctors have always been special cases.

— Louie the Great, LA Riot Club

Personally, I like the Chaunteurs. They and the Sandmen fill the need for R&R after a heavy day undermining the Deathlords' Empire. The Hierarchy also sees a use for the Underworld's musical elite. Actually, Chanteurs make incredibly successful double agents — so long as you can be sure which side they're really on.

— Yevgeny Ivanovich,
Moscow Workers for the Dead



Proctors are definitely in our camp by their very natures. Their whole focus is on affecting people on the other side. Like the other Guilds that specialize in cross-Shroud activities, the Proctors can help make or break our cause. A lot of Proctors are already on our side. We need to make sure they stay there.

— Dolores Schultz, Banshees in Boston

There are good Monitors and bad Monitors. Good Monitors work with us to pinpoint when potential recruits are liable to pass through the Shroud. They also help us keep track of our Fetters and let us know when Hierarchy snoops get too close for comfort. Bad Monitors serve as Reapers for the Legions and target our Fetters for destruction by Skinriding Hierarchy coverts.

Make certain you know which side your Monitor is on.

— Tin Pan Sally, Bronx Chapter of the United Free Necropoli

The Hierarchy treats the Oracles with kid gloves. We should, too. I don't fancy pissing off someone who can tip the balance of Fate against me if she wants to. Now, if we could get the Oracles to stack the deck in favor of the Revolution...

— Hopeful in St. Louis

There are way too many Guilds, wannabe Guilds and used-to-be Guilds. No wonder these dudes couldn't agree long enough to overthrow the Empire! Sheesh!

— Sonia, Freelance Contraband Vendors Local 247

Pet calling the kettle black, Sonia. Have you seen how many Renegade gangs there are, sister?

Lost Guilds

The Alchemists give me the creeps. They're the mad scientists of the dead. I don't even want to think about what a bunch of really powerful Flux masters could do. It boggles the mind — sort of like trying to think about quarks and black holes and fractals. I can see how a few of these wraiths might be useful in supplying us with Fetters; they could be a real boon to those of us who believe that if every Thrall had a few Fetters, there would be no more need to chain them up for their own good. Now, if I could just find an Alchemist...

— Marianne La Liberté, Freedom Fighters of Biloxi

Solicitor is another word for lawyer, right? It figures. This Guild of emotional panderers and manipulators weasled their way right out of favor a long time ago. I guess if you're willing to pay their price — not just the material one but the emotional one as well — you deserve everything you get. Someone told me she thought Solicitors could be one hell of a weapon against the Hierarchy. With their ability to tweak emotions and insert suggestions in people's minds, they could win the revolution hands down, almost without help from anyone else.

But would you really want to exist in a brave new world run by lawyers?



— Grissom Hardy, Machiavelli's Children

A quick one (just couldn't resist). What do you call all the Solicitors tied up at the bottom of the Sunless Sea? A good start!

— Heeshe, Punchlines Anonymous

The Mnemoi are traitors, pure and simple. The only time I'd ever be caught helping out the Legions would be to assist in exterminating these vipers and mind-poisoners. The Hierarchy claims it has already wiped the Mnemoi from the face of the Underworld, but I know a few of them still exist — maybe even within the Legions. It is a certainty they're hanging out in the Shadowlands. When the Revolution comes, getting rid of the Mnemoi once and for all should be the first priority of the new order.

— Lady Jane, Sisters of the New Revolution

The only thing worse than a Mnemos is a Spectre who used to be a Mnemos. Now that's a cheery thought!

— Ahab, Liverpool Bombers

The Mnemoi and the Pardoners used to be tight. I've heard that some Mnemoi have taken sanctuary within the Pardoners' Guild. Think about that, boys and girls, the next time you go for your weekly therapy under the iron lantern.

— St. John Blackfield, Veterans of the Shroud

If everyone is so frightened of the Mnemoi, shouldn't we be recruiting them?

— Echo

*Who says we haven't?
— The Baron, Undertakers*

The Ferrymen

If only the Ferrymen would join us, we'd be unbeatable.

— Willem van der Sauk, Amsterdam Consortium

Has anyone heard anything bad about the Ferrymen? They're almost too good to be true. I'd suspect them on principle if I hadn't met one myself. The only reason I'm still showing my Corpus around this sorry place is because a Ferryman kept a slew of Spectres from dragging me into a Nihil. He said it was "his job."

— Anna Riley, People's Concordat

The Ferrymen who turned their backs on Charon's Empire were the first real Renegades. Trust me on this. Think of the courage it took to defy the person who ranked as the greatest of the Boatmen. Every now and then, I hear rumors of one of the independent Ferrymen staying a while with a gang before wandering off on his own mysterious mission. It's too bad they're not more political. We could certainly profit from their expertise, wisdom and badass powers.

— Mathias Bach, Berlin Bastards

Sometimes I think these guys are playing their own private game and all of us — even Charon — are just the pieces on the board. Wouldn't it be a hoot if they were pulling everybody's strings all along?

— I. M. Leary, Cynics for a Peaceful Revolution

The revolution has no place for self-styled hermits and non-participators. Although the Ferrymen are admirable for their strict adherence to their code and their adamant avowals of neutrality, the time will soon come when they will have to choose sides. It would be unfortunate if they chose to surrender to the pressure of the Hierarchy; from what I know of them, to do so would amount to a betrayal of everything they have stood for throughout the centuries. I like to think that the Ferrymen will decide to lead the assault on Stygia on the day of the great uprising to come.

— Jacob Glass, Voices of Victory

What if the Ferrymen are on our side? What if they are the true leaders of the Renegades? What better way to hide the Renegade Council than to have the members be Ferrymen and thus above suspicion? Cool, huh? If they aren't already on our side, though, I sure wouldn't mind being assigned to recruit them.

— Lissa the Snake, Serpents of Eve

Who says we haven't recruited them already?

— The Baron, Undertakers

Do you ever say anything else?

— Whizkid

The Risen

These determined and driven souls are our agents provocateur in the Skinlands. The liberation of the Underworld must come, when it comes, from freedom fighters acting on both sides of the Shroud. The Risen will lead the charge from the other side.

— Ygraine de Troyes, Puppeteers for the Revolution

Ygraine, is this something you know or something the Puppeteers are willing to help us achieve?

— Marionette's Strings, inquiring from the shadows

The concept of allowing certain wraiths to reclaim their bodies and re-enter the Skinlands works against us in the long run. To bring down the tyranny of the Deathlords requires just the sort of focused, single-minded anger and will to prevail evidenced by the Risen. What a shame it is to waste this zeal in ripping through the Shroud to deal with piddling personal issues, when it would be better put to use tearing through the defenses of some Anacreon's Citadel or the walls of Stygia itself! Every time I hear of the exploits of one of the Risen, I mourn our loss. Each Risen is one fewer freedom fighter.

— Jonathan Argent, Shadowlands Defense Coalition

Right now the Puppeteers pull the strings of the vast majority of Risen. That means that we non-Puppeteers don't. Too bad. If we did, we could use those guys to destroy the Haunts and trash the Fetters of important members of the Hierarchy. I can think of at least a dozen ways in which we could profit from having a few bona fide flesh-puppies "over there."

— Naomi White, Common Workers of Cincinnati

Each one of the Risen, by her very action of re-entering the world of the living, puts the lie to the Hierarchy's myth of the impenetrability of the Shroud. The Risen prove to us that we don't have to leave the world behind. If we can't take it with us, we can at least go back there and try to get it.

— Jasper Shanks, Skinriders for the Future

Spectres

We hate Spectres as much as, if not more than, the Hierarchy does. After all, a lot of us have had to carve out Haunts for ourselves from pieces of the Tempest. That means we exist next door to Spectreland. These ugly sons-of-bitches not only bring the property values way down, they also give the Legions a reason for tramping through our backyards in pursuit.

— Tanya, Phantoms of the Tempest

Spectres are bogeymen used by the Hierarchy to prevent more wraiths from straying too far from the "safety" of the Necropoli. This makes the stragglers easy pickings for the forge-filers. I'm not saying that Spectres don't exist. I'm just suggesting that the Legions fill our heads with fear of running into Spectres when it's much more likely that we'll run into patrols of soul-sweepers instead. I say, forget about the Spectres. They happen, just like death and tithes. The Legions, on the other hand, don't rise up spontaneously out of the stuff of Oblivion. We can and should do something about them.

— Spooky Malone, South Boston Stranglers

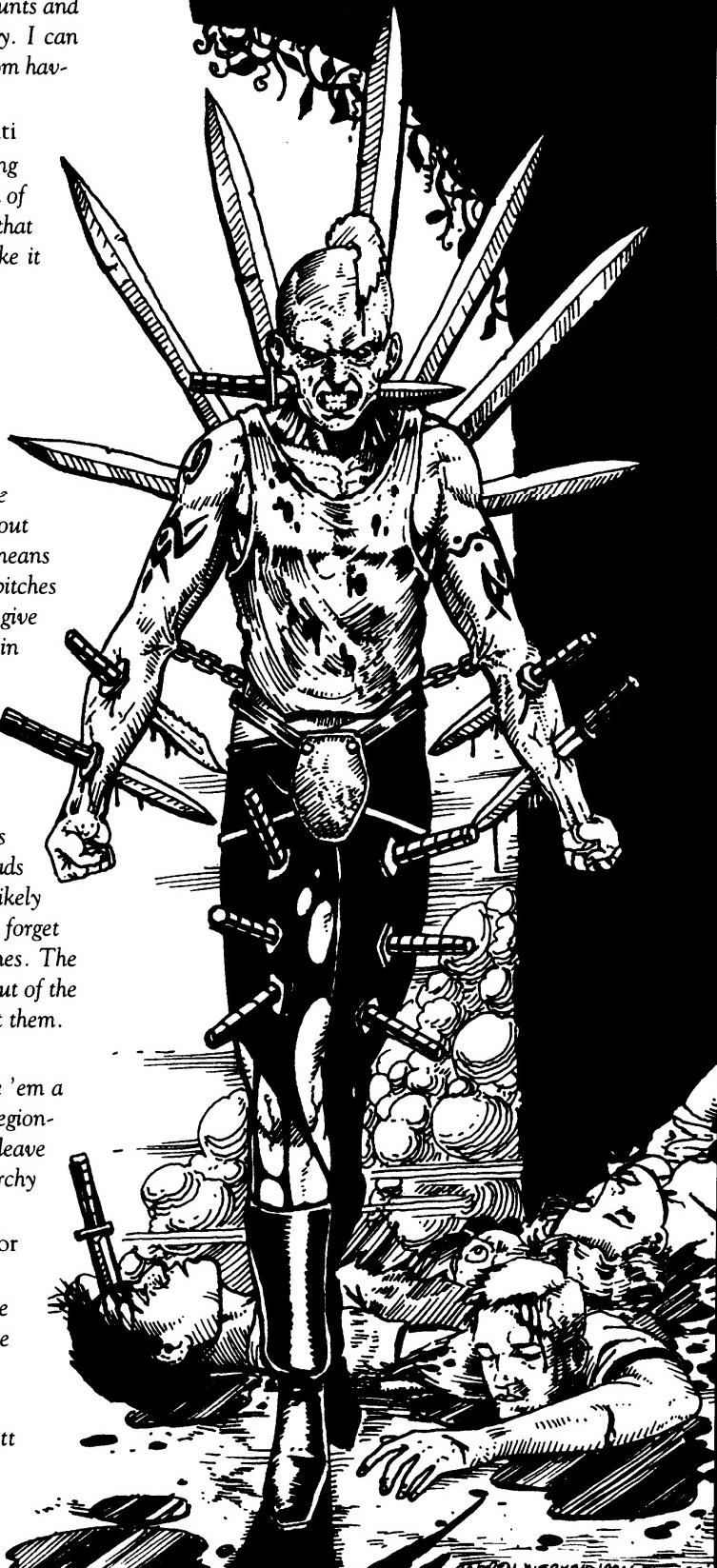
So...why don't we cut a deal with the Spectres, give 'em a few Necropoli to call their own, feed them as many Legionnaires as we can throw at them and get them to agree to leave us rebels and malcontents alone. After all, if the Hierarchy hates them so much, they can't be all bad, can they?

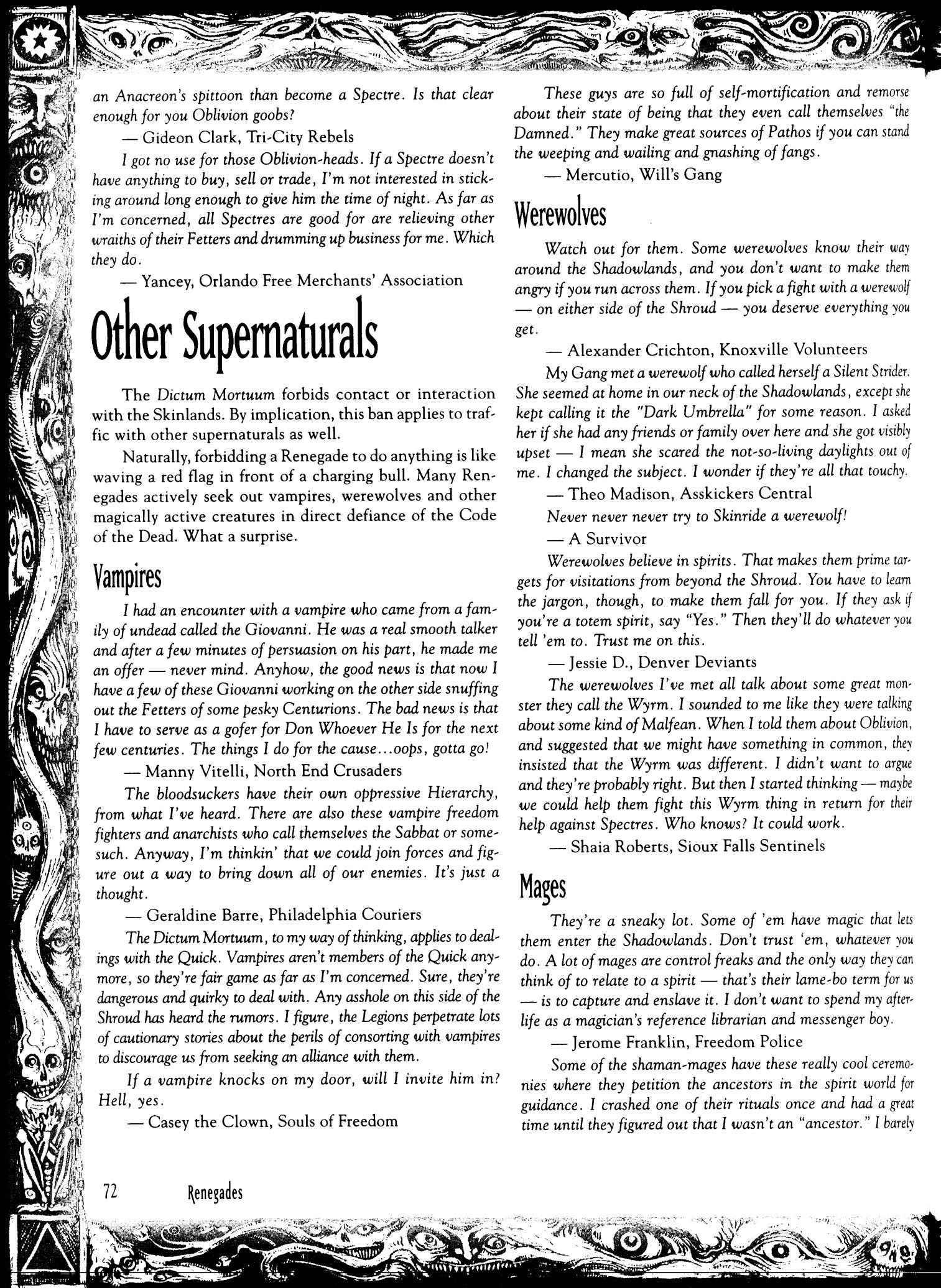
— Bobbi Sommers, White Pines Committee for Social Reform

Okay, Baron, it's your spot to say "Who says we haven't?" Baron? Baron? Now where could that guy have gone? He's with the Risen now? Yeeks.

— Whizkid

Spectres are dangerous. Spectres will eat your butt and then suck up the rest of you. Spectres don't give a shit about the revolution. They serve Oblivion. Spectres are worse than the Hierarchy. I'd rather be





an Anacreon's spittoon than become a Spectre. Is that clear enough for you Oblivion goobs?

— Gideon Clark, Tri-City Rebels

I got no use for those Oblivion-heads. If a Spectre doesn't have anything to buy, sell or trade, I'm not interested in sticking around long enough to give him the time of night. As far as I'm concerned, all Spectres are good for are relieving other wraiths of their Fetters and drumming up business for me. Which they do.

— Yancey, Orlando Free Merchants' Association

Other Supernaturals

The *Dictum Mortuum* forbids contact or interaction with the Skinlands. By implication, this ban applies to traffic with other supernaturals as well.

Naturally, forbidding a Renegade to do anything is like waving a red flag in front of a charging bull. Many Renegades actively seek out vampires, werewolves and other magically active creatures in direct defiance of the Code of the Dead. What a surprise.

Vampires

I had an encounter with a vampire who came from a family of undead called the Giovanni. He was a real smooth talker and after a few minutes of persuasion on his part, he made me an offer — never mind. Anyhow, the good news is that now I have a few of these Giovanni working on the other side snuffing out the Fetters of some pesky Centurions. The bad news is that I have to serve as a gofer for Don Whoever He Is for the next few centuries. The things I do for the cause...oops, gotta go!

— Manny Vitelli, North End Crusaders

The bloodsuckers have their own oppressive Hierarchy, from what I've heard. There are also these vampire freedom fighters and anarchists who call themselves the Sabbat or some-such. Anyway, I'm thinkin' that we could join forces and figure out a way to bring down all of our enemies. It's just a thought.

— Geraldine Barre, Philadelphia Couriers

The *Dictum Mortuum*, to my way of thinking, applies to dealings with the Quick. Vampires aren't members of the Quick anymore, so they're fair game as far as I'm concerned. Sure, they're dangerous and quirky to deal with. Any asshole on this side of the Shroud has heard the rumors. I figure, the Legions perpetrate lots of cautionary stories about the perils of consorting with vampires to discourage us from seeking an alliance with them.

If a vampire knocks on my door, will I invite him in? Hell, yes.

— Casey the Clown, Souls of Freedom

These guys are so full of self-mortification and remorse about their state of being that they even call themselves "the Damned." They make great sources of Pathos if you can stand the weeping and wailing and gnashing of fangs.

— Mercutio, Will's Gang

Werewolves

Watch out for them. Some werewolves know their way around the Shadowlands, and you don't want to make them angry if you run across them. If you pick a fight with a werewolf — on either side of the Shroud — you deserve everything you get.

— Alexander Crichton, Knoxville Volunteers

My Gang met a werewolf who called herself a Silent Strider. She seemed at home in our neck of the Shadowlands, except she kept calling it the "Dark Umbrella" for some reason. I asked her if she had any friends or family over here and she got visibly upset — I mean she scared the not-so-living daylights out of me. I changed the subject. I wonder if they're all that touchy.

— Theo Madison, Asskickers Central

Never never never try to Skinride a werewolf!

— A Survivor

Werewolves believe in spirits. That makes them prime targets for visitations from beyond the Shroud. You have to learn the jargon, though, to make them fall for you. If they ask if you're a totem spirit, say "Yes." Then they'll do whatever you tell 'em to. Trust me on this.

— Jessie D., Denver Deviants

The werewolves I've met all talk about some great monster they call the Wyrm. I sounded to me like they were talking about some kind of Malfean. When I told them about Oblivion, and suggested that we might have something in common, they insisted that the Wyrm was different. I didn't want to argue and they're probably right. But then I started thinking — maybe we could help them fight this Wyrm thing in return for their help against Spectres. Who knows? It could work.

— Shaia Roberts, Sioux Falls Sentinels

Mages

They're a sneaky lot. Some of 'em have magic that lets them enter the Shadowlands. Don't trust 'em, whatever you do. A lot of mages are control freaks and the only way they can think of to relate to a spirit — that's their lame-bo term for us — is to capture and enslave it. I don't want to spend my afterlife as a magician's reference librarian and messenger boy.

— Jerome Franklin, Freedom Police

Some of the shaman-mages have these really cool ceremonies where they petition the ancestors in the spirit world for guidance. I crashed one of their rituals once and had a great time until they figured out that I wasn't an "ancestor." I barely



made it back in one piece. It was just when they were getting to the good part, too....

— Party Man, Kansas City Hellraisers

I tried to talk to a death mage once about joining forces, but he kept trying to return my "spirit" to its place on "the Wheel" (you could tell it was a big "W" wheel from the way he said the word). I finally realized he was getting ready to pitch me headfirst into Oblivion, so I got the hell out of there. I'm leaving those dudes strictly alone.

— Link Bartley, Motor City Minutemen

The mages have their own troubles. There's this group of science mages who sound a lot like the Hierarchy. These Technocrats — as the mages call them — are trying to make the Shroud even stronger than it is. I don't know if we can help out the other mages, but I think that if we seriously support revolution and change in the Underworld, we owe it to our brothers and sisters in the Skinlands to aid in their fight.

— Constanza Guzman, Panama Freedom Collective

Why parade your ignorance? I share my Haunt with a group of mages who call themselves Orphans or Hollow Ones. We get along just fine. I tell them about Underworld stuff and they clue me in on the latest Skinlands happenings. I'm training one of them as a Consort, which is kind of funny since she says I can be her Consort. These mages are cool; they don't take any crap from the powers that be and they're willing to work with us if the time for the revolution ever comes. Cross-supernatural cooperation could be the key to our winning this war. Don't be too quick to throw away allies because of your prejudices against a few of them.

— Pardoners' Prey

Changelings

Faeries are not harmless pixies. Way back during the Dark Ages, before the Shroud slammed down, all us supernaturals used to traipse back and forth as we pleased between the Skinlands and the spirit worlds. The common people feared the fair folk as much as they feared the dead. Anytime you decide to make contact with one of the remnants of the faeries — they've changed over the centuries — keep that in mind. Leave 'em to the experts like the Sandmen and the Hauntings.

— Angus, Ann Arbor Sons of Liberty

Never never never try to Skinride a faerie!

— A Survivor

From time to time one of the noble faeries will enter the Shadowlands searching for some mystical Byway called the Shining Road. Don't interrupt one of these creatures. The results can be nasty. Trust me.

— Devlin Roark, Dublin Ramblers

Our presence disturbs the fae, almost as if they're afraid we'll infect them with some fatal disease. Some of them, however, seem attracted to what they call our "Dark Glamour" — and I don't think the term has anything to do with

celebrities. These guys talk about spreading chaos and discord and about overthrowing some antiquated form of faerie government in the Skinlands. Personally, I think this is a subject worth looking into.

— Thomas Quincy, Coalition for Social Change

Mummies

Talk about your true immortals! These guys are strange. Some of 'em are probably older than Charon. I've only seen one (or part of one) just passing through the Shadowlands on his way to another go-round in the flesh. I don't know what their story is, but I don't think it has anything to do with us.

— Lefty Lavalle, Dead Boys

Don't bother with them. They're too old and too wrapped up (yeah, ha ha) in their own bizarre business to give us the time of day. Besides, they're probably in league with the Deathlords. Ignore them and they'll go away — I hope.

— Matthew Tomlinson, Des Moines Tempestrunners

Mummies would make great Fetters! No, seriously, think about it. They're nearly indestructible, powerful as shit and if they do die, they just recycle themselves into a new body in a couple of centuries. All you'd have to do is wait it out with your lesser Fetters. The problem is, how do you get one? Oh well, a girl can dream....

— Byway Bonnie, Sarasota Skinriders Anonymous

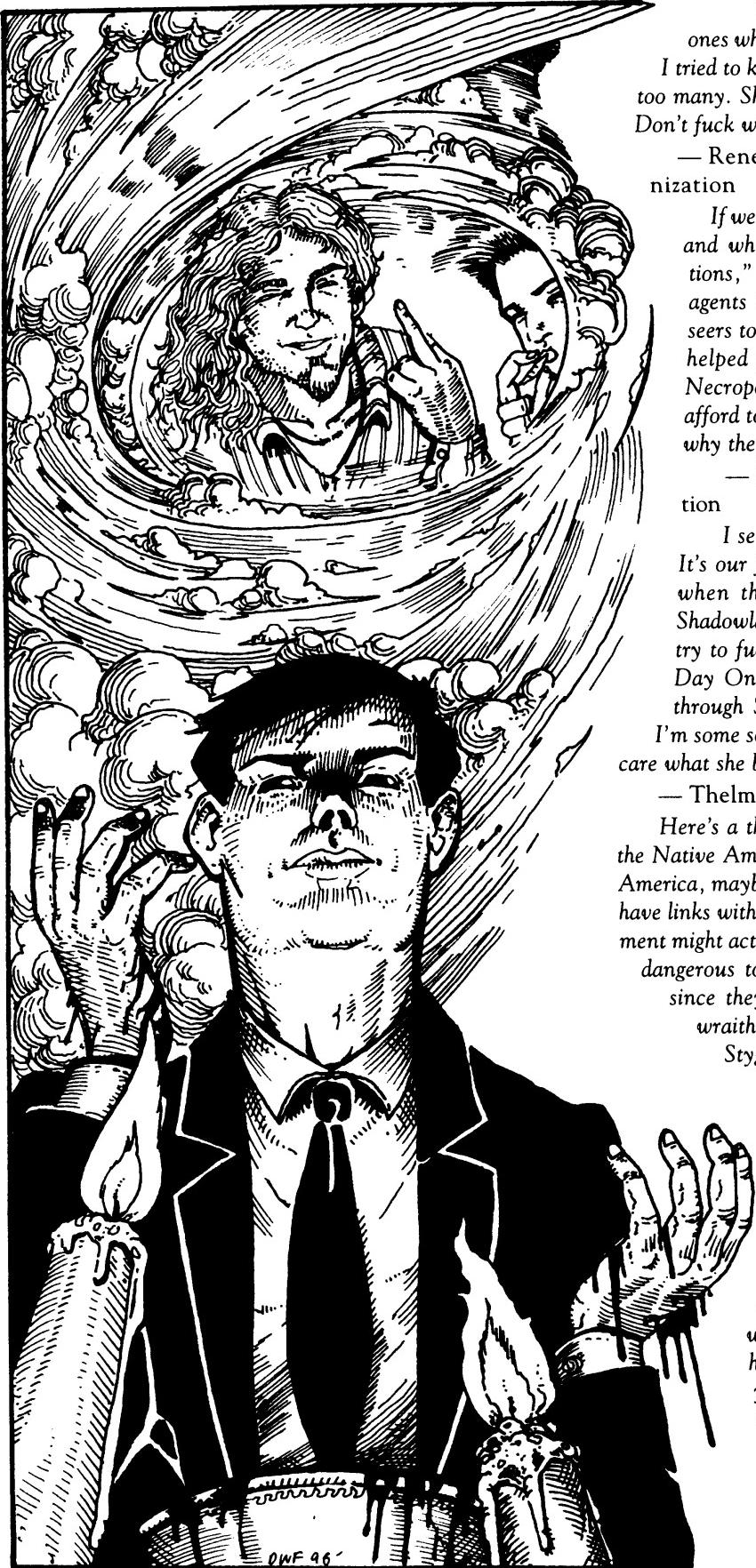
The Quick

While the Hierarchy has strict limitations on dealing with the Quick (i.e., don't), Renegades play fast and loose with the inhabitants of the Skinlands. Their insistence on maintaining contact with living relations, friends — and sometimes enemies — leads many otherwise "upstanding" wraiths to cross the line into the Renegade camp. The attraction of the forbidden draws other wraiths into the glitter and excitement of congress with the living. For many Renegades, dealing with the Quick provides rest and relaxation after a hard day's work subverting the system. For others, it's a job.

Mediums

I love fucking with mediums. They ask for it, with all their mumbo-jumbo and fakery. Sure, some of them can really see us, but they don't need all the bells and whistles to "make contact." All they need is for one of us to be around. Of course, what they ask for is not always what they get. It's worth it to see the looks on their faces when some "dear departed" manifests covered in shit and drool. Not what they expect, no, not at all....

— Harry the Haunter, Wraiths for Fun and Profit



Mediums piss me off big time, especially the ones who invade your Haunt and "feel the vibrations." I tried to kill a medium once just for bugging me one time too many. She got away, but I think I taught her a lesson. Don't fuck with the dead.

— Renee Wilson, Shadowlands Separatist Organization

If we cultivate mortals who can see across the Shroud and who attune themselves to our "psychic emanations," we can use mediums to relay messages to our agents in the Skinlands. I regularly use one of these seers to keep in touch with one of the Risen our group helped plant in the Skinlands around the Denver Necropolis. Psychics are a valuable resource we can't afford to waste. The Hierarchy knows this, and that is why they forbid us to make contact with mediums.

— Philip Sonderly, Puppeteers for the Revolution

I see contacting mediums as a revolutionary duty. It's our job to educate the living about what to expect when they cross the Shroud. If they come to the Shadowlands knowing that the Hierarchy exists and will try to fuck them over, they'll be ready to join us from Day One. I've been passing messages to the Quick through Sister Delphi for three years now. She thinks I'm some sort of Babylonian temple prostitute, but I don't care what she believes as long as she spreads the word.

— Thelma Clapper, Providence Propaganda League

Here's a thought! If we could make common cause with the Native American wraiths against the Hierarchy in North America, maybe we could get somewhere. Native wraiths who have links with living relations in the American Indian Movement might actually sympathize with our cause. I've heard it's dangerous to approach many Native American shamans, since they and their ghostly friends don't like Stygian wraiths, but then, as Renegades, we're not typical Stygians. That might count for something.

— Sommer Sondley, Unity Brigade

Hunters

Personally, I think these guys are in league with the Hierarchy. How else could they get enough information to make them so dangerous? Some Skinriding motherfucker of a Legionnaire must be leaking knowledge of our whereabouts to the debunkers and exorcists. I've had to change my Haunt four times in the last year just to get away from these persistent bastards.

— Sammy, Little Rock Demolition Team



Most hunters don't have a clue unless we give them one. Yes, we have the right to cross the Shroud. Yes, we need to keep up with what goes on in the Skinlands. No, we do not have the license to act like idiots. If you leave piles of shit behind you in the Skinlands, you're going to draw flies. If you attract a hunter's attention, it's 'cause you fucked up. Don't come crying to me for comfort.

— F. X. Ryan, Watchdogs of Liberty

The ones who really tick me off are the scientific investigators, the guys who come in with the weird machines and try to measure the ectoplasmic content of the environment for evidence of ghosts. If you see one of them coming for your Haunt, get the hell out of Dodge. I tried to screw with one of their machines once — and got trapped in the Skinlands when the damn thing made the Shroud stronger. I had to make my way back to the Shadowlands by an alternate route — lost a Fetter, too. Not to mention my Haunt. Those debunkers are bad news.

— Jimi Jones, Itinerant Spooks for Chaos

Fetters and Consorts

Some of the Quick like to serve as hosts for Skinriders. I've used the same Consort for two years now with almost no wear and tear on her. She's gotten to where she knows when I'm around and sort of drops her guard and lets me in. So where's the problem with that?

— Ramon, Skinriders for a Free World

No one — not the Legions, not the Deathlords, not the Anacreons, not Charon himself, if he ever comes back — will keep me from visiting my family. I talk to my twin brother almost every day. If I didn't, I think he'd go crazy. Don't tell me some Dictum fucking Mortuum is gonna prevent me from taking care of business. It's family. That's all that matters.

— Willie Conti, Hartford Psychos

I became a Renegade the day I met Andrew. He looked so sad — I think he was on the verge of suicide. I appeared right in front of him to warn him not to trade his life for the Shadowlands. It was hard to stay for more than a few minutes, but I managed. Then something happened between us.

My patrol leader reamed me out as soon as I returned to my Haunt. He told me that the next time I pulled a stunt like that, he'd send me straight to the forges.

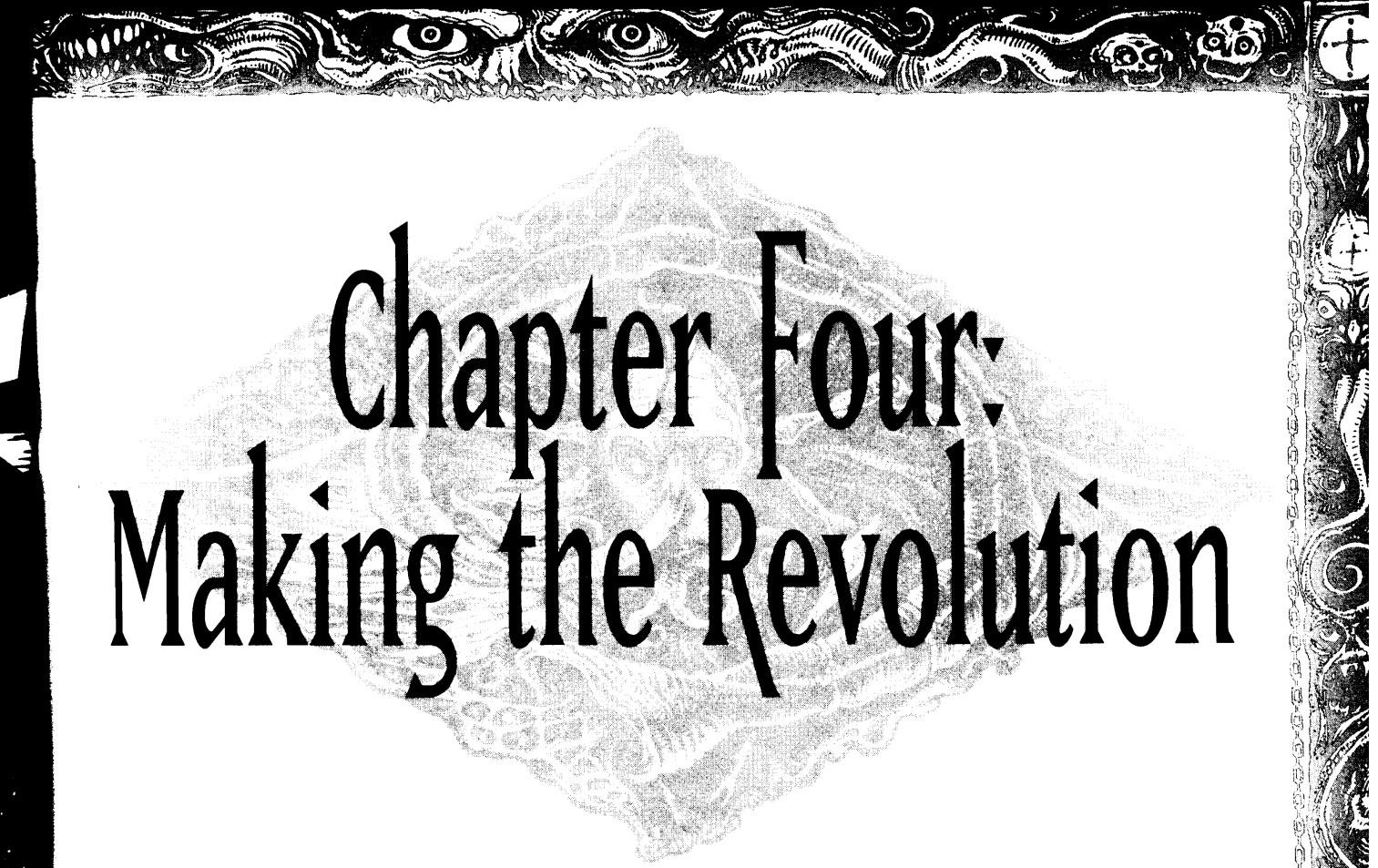
I deserted the next day. A Renegade gang found me and, after checking me out, accepted me. Andrew and I have been going together for almost a year now. He's stopped thinking about suicide and has started getting interested in saving the environment. That's what the revolution is all about.

— Thea Braden, Free Love Confederation

Take care of the Quick. Watch your family and friends, especially if they're your Fetters. The Hierarchy regularly breaks the Dictum Mortuum to track down and destroy anything or anyone associated with known Renegades. The Legions enforce the rules, they don't have to obey them. If you make contact with any human, you must assume responsibility for his continued safety.

— Nathaniel Collins, Wraiths for One World





Chapter Four: Making the Revolution

You are going to die here, that is, to triumph. Citizens, whatever happens today, through our defeat as well as through our victory, we are going to effect a revolution.

— Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*



This chapter looks at the nuts and bolts of Renegade activity in terms of game mechanics and Storyteller guidelines. In addition to a general discussion of the methods used by Renegades in achieving their goals, the following pages also describe new uses of the Arcanoi, as well as Renegade-specific Skills, Backgrounds, Archetypes (and Shadow Archetypes), Artifacts, Merits and Flaws.

The purpose of this chapter is to provide Storytellers and players with material for customizing Renegade characters and stories involving Renegades. While this chapter is most emphatically *not* a revolutionary primer, a few ideas on tactics are given to help those players who may not have read any anarchist literature. Those who are more familiar with civil disobedience, rebellion, revolution or the politics of terror will, no doubt, find the material that follows to be very basic. Feel free to use some or all of the information below in any fashion you choose. Alter it, disregard it or ignore it altogether. After all, this ain't the Hierarchy.



Operations

The Renegades' tactics run the gamut of activities and maneuvers known to the Skinlands' freedom fighters, partisans, spies, outlaws and other activists who make up their ranks. Although not all gangs make use of every method described below, every group of Renegades uses at least a few of them in its struggle to survive outside the Hierarchy. Most gangs don't have the luxury of specializing; their members often have to serve in two or three capacities at once. Larger gangs may have one officer in charge of intelligence or propaganda, but every Renegade should be prepared to assume the roles called for in at least two or three of the following activities.

Covert Activities

These actions represent the chief undercover operations most gangs utilize in their fight against the Hierarchy, Heretics and Oblivion. Though most Renegades only mention their use against Hierarchy targets, they may be used effectively against Heretics, other Renegades and even (in a limited fashion) against Spectres. Obviously, certain activities (such as infiltration) are nigh unto useless against Oblivion's forces, but others (such as reconnaissance) are a must if Renegades are forced into confrontations with them. Common sense should be the guide when deciding which tactics might work and which would be ineffective. Of course, knowing Spectres, they might let the poor deluded wraith think he has successfully fooled them so his final fall into Oblivion is all the more amusing for them. Some of these activities have more than a little in common with one another, but each has unique aspects that call for a separate explanation.

Disinformation

Okay, so maybe I overheard someone talking about a raid on the supply depot set for tonight. Who am I to say if it's true or not, Sarge? If it isn't, do you want to be the one to call in a unit?

— Bruz, Disinformation Officer, Raven's Revenge

One of the most successful covert activities practiced by Renegade gangs is that of disinformation. At its simplest, disinformation involves spreading false information regarding Renegade activities and personnel to Hierarchy spies. This allows the gang to lead its enemies on wild goose chases, to con them into hitting false targets and to bamboozle them into following the wrong wraiths around waiting for them to make contact with important Renegade leaders. Disinformation can also be used to hide Renegades' real Fetters while offering false ones for attack (or better still, offering Fetters belonging to higher-ups in the Hierarchy as targets by making them seem as though they belong to Renegades). Gossip and innuendo are used to suggest connections and relationships that don't exist, occasionally leading to charges of treason against innocent Hierarchy personnel.

Leaking "secrets" is also amusing, especially if they have no purpose yet cause paranoia in enemy troops. Even better, those secrets can sometimes contain a small portion of the truth and thereby make the lie attached to them *seem* true as well. In like manner, disinformation works best when it is put forward in the midst of a number of true revelations, thus making it seem just as reliable. Some Renegade gangs employ double agents specifically to disseminate disinformation to the enemy, but the best method of spreading lies is to allow snitches to overhear the information so the person passing it on as genuine isn't even connected with the gang.

Espionage

You think it's easy to get into a facility, plant this stuff without being noticed and get out again? Yeah? Then why don't you just walk up and kick a Deathlord in the crotch and see how easy your escape is?

— Arian Ex

When most people think of espionage, they picture spies in trench coats meeting in dingy cafes to exchange microdots. While there is some similarity between the stereotype and what actually goes on, most of the time it's just the location that rings a bell. Call them spies, covert operatives or sneaks, Renegades who perform espionage duties for their gangs usually confine themselves to quick in-and-out jobs, penetrating a single site to gain one specific piece of useful information. Conversely, a saboteur of this sort might plant something instead, such as a document he wants found or an Artifact that causes havoc when left behind.

Unlike national or corporate spies among the living, Renegade operatives rarely copy or steal plans or documents. First of all, relic cameras are hard to come by; relic film is even more difficult to obtain. Secondly, to whom would they show the plans, and for what purpose? No other large government stands poised to take over in place of the Hierarchy (except foreign ones like the Jade Empire, which the Renegades don't like either), so revealing state secrets is useless.

For their own part, Renegades don't have the resources or manpower to implement construction of large-scale weapons or transports, again rendering the theft of strategic documents pointless in the larger scheme of things.

Tactical documents, on the other hand, are much more valuable. Discovering where a centurion's Fetters are hidden or learning of the plans for a raid on a known Renegade Haunt gives a Renegade the sort of information he can readily sell.

Though the circumstance is unusual, some Renegade spies have been asked to supply getaway plans to — or to escort prospective defectors out of — certain areas. This is one of the most dangerous covert activities (along with prisoner breakouts) spies can undertake, and such an operation puts everyone involved at risk. Some Renegades go through a whole charade when meeting back up with their spies (a security measure), while others content themselves with having the spy drop the info in a prearranged spot for later extraction. Espionage is, by its nature, a short-term activity, and should not be confused with infiltration.

Extractions

Get me outta here!

— Everywraith

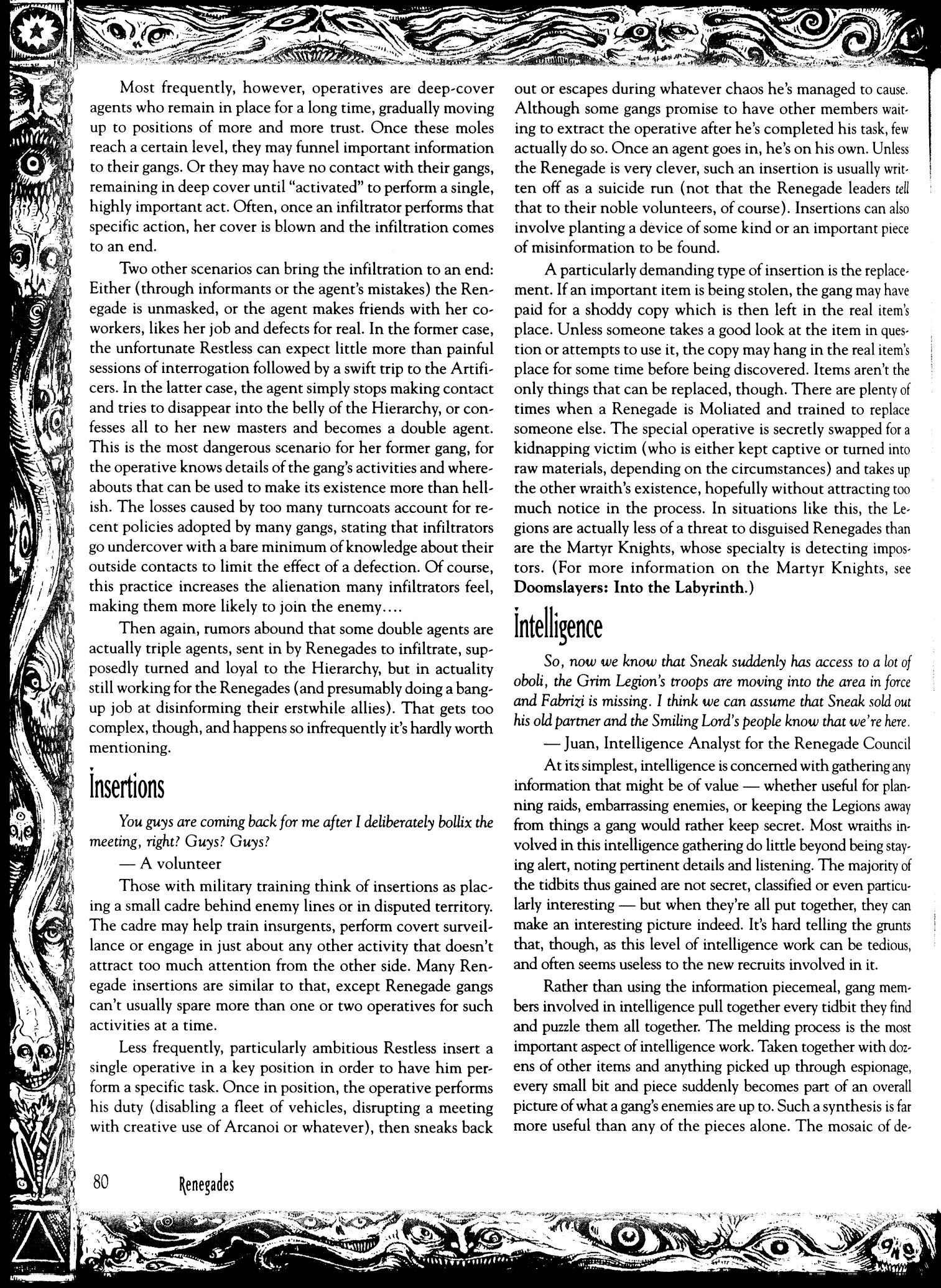
Extractions, the opposite of Insertions involve entering enemy territory to take something out of it. Extraction of persons is covered under Kidnapping, while that of items is handled under Search and Seizure.

Infiltration

You must be mistaken. I'm Rachel. See, here are my deathmarks and tattoo. Say, would you like me to file that for you? I'm on my way down to records anyway and it would be no trouble.

— Vile, Deep-Cover Operative, Freedom League

One of the most dangerous, but potentially rewarding, activities for a Renegade operative is infiltrating the ranks of the enemy. Unlike normal espionage, infiltration requires the wraith to learn special skills or adopt a persona she will be required to display for an extended period of time. Spur of the moment infiltrations are short term at best and usually don't work very well; long-term operations have the benefit of planning and research, and, as such, are generally more successful. Infiltrators are carefully placed so that when they are activated, they can do their gangs the most good. Having an agent among the grunts of the Skeletal Legion is of limited use. That same agent Moliated and groomed to take the place of a trusted advisor to the Anacreon could well prove to be of inestimable value (see Insertions). Such agents can subtly suggest or implement policies favorable to their Renegade gangs or pass on interesting rumors they hear.



Most frequently, however, operatives are deep-cover agents who remain in place for a long time, gradually moving up to positions of more and more trust. Once these moles reach a certain level, they may funnel important information to their gangs. Or they may have no contact with their gangs, remaining in deep cover until "activated" to perform a single, highly important act. Often, once an infiltrator performs that specific action, her cover is blown and the infiltration comes to an end.

Two other scenarios can bring the infiltration to an end: Either (through informants or the agent's mistakes) the Renegade is unmasked, or the agent makes friends with her co-workers, likes her job and defects for real. In the former case, the unfortunate Restless can expect little more than painful sessions of interrogation followed by a swift trip to the Artificers. In the latter case, the agent simply stops making contact and tries to disappear into the belly of the Hierarchy, or confesses all to her new masters and becomes a double agent. This is the most dangerous scenario for her former gang, for the operative knows details of the gang's activities and whereabouts that can be used to make its existence more than hellish. The losses caused by too many turncoats account for recent policies adopted by many gangs, stating that infiltrators go undercover with a bare minimum of knowledge about their outside contacts to limit the effect of a defection. Of course, this practice increases the alienation many infiltrators feel, making them more likely to join the enemy....

Then again, rumors abound that some double agents are actually triple agents, sent in by Renegades to infiltrate, supposedly turned and loyal to the Hierarchy, but in actuality still working for the Renegades (and presumably doing a bang-up job at disinforming their erstwhile allies). That gets too complex, though, and happens so infrequently it's hardly worth mentioning.

Insertions

You guys are coming back for me after I deliberately bollix the meeting, right? Guys? Guys?

— A volunteer

Those with military training think of insertions as placing a small cadre behind enemy lines or in disputed territory. The cadre may help train insurgents, perform covert surveillance or engage in just about any other activity that doesn't attract too much attention from the other side. Many Renegade insertions are similar to that, except Renegade gangs can't usually spare more than one or two operatives for such activities at a time.

Less frequently, particularly ambitious Restless insert a single operative in a key position in order to have him perform a specific task. Once in position, the operative performs his duty (disabling a fleet of vehicles, disrupting a meeting with creative use of Arcanoi or whatever), then sneaks back

out or escapes during whatever chaos he's managed to cause. Although some gangs promise to have other members waiting to extract the operative after he's completed his task, few actually do so. Once an agent goes in, he's on his own. Unless the Renegade is very clever, such an insertion is usually written off as a suicide run (not that the Renegade leaders tell that to their noble volunteers, of course). Insertions can also involve planting a device of some kind or an important piece of misinformation to be found.

A particularly demanding type of insertion is the replacement. If an important item is being stolen, the gang may have paid for a shoddy copy which is then left in the real item's place. Unless someone takes a good look at the item in question or attempts to use it, the copy may hang in the real item's place for some time before being discovered. Items aren't the only things that can be replaced, though. There are plenty of times when a Renegade is Moliated and trained to replace someone else. The special operative is secretly swapped for a kidnapping victim (who is either kept captive or turned into raw materials, depending on the circumstances) and takes up the other wraith's existence, hopefully without attracting too much notice in the process. In situations like this, the Legions are actually less of a threat to disguised Renegades than are the Martyr Knights, whose specialty is detecting impostors. (For more information on the Martyr Knights, see *Doomslayers: Into the Labyrinth*.)

Intelligence

So, now we know that Sneak suddenly has access to a lot of oboli, the Grim Legion's troops are moving into the area in force and Fabrizi is missing. I think we can assume that Sneak sold out his old partner and the Smiling Lord's people know that we're here.

— Juan, Intelligence Analyst for the Renegade Council

At its simplest, intelligence is concerned with gathering any information that might be of value — whether useful for planning raids, embarrassing enemies, or keeping the Legions away from things a gang would rather keep secret. Most wraiths involved in this intelligence gathering do little beyond being staying alert, noting pertinent details and listening. The majority of the tidbits thus gained are not secret, classified or even particularly interesting — but when they're all put together, they can make an interesting picture indeed. It's hard telling the grunts that, though, as this level of intelligence work can be tedious, and often seems useless to the new recruits involved in it.

Rather than using the information piecemeal, gang members involved in intelligence pull together every tidbit they find and puzzle them all together. The melding process is the most important aspect of intelligence work. Taken together with dozens of other items and anything picked up through espionage, every small bit and piece suddenly becomes part of an overall picture of what a gang's enemies are up to. Such a synthesis is far more useful than any of the pieces alone. The mosaic of de-

tails, once fully formed, lets a gang anticipate a foe's plans and intentions, because it indicates the foe's thinking — one bit of data lets you anticipate an event, but a million bits of data let you anticipate trends. In the long run, knowing the trends in an enemy's thinking lets you anticipate a great many events. When you know which way the enemy is planning to jump before he does, you're better prepared to screw up whatever he's planning.

That's not to say that stealing an Anacreon's desk pad isn't a highly useful activity. However, Renegades who want to last longer than a week recognize the fact that good opportunities to steal that desk pad are going to be extremely rare, and concentrate on more attainable goals. They'll make the big grab if they can, but in the meantime going for small victories is a lot safer — and much less likely to provoke drastic responses from the Hierarchy.

The Care and Feeding of Information Sources

Information doesn't just materialize. It needs to be extracted, cajoled or occasionally just stolen from informed sources. Most Renegade intelligence ops have two kinds of sources: willing and unwilling. The former are much more rare. A willing source is someone outside the gang who knowingly passes along information — usually a Hierarchy wraith, but occasionally a freelance information broker, a Heretic or even a living medium willing to talk — aware of its destination and its potential uses. Some willing sources have ideological reasons for what they do, while others expect to be paid.

Unwilling sources generally don't know they're being tapped for information. A low-ranking Legionnaire who chats with a Renegade in friendly fashion, a Hierarchy who can be relied upon to talk too much (and too loudly) in a Pathos bar — all of these and more serve to give lots of information to Renegades willing to make the effort to acquire it. Occasionally a Hierarchy is blackmailed into passing along information helpful to the Renegade cause, but such operations are risky. Hierarchs thus exploited have a nasty tendency to lay traps for those who are blackmailing them, figuring that handing over gift-wrapped Renegades to the Legions counterbalances the sins for which they were being blackmailed in the first place.

It is vital to any Renegade movement to protect its sources. That can mean anything from allowing a volatile soldier to have a notable "success" or two against the group in order to keep him in place, to extracting a source whose cover is about to get blown. Renegade gangs that get reputations for abandoning their sources soon run out of sources.

Propaganda

I know just what you mean. The Legions don't seem interested in patrolling this neighborhood. Last time Spectres threw themselves at us, you didn't see any Hierarchy people down here! All I saw were a few of those boys I heard are Renegades. Now they care about this Necropolis.

—CanCan, Tucson Necropolis

Renegades who want sympathizers and new recruits cannot overlook propaganda. It's fine to hijack a truckload of Lemures bound for the forges, but if no one knows the gang did it for altruistic reasons, the gang isn't getting its full value from the raid. Anything the gang does that can garner the approval of other wraiths can help win new converts to the cause. Favorable stories about the gang can be circulated and unflattering tales suppressed through propaganda. The group's name, political affiliations and aims can be made known and famous, meaning that defecting Hierarchs (or other Renegades looking for a new gang) will have some built in "brand recognition" when they turn. In addition, if a gang gets a reputation for successful operations, that rep can serve to intimidate the troops the gang must face.

Propaganda isn't confined to spin doctoring the gang, however. It is also used in its negative aspect to question the actions and policies of the gang's enemies. Holding the Hierarchy up to ridicule or revealing the Deathlords' secret plans is of equal or greater importance to letting the local wraiths know your gang teaches Arcanoi. Additionally, staging events — whether performing in street theatre or making a daring raid on a Hierarchy supply depot — serves as an attention-getter. Generally, the more entertaining the form of public display, the more radical or unbelievable the message can be while still having other wraiths accept it — but the trick is to stay in the public eye without exposing one's gang to capture or unnecessary risk. Scheduled performances are a bad idea, because even your average Hierarchy trooper can read a schedule. On the other hand, using the local grapevine to let folks know that something cool will be happening at a certain place and time keeps the guest list a lot more friendly.

Reconnaissance

Reconnaissance involves scouting a specific group or site, and is more of a short term activity. In its most common form, reconnaissance is used to discover information about unknown territory the gang seeks to enter. Sometimes, it is used to scout out an enemy encampment or to reconnoiter a facility where prisoners are being held. Supply depots provide another favorite target. Occasionally, a gang needs to send out a forward scout to find a way around a blocked area or an impossibly large group of foes.

Those who perform reconnoitering duties usually note several features at once: the lay of the land, the availability of



transportation, the number and disposition of enemy troops, the ordnance to which enemy troops have access, information on Byways and Nihilis in the area and the current sentiment of the local civilian population. Each detail a scout notes enables her gang to be better prepared when it's time for action. Good reconnaissance lets gangs go into the field better prepared than they might be otherwise, to the point of calling off operations that recon reveals to be doomed to failure.

Reconnaissance is performed by a single wraith, or at best a team of two, with both having some facility in Argos. Sending out too many wraiths essentially defeats the whole point of reconnaissance; the more wraiths go out, the more likely the action is to alert the enemy and thus to make any information retrieved useless.

Experienced Renegade scouts always carry a knife or a similar object, so as to self-induce a Harrowing rather than risk capture. Capture by the Hierarchy is certain destruction; a Harrowing is only likely doom, and less likely to have dire consequences for the Renegade's gang as well. After all, Harrowing Spectres don't bother to interrogate their subjects.

Sabotage

Oops. Guess that little plasm brick was more important than they thought.

— Maniac

This is a tricky tactic because it is quite similar to the overt activities of Search and Destroy and Search and Seizure (detailed below). In fact, the essential difference between types is that it is ostensibly covert (i.e., hidden). Sabotage — defined as covert actions involving stealing, damaging or destroying key equipment and Fetters — works best when it is done secretly. Weakening the defenses around a Legionnaire outpost before tipping off Spectres that there's a free meal down the road isn't as effective if the Legionnaires notice the damage and repair it before the lunch crowd arrives. It's also more amusing if the target of the sabotage doesn't realize his equipment is missing or broken until the enemy is right on top of him.

Sometimes called "monkeywrenching," sabotage is best carried out by agents who have already been inserted into the enemy's camp. Nonetheless, it is possible for a small team to penetrate a site just long enough to sabotage a specific target, then get out before being discovered.

Overt Activities

Sometimes sneaking around in the shadows (pun intended) just isn't enough to get the job done. That's when overt operations come into play. While many of the activities described below could be performed secretly, most cannot be best accomplished without a bit of public display (firing off

lots of relic guns and running down the main drag with prisoners in tow can hardly go totally unnoticed, after all). This doesn't mean that those performing the operations make their identities known to the enemy or that the gang sends advance notice of their plans to assault a Legionnaire training facility, just that it is almost impossible to keep every aspect of most operations hidden.

Some Renegades would even argue that the whole point of engaging in overt operations is to perform them publicly. That way news of the Renegades' success reaches other wraiths, making them aware of the Renegades' political aims and helping gang recruitment efforts. Whether such actions actually succeed in those areas is a hotly debated subject; what is more certain is that effective overt ops embarrass the enemy, reveal its weaknesses and show other Restless that apparently unbeatable targets are indeed vulnerable to assault from the little guys.

Assassination

There are two forms of assassination — one sometimes more immediately deadly than the other. The first type targets key enemy personnel for Harrowing, with the hope that it might lead to the victim's actual destruction. The way in which the assassination is accomplished varies greatly. Renegade gangs have been known to damage a target to the point that she is thrown into a Target Harrowing with herself as the Quarry. If the Renegades then cover the target's Fetters, the gang can take her out again, throwing her right back into another Harrowing. Ideally, this can go on for as long as the target has Corpus, with the intent of eventually forcing the victim to surrender, wearily, to Oblivion. The main problem with such assassination attempts is that they require at least one wraith getting up-close-and-personal and wielding a deadly weapon, while his comrades cover the Fetters to catch the victim when she appears after each Harrowing. Finding the Fetters of key Hierarchs isn't always an easy matter either, and many ranking Hierarchs have troops surreptitiously standing watch near one or more of their Fetters — just in case.

Alternatively, in what's known as a Caesar Special, a group of assassins corner a targeted enemy and overwhelm her by sheer numbers. They then split up to cover all the Fetters. More often, assassinations are carried out from a distance. Intelligence reports locate the intended target, the assassin lies in wait, takes the shot when the target arrives and leaves the scene as quickly as possible. Since this method depends on several assassins and lots of Arcanoi (Argos and Lifeweb





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at the least), it is often simpler to merely harass the target and send her into one Harrowing, hoping to keep her out of the way for a short time.

The second form of assassination — the murder of the target's character — is a far more complex undertaking, but potentially more rewarding. It requires intimate knowledge of the target and an understanding of the audience which is to witness the deed. Character assassination also takes time to take effect. The build-up of suspicion against the target has to have time to grow, while incriminating false evidence against the target (suspicious-looking Artifacts and inexplicable caches of oboli are favorites) must be planted and "accidentally discovered." Ideally, more and more Restless come to believe that the target is untrustworthy, evil and working for Oblivion.

Assassinations are usually planned to get rid of a particularly effective enemy or one who has repeatedly humiliated, defeated or tortured members of the gang. Sometimes assassinations are performed merely to disrupt or inconvenience foes by removing key players. A final reason for assassination is vengeance for Renegade members who have been caught and sent to the forges. While some groups include the Harrowing of random enemy targets among this category, true assassinations always have a specific pre-chosen victim; random violence falls under the category of terror.

Assault

You call that an assault? Move, move, move, move, unless you want your plasic butt handed to you!

— Sergeant Daniel Olen, Patriot Liberation Front

Assaults are just what they sound like — military actions taken against specific targets. They generally involve some sort of all-out attack (like a frontal assault). Most assaults are made against stationary targets, such as buildings, Haunts, outposts and so on, but occasional assaults against movable enemy positions (a Spectre nest, a unit of Legionnaires on patrol) also occur. Despite intelligence designed to make assaults as effective as possible, attacks are the most dangerous actions a Renegade gang can take.

Assaults call for precision maneuvers by a team of Renegades, meaning that the Renegades involved are really putting it all on the line. There's no way an all-out assault can be mistaken for any sort of innocent activity, meaning that once the gang commits, there's no pulling back. Furthermore, odds are that a Renegade force mounting an assault is hitting with everything it has — every last wraith, weapon and Artifact — and that means that if the assault fails, the gang mounting it is most likely fatally crippled. Just to add to the fun, it is also the simple truth that it is rare for Renegade gangs (for all they'd like to think otherwise) to be as well trained in group tactics and battle as the Legionnaires they're facing. For all these reasons, an assault that is not made by surprise is almost



automatically fated to fail. The more advance notice the foe has that the Renegades are coming, the greater the likelihood that the assault is doomed — meaning slavery or Harrowings for the attackers, destruction of the gang and the recapture of any Artifacts or relics the wraiths use during the assault. Commanders calling for direct attacks are not popular among most gangs, and can count on being melted down or ousted by their own side if they survive a failed attack. Still assaults do have their place in the tactical repertoire of rebellious Restless, especially if the objective is important enough that casualties are not a consideration.

Coups

Remain calm! You are now under the protection of the Renegade Council. Nothing in your afterlives should change, except that you will henceforth exist under greater personal freedom!

— Morgan, Knights of the Revolution

Wherever they have enough support or the Hierarchy's hold is sufficiently weak, Renegades may attempt to overthrow the local governing body and set up their own. Usually coup attempts are limited to small areas — a block or a particular neighborhood — though a few towns (too insignificant to host a large Necropolis) or communities along Byways may host Renegade governors. This doesn't count those areas where the Renegades are able to set up their own encampments without interference, merely those they take over from the Hierarchy or Heretics. So what's the difference between an assault and a coup?

Both are done forcibly, but a coup need not lead to battle. In a "bloodless" coup, it is possible for a group of Renegades to simply walk into a poorly defended headquarters and demand the defenders' surrender. If those in power see they are outnumbered and realize that the Renegades have more support from the populace than they do, they may well give in and evacuate. Conversely, coups may come as the result of successful assaults, infiltration followed by a sudden takeover or even through the collusion of defectors. However coups occur, they are usually short-lived unless the surrounding population can be won over and the Hierarchy is too busy elsewhere to bother to win back the territory.

Hit and Run

Go in and out the windows,
Go in and out the windows,
Go in and out the windows
As we have done before.

— popular children's song and game

Hit-and-run missions are quick, simple maneuvers designed to harass and disrupt rather than cause massive de-

struction. Successfully utilized by guerrilla units throughout history against foes too numerous to face in direct battle, hit and runs consist of a quick surprise attack and an equally fast retreat. Often they are used to whittle down the opposition, with each participant assigned to double up with others to take out one or two targets. Other times, hit-and-run attacks are used to make lightning raids for supplies or disrupt the enemy's routines. Meant to keep the foe off kilter, such tactics can also be used to embarrass or ridicule the enemy by making him look incompetent.

The aftermath of a hit and run may cause almost as much disruption as the act itself. Frequently, Renegade gangs who engage in a hit and run taunt those they've just hurt or embarrassed as they flee the scene. Foolish enemy commanders may allow their troops to give chase, thereby weakening the defenses around the site of the attack (and inviting another hit and run against the reduced forces) or laying the pursuers open to attacks from a secondary line of Renegades waiting in ambush.

Kidnapping

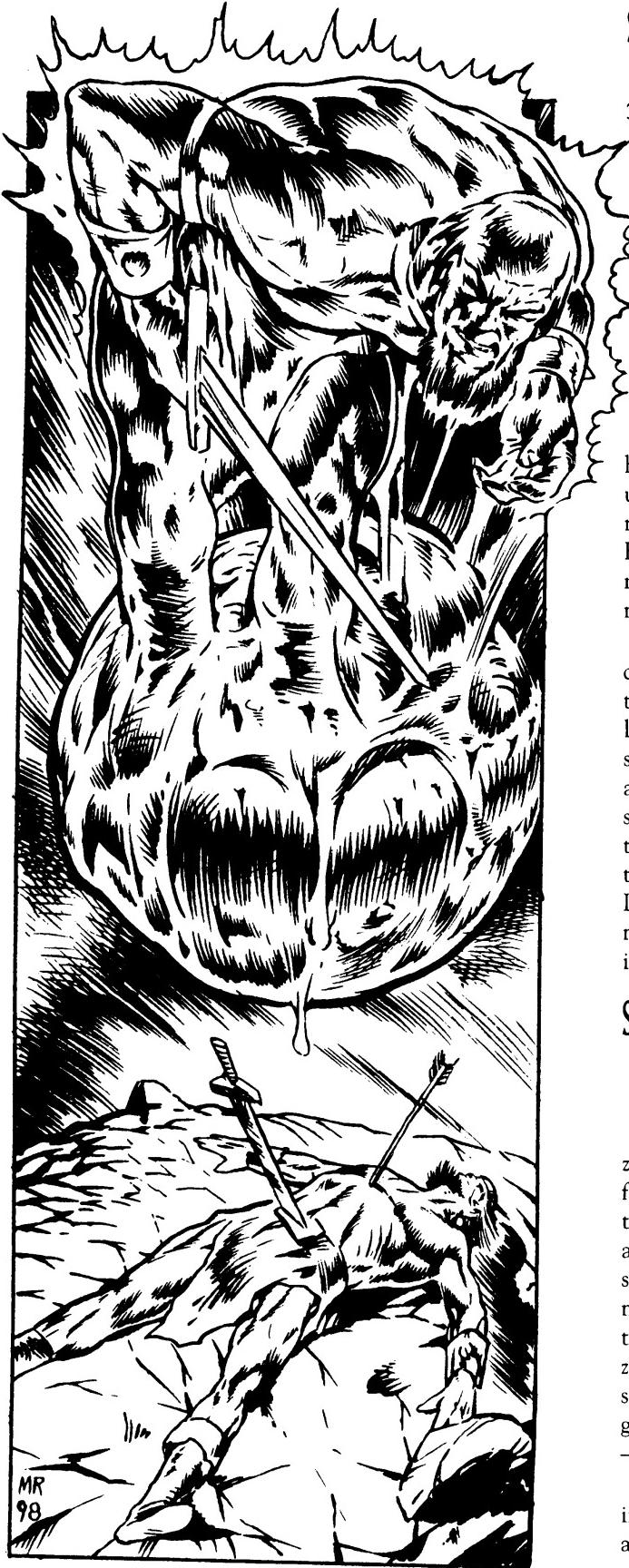
*Here you go, fresh, firm Legionnaire just captured today.
What'm I bid for this fine specimen o' wraithdom?*

— Adolphus

Kidnapping is included in the overt activities section only because Renegades often send ransom notes for important Hierarchy and Heretic bigwigs they snatch. Not all kidnappings are so public, however. While kidnapping for ransom and prisoner exchanges remain frequent activities for Renegades, such extracurricular outings occasionally serve other purposes. Many might even be labeled as extractions

One purpose served by kidnapping important officials is to create a climate of fear among the victim's cohorts. Renegades have succeeded if they make those not kidnapped feel as though they too might be victimized just as easily at any time. Paranoia isn't good for productivity, after all. A more overt effect is to hold up to public ridicule the wraiths who could not protect their leader, officer or friend from being kidnapped. A few Renegades' Shadows (or so the Renegades in question claim) have been known to take this particular measure way too far, so enraging the enemy or disgusting the populace that the kidnapping backfires and causes the opposition to hunt Renegades with renewed fury.

Some targets are slated for kidnapping because they possess information or talents needed by the gang; others are simply so useful that removing them from the picture really screws up the other side's plans. Still others are taken so that gang members can exact revenge for the person's actions toward captured Renegades. Finally, every now and then Renegades go on a kidnapping spree to create fear in those left behind and take away their peace of mind.



Search and Destroy

Didn't know we knew about that old boathouse Fetter, did you, Centurion? Well, you can kiss it good-bye.

— No Nose, Brothers of Annihilation

Search-and-destroy missions generally involve looking for enemy patrols and attempting to ambush and disrupt them. Such actions are only undertaken when Renegade gangs feel they have a clear majority of troops, superior firepower and the tactical advantage (i.e. pretty infrequently). In fact, search-and-destroy runs are even less common than frontal assaults, since those involved tend to get their plasm blown to bits.

A directed form of search and destroy involves noting where various members of a Legion patrol spend their off hours (whether sleeping or in recreation) and then sending a unit to those sites in hopes of catching soldiers alone. Such raids are pretty overt activities and tend to attract the Hierarchy's immediate attention. As a general rule, Legionnaires just have a problem with Renegade maneuvers that make loud booms and Harrow lots of wraiths.

A less noticeable (or at least quieter) form of search and destroy mission entails going after someone's Haunt or Fetters and wiping them out. In such cases, an intelligence team locates the place or item in question, then dispatches a hit-squad to do the dirty deed. In many cases, the target's Fetter is a living person, which presents a significant moral dilemma, since, in order to complete the mission, the team is required to kill the Fetter. However, few Fetter hit-squads let that detail stand in their way, and many rack up quite a body count. If the Renegades can also Reap the former Fetter's soul, they may cause significant anguish to their target and gain greater insight into their enemy through interrogating the *Enfant*.

Search and Seizure

Alright, ladies, each of you grab a sword. These are ours now.

— Pamela, Lesbian Liberation Front

Like a search-and-destroy-mission, a search and seizure of people (rather than items or locales) involves a task force sent to capture a group of enemy personnel. The tactics remain the same — a superior force with the tactical advantage surrounds the enemy troops and calls for their surrender. If they are clearly overmatched, the defenders might just do so. Some commanders refuse to allow their troops to surrender, however, meaning the search-and-seizure mission can easily become a search and destroy instead. If the attacking commander makes it clear that the gang only wants its enemies' weapons, she can sometimes — but not always — derail that scenario.

Search and seizure against property involves occupying Haunts or taking over headquarters or supply depots and "liberating" arms and other materiel (such as oboli or

Artifacts). Occupation of a Haunt or other structure may be long-term (and related to a coup) or may be only for a short period of time — such as while cleaning out the depot, or to draw the enemy's attention while the rest of the gang makes an important maneuver elsewhere. Occupations may also be used to embarrass those who are incapable of defending their territory.

Terror

Several of the tactics already discussed could be classified as terror — kidnappings, ambushes and such — but the actions specifically dubbed terror are supposedly random acts that create uncertainty and make others feel threatened. Terror tactics include anything and everything that makes the enemy nervous: sending death threats, the ghostly equivalent of drive-by shootings or conspicuously following targets without allowing them to see their stalkers.

Less violent gangs might accomplish their goals by having 30 different wraiths wink at a specific enemy, while those that demand more emphatic action may simply pick a random Legionnaire and hack at him with swords until he falls into a Harrowing. Really devious gangs have been known to treat with Spectres and open a way for them to enter a Necropolis near the Citadel.

Whatever their form, acts of terror are designed to distract enemy forces, warn them away from pursuing certain gangs, send them chasing after shadows and make them nervous enough to make mistakes. The effect repeated terrorist strikes have on enemy morale is just a bonus. Each gang must decide for itself how far its members are willing to go in using terror tactics, but those who use them against anything other than military targets may find that doing so backfires. A populace that may cheer attacks on stuffy Legionnaires is likely to turn ugly when innocent civilians become victims.

Putting it All Together

Most Renegade gangs have some specific purpose in mind — overthrowing the Hierarchy, expanding their territory, securing a safe place in the Shadowlands, rolling in wealth by exploiting the slave trade or just making it from day to day. Gangs rarely have only one purpose, however. Rather, their aims are layered, with short term goals laid over a more complex long-term purpose.

For example, the gang's overall goal might be to overthrow the Deathlords and institute an elected council to rule the Restless. It can't spend every moment working di-

rectly toward that goal, however. After all, obsessive behavior feeds the Shadow, and it makes wraiths pretty dull to be around as well. So, as a diversion, a gang's members might find that they can advance their goal most effectively by persuading other wraiths to endorse their point of view. To do that, the gang might print a newsletter expounding on their political opinions and aims, or specialize in graffiti mocking the Deathlords' greed and lust for power. Because they will thus be making targets of themselves by going so public, the gang members should realize that they need a secure hideout, preferable in the clutter of the Shadowlands. Having such a headquarters means they need to defend it, which in turn calls for them to get hold of a few relic pistols or swords. One goal leads to the next, with smaller ones more easily achieved and new ones arising from accomplishing old ones.

Below are a few of the goals and everyday business matters which occupy Renegades' time. Some thoughts on how the various gangs go about achieving these aims are detailed as well. Stories can be built around accomplishing these various goals — or the consequences of failure.

Where the Renegades Are

Some Renegade enclaves (such as Freedom Isle) have existed for centuries, while others raised the rebel flag just last week. In general, the older encampments are located on the far fringes of the Shadowlands or deep within the Tempest, where it is simply too much trouble for the Legions to attack them. If remote locations were not enough to dissuade unwanted visitors, the more permanent Renegade holdings (whether Necropoli, neutral meeting grounds, training camps or what have you) teem with guard patrols, alarms and traps. If most visitors didn't know better, they mistake these locations for Hierarchy areas, an irony which is not lost on some of the more important Renegade leaders.

Newer facilities lack a lot of the amenities of the older Renegade encampments. As a result, the wraiths manning these strong points are usually forced by circumstance into a much closer relationship with Hierarchy or Heretic strongholds than they would like. Security at such places is often a joke, especially among those enclaves held by AWOLs or Dealers. On those rare occasions when they do have security measures in place, newer encampments are still a far cry from those sites that have had a century of preparation built into them. Further, many modern Renegade hideouts are temporary — and designed to stay temporary. Such strongholds need little more than perimeter guards, since they'll be abandoned soon in any case.

Renegade-controlled Necropoli do exist, though they are usually limited to smaller cities and towns. Gang Necropoli tend to be founded in cities where the Skinlands reflect a

Taking It To the Streets

A glaring exception to the rule that newer holdings are less well defended, or soon abandoned, does exist. Occasionally Renegades succeed in taking Necropoli once held by the Hierarchy. Whether the Necropolis falls through assault, infiltration or coup, its new administrators are usually quite interested in any defenses and toys left behind by the prior occupants. Renegades who go to the trouble of taking a Necropolis plan to keep it, and make the effort to see it made as impregnable as it can be. First, such victories are good PR for the Renegade cause, showing the Renegades' might in stark contrast to the crumbling ineptitude of the Hierarchy. Secondly, Renegades only take those Necropoli that serve some other purpose — strategic strongholds or those close to needed resources or services that can be stolen. Assaults are costly, coups may backfire and either sort of operation can easily backfire. A "liberated" Necropolis is just too valuable to let slip away.

certain radical consciousness. Problems with defense and administration multiply exponentially when Renegades occupy an entire city, not to mention the fact that a Renegade-held Necropolis may well suffer from a lack of organizational focus. In other words, Renegades are a lot better at taking Necropoli than they are at holding them. The skills necessary to mount a coup or a propaganda campaign aren't necessarily those useful in maintaining a city, and as many Renegade Necropoli drift back to the Hierarchy for reasons of convenience as fall to recapture efforts.

Protecting Renegade Territory

Once a gang or coalition of Renegades takes power in a particular territory, its members have to defend that turf if they want to keep it. Gangs employ several methods of defense, though it is rare to see a Renegade enclave with all the following defenses.

• Intelligence

As detailed earlier, intelligence is used to keep abreast of any information that might concern the Renegades, and to allow them to make an informed guess as to what it means. Knowing that enemies plan to infiltrate your organization or assault your Necropolis — and letting them know that you know — is the first step in stopping them. Those gangs who overlook intelligence rarely hold onto their territories for long.

• Misinformation

This is a favorite tactic of the more cerebral Renegades, not to mention those who don't actually like stand-up fights. False information whispered in the enemy's ear has his forces assaulting the wrong stronghold, bringing along protection against weapons the Renegades don't possess or otherwise unprepared to deal with the Renegades actual defenses.

• Paid Informers

When free intelligence isn't available, the next best option is the paid informer. Whether Hierarch or Heretic camp, certain Restless are always willing to pass on pertinent information to those willing to pay them enough. Such information often concerns enemy plans to attack Renegade强holds.

• Perimeter Guards/Lookouts

This defense is one of the most basic, and one which nearly every Renegade faction employs. Perimeter guards occupy key positions on the outskirts of the territory claimed by the gang. Guards may either give warning of enemies approaching or actively seek to repel such encroachments. Guards usually work in teams, with some acting as spotters and others as runners to take warning to the rest of the gang. Gangs with friends among the Guilds (or Guild-trained members) occasionally have access to other types of perimeter guards.

Such guards may include Screamers, wraiths who have been Moliated and placed like statues around a gang's encampment. At the first sign of intruders who pass a predetermined boundary, Screamers start howling like banshees. While this certainly precludes keeping the camp a secret, the sudden screeching can also unnerve troops attempting to sneak into the encampment — particularly if a little Keening is tossed into the mix. The major drawback to the use of these effective guardians lies in the rumor that only Chanteurs can be made into Screamers, which doesn't endear Renegades who utilize them to the Chanteurs' Guild.

A few Renegade gangs have succeeded in capturing barghests, a matter of great pride and a lot of bragging. Those gangs lucky enough to control barghests sometimes station the hounds near their camp's perimeter, knowing the beasts will sound the alarm if anyone approaches. On a more frightening note, a strong rumor that Freedom Isle is protected in a similar fashion, but not by barghests, persists. Rather, some Renegades claim to have seen packs of free roaming Tindelhounds (apparently allied with the Isle's residents) patrolling the edges of the island, ready to hunt down anyone foolish enough to approach without the proper identification.

• Mobile Patrols

While perimeter guards remain in fixed locations which provide them with the best vantage points, to effectively cover the whole territory, mobile patrols similar to those the Hierarchy employs are often needed as well. Mobile units typically contain three or four members, patrolling in either a triangular or diamond formation. The most dangerous pos-

tions in such units are point man and rear guard, since these wraiths are the ones most often picked off by enemies. Patrols usually cover familiar territory, searching for anything out of the ordinary. Though they cover the same area every few minutes, the better organized patrols try to vary the times they return to a given area, making their coverage more random. That way, enemies can't simply time when the patrol is due and slip in between scheduled visits. Renegades familiar with the Fatalism power of Foreshadow are often chosen for mobile patrol units with the hope that their knack might alert them to danger before they run into it.

Again, gangs with access to barghests often find these hounds their most effective patrol members. Rather than confining the hounds to a specific area, patrolling allows barghests to move around the whole camp and searching for anything unfamiliar. A very few gangs are well-off enough that they can actually make their patrols truly mobile by using relic cars or other transports.

• Traps

Planted in the foe's path, traps can hinder, frustrate, delay and even send unfortunate victims into Harrowings. Many traps are designed simply to alert the gang to the presence and general location of intruders. These include soulforged stones laid along the most obvious pathway and primed to groan loudly when anyone passes, tripwires that fire off projectiles designed to impact loudly against noisemakers and similar physical tricks.

Others traps may strand foes in a small place from which they cannot easily escape or mount an effective defense. Such defenses might be pits or ramps that open beneath passing foes and dump them into cells, doors and sliding walls which turn passageways into boxes, or even a specifically built entry hall that becomes smaller and narrower the further one penetrates, hampering movement and making it almost impossible to stand side-by-side or prepare a decent defense. Even when physical obstacles can be hacked through, doing so takes time — time that the defenders can use to assault their enemies or evacuate.

Renegades excel in using the Arcanoi they know to good advantage. Some traps are accompanied by clever uses of Arcanoi to make them far more effective. Some of the more common uses include employing the Argos art of Oubliette to remove commanders from their troops and using the Keening art Crescendo, thereby potentially damaging each wraith in earshot — while the Renegades themselves get the hell out of the way. Utilizing the powers of Lifeweb, Renegades can identify enemy Fetters and sever them. More aggressive Renegades inflict damage through the higher art of Moliate and Outrage or even destroy them through Obliviate. Those who would rather cause less harm put enemies to sleep using the Phantasm power of Dreams of Sleep, while Renegades who just want to issue a warning to withdraw or else employ the Usury power of Early Withdrawal.

Administration Details

Aside from running a revolution (or selling stolen relics or Skinriding), those gangs who run territories larger than a single stronghold or Haunt have to consider the non gang populace living under their rule. Aside from treating them better than the Hierarchy or Heretics, there are a couple of things the gangs can do to keep the locals happy.

For one, they can share the wealth. Whenever the gang finds a source of needed items or access to something many wraiths might want (training in Arcanoi, for example), those in power could do worse than offer a percentage to the local citizenry.

Second, with power comes responsibility. If the locals lose their Haunts, get their relics ripped off or are threatened by Spectral incursions, they should be able to turn to the gang for help and protection. Neglecting this basic responsibility has done more to undermine the Renegades' control of Necropoli than any other fault. Crazy politics don't matter to the locals so long as they feel safe.

If all else fails, Renegades have been known to employ spies. These wraiths fit in with the ordinary Joes, all the while watching and listening for malcontents and counterrevolutionaries. Even when such dissidents are identified, some gangs try reasoning with them first. Threats might follow with truly incurable cases disappearing and surfacing on the slave blocks or as souvenir ashtrays. The Hierarchy doesn't have an exclusive on overreacting. Some gangs are even fanatical enough about "The Cause" to become like those they hate most. Completely missing the irony in the situation, such Renegades have no qualms about sending in their secret police to pick up the dissenters and bring them along for interrogation. The locals who experience such treatment and survive it usually become either fanatically anti-Renegade or radicalize into Renegades who oppose the politics of those who mistreated them.

Living on the Edge

Since Renegades exist on the fringes of Restless society, they face problems most wraiths don't. When you spend most of your time dodging Hierarchy patrols and trying to accomplish a goal that is not shared by the majority of other wraiths, you rarely have the luxury of complete relaxation or of choosing your friends.

Whatever Renegades think of the Legions, they do perform a needed service by patrolling and keeping order in Hierarchy areas. Their presence keeps Spectral incursions to a minimum and promotes order among the Restless in their purview. Renegade enclaves must rely on their own patrols to perform these two duties, yet the patrols are often more concerned with spotting incoming Legionnaires than with watching for Spectres or halting vicious fighting among the other

wraiths in their territory. Consequently, Passions run hotter and Shadows lurk closer to the surface in Renegade communities, making them potential powder kegs waiting for the metaphorical — and often inevitable — spark.

Choosing one's friends (or non enemies) isn't very easy for Renegades either. Many other Renegade gangs are guaranteed to be diametrically opposed to any given group, making it impossible to set up mutual assistance deals or a sharing of wealth. Lacking access to the kinds of materiel and tute-lage in Arcanoi the Hierarchy boasts, many gangs must go hat-in-hand to the various Guilds for what they want. Thus, they become tools in inter-Guild squabbles as they are asked to perform certain actions in return for the Guild's help. Occasionally, the Guilds simply want a lot of oboli, meaning Renegades have to come up with the wealth somehow. Since they exist on the fringes, Renegade methods of acquiring money are rarely pretty. Some gangs find that they need to make deals with Heretics, corrupt Legionnaires, certain supernaturals in the Skinlands and even Spectres if they want to survive. Then again, nobody said bringing down the empire would be easy.

Showing a Profit

Some gangs need money to pay their so-called friends for favors or services, others don't care about political aims; they're just in it for the money. Whichever reason informs their need for turning a profit, gangs use several different methods to gain oboli. Some are detailed below:

- **Argos Use and Instruction**

While few Restless look anywhere other than Pardoners for Castigation, they often have need of other Arcanoi they would rather keep secret from the Legions. Though the Guilds have the upper hand in this regard, they are sometimes less than willing to expose themselves to danger by acknowledging their skill in certain areas. That opens the door for Renegades to sell their own skills.

Gangs reap large profits from using their Arcanoi to assist other Restless and make even greater ones through teaching the lesser arts to other wraiths. Renegade gangs often contain members who excel at Argos and who know many secret



or secondary transport routes not usually patrolled by Hierarchy troops. Renegades often ferry other Restless along these routes, occasionally also acting as bodyguards at the same time. In a pinch, a Renegade may even serve to Castigate another Restless or use the Arcanos to hold Spectres at bay. Some Restless hire Renegades to carry messages to their loved ones in the Skinlands using Embodiment. More prefer to learn the skill, however, fearing that their secrets may be bandied about by indiscreet Renegades.

At least one Renegade gang makes most of its oboli by selling the foreknowledge of its Fatalism practitioners, and some groups do quite well bartering the services of their members with Keening talent. On a more earthy note, many wraiths pay to keep their Fetters safe — either because Renegades offer to monitor the Fetter and keep it safe or because the gang hits the wraiths up for “protection money” so the gang doesn’t harm the Fetter itself. There are a great many Spooks in this particular racket, though the Spooks’ Guild itself looks rather harshly on anyone muscling in on one of its favorite activities.

• Theft, Slaving and Other Thriving Practices

Why pay for something when you can steal it instead? This particular philosophy is so universal among Renegade gangs it hardly needs to be stated. From Artifacts to relics to Thralls, Renegades feel it is almost their civic duty to take whatever the Hierarchy doesn’t have nailed down (and a few things it does have nailed down). Though most of the wealth goes to the gangs themselves, in areas where they are trying to build trust, some of the goods may find their way into the hands of influential local wraiths. More often, however, such treasures are earmarked as bribes or as payment to Guilds for teaching or favors rendered.

The most popular forms of theft involve liberating other wraiths. Many gangs see this as a primary duty in any case, feeling that enslaving and soul-forging intelligent beings is repulsive. Each soul these freedom fighters liberate weakens the Hierarchy and creates another potential Renegade. Some Restless even pay Renegade gangs to rescue friends taken to the forges or arrested by Legionnaires.

A less altruistic version of “liberation” occurs when a gang steals Thralls or Legionnaire prisoners in order to sell them elsewhere. Despite PR to the contrary, wraiths being transported to punishment are rarely rescued by do-gooders who release them. Almost 90% of all shipment hijackings are done by professional slavers. Unless the unfortunate prisoners captured thus can prove that they might be useful to their captors, they are hauled off and sold to the highest bidder, be those Legionnaires, Heretics or even Spectres.

Often, however, slavers don’t bother with hijacking cargoes, instead choosing to gather victims on their own. Whether through sweeps of unprotected neighborhoods or through Reaping unprotected Enfants, slavers always manage

to gather a cargo for sale. Through slaving, wraiths have three main ways of making profits: They get good prices for the slaves they actually sell, they take payments from wraiths not to include them in sweeps (in effect taking protection money to let the wraith go) and they sometimes accept payment to kidnap other wraith’s enemies and sell them as slaves. There are a couple of dangers to those who treat with the slavers, however. Most Restless fail to consider the idea that if the Renegade’s conscience isn’t bothered by trafficking in slaves, he’s likely to take the protection money, then turn around and take the protegee, too. The same goes for paying a slaver to capture an enemy; there’s always the chance the hired guns will take the wraith’s money, grab the target and then come back for the one who paid them. That way the slavers get paid and still grab two slaves instead of one. Despite the old saying, there’s no honor among thieves.

• Other Money Makers

Aside from selling their knowledge of Arcanoi, Renegades sometimes sell their expertise in other areas. They might act as guides through areas the Hierarchy doesn’t control, teach other wraiths mundane skills they possess, serve as muscle or act as go-betweens in negotiations. Sometimes Renegades even act as information brokers. A few gangs charge for using their hideouts for secret meetings, though renting one’s base out is considered the height of stupidity by many. Some clever Renegades have even sold access to their Shadows, offering themselves as “practice dummies” for up and coming Pardoners. Anything individual Renegades can do is a potential source of cash for their gangs.

Arcanoi for Renegades

A few Renegade uses for existing Arcanos arts have already been mentioned. Those detailed below were developed by Renegades specifically to aid their particular practices. The inventors of these new arts aren’t sure if the Guilds have tumbled to them yet or not, but assume that if they could figure these tricks out, so can the real experts. On the other hand, some Renegades are arrogant enough to think they know better than the Guilds (after all, even though they are rarely as numerous or well-equipped, they go toe-to-toe with the Legions on a daily basis).

Castigate

• • Bolster

Bolster allows the Renegade to harden himself against interrogation. Through harnessing the power of his own Shadow, the wraith can use his Angst to fuel his own anger and determination to resist. A major danger in using this Arcanos is that it greatly strengthens the Shadow and may

enable it to initiate Catharsis. However, most Renegades in the hands of Hierarchy interrogators figure that losing control to their Shadows can't be any worse than the alternative.

System: Somewhat like the power of Coax, Bolster results in extra dice (Shadow Dice) being offered to the player. The Shadowguide may offer as many dice as it has points of Angst. The player rolls Charisma + Castigate and for each success may choose to either modify the number (lowering how many are offered) or may demand as many more dice as she has successes. Each die can be used only once and then only to resist the effects of interrogation. Thus, if the questioners ask the wraith six questions and the player has six dice, she may use one per question to help her resist answering, or she may use as many on any one question as she wishes. Once used, however, those dice are gone.

If the successes are used to garner dice the Shadowguide doesn't actually have to offer (i.e., to go above the Angst the Shadow possesses), the Shadow automatically gains a permanent Angst whenever the interrogation is over. The wraith gains one Angst for each use of Bolster in any case.

Keening

• • Distraction

Though of use in many situations, this art is most often used by Renegades to throw barghests off the scent. In essence, the wraith hums or whistles an insidiously distracting tune that interferes with the whistles barghests are used to obeying. Pitched at a tone only the barghest can hear, the tune bothers the hound, confusing it and making it difficult for the hunter to track. Barghests exposed to Distraction often turn in circles, lie down and refuse to move or scratch wildly at their ears. As barghests are often paired, the distraction of one often serves to enrage the other. Barghest dogfights have been known to follow. Some Renegades are now seeking tones that will discomfit Legionnaires in the same fashion.

System: This art requires a Manipulation + Keening roll (difficulty 7). The number of successes indicates the number of turns the target barghest is distracted. A failure means the target cannot be affected by another use of Distraction that day, while a botch causes the target to zero in on the Arcanos user immediately.

Distraction costs one Pathos.



New Knowledge

The ability detailed below is most appropriate for a Pol, though any Renegade might possess it. Bear in mind that knowing Publishing doesn't mean that you automatically have access to everything necessary to use that Knowledge.

Publishing

The Publishing Knowledge is a working knowledge of publishing and the process necessary to go from a manuscript to a finished book, pamphlet or newspaper. Skill in editing (for both content and grammar) and a sense of how to present the material to enhance its effect on the reader go hand-in-hand with knowledge of how to produce the material components (wraiths Moliated into paper sheets — usually captured Legionnaires) and etch print into them.

It must be noted that printing in the Underworld is extraordinarily expensive. Most publicity-minded Renegades are content, for reasons of economy, to encourage mortals to print fliers suited to their needs, then destroy them so as to create relics.

(For more information on printing in the Underworld, see *The Book of Legions*, p. 83)

- **Novice:** with some effort you can publish a readable one-sheet news flash.

- **Practiced:** Your expertise extends to making double-sided triple fold pamphlets.

- **Competent:** By employing a modicum of good equipment, you can produce eight-page folios with excellent word choices and eye-catching graphics.

- **Expert:** Even using antiquated equipment, you are able to create solid, interesting (and sometimes inflammatory) newspapers or books.

- **Master:** Hearst had nothing on you. Other Restless eagerly await your influential and professional publications.

Possessed by: Intellectual Renegades, Manifesto Writers, Stygian Historians

Specialties: Broadsides, One Sheets, Ponderous Tomes

New Background

Companion Group

Most Renegades have no qualms about meddling in Skinland affairs; for them, the *Dictum Mortuum* is just another rule to break. Some of these Restless go so far as to maintain or acquire close contact with an entire group of like-minded Quick. A wraith who cultivates such an alliance gains several benefits (along with a few accompanying drawbacks) from her close association with the Skinlands group. The nature of the group depends on the wraith's preferences; a politically motivated Renegade may attach herself to a cell of revolutionaries or the local chapter of an environmentalist group, while an Outlaw might choose a biker or street gang. The wraith might have belonged to her companion group in life, though in some cases, such groups are acquired after death.

Companion groups are automatically attuned to the wraith associated with them, acting as Consorts for the purposes of Arcanoi such as Puppetry or Embody (if the wraith knows such Arcanoi; the Background doesn't grant such knowledge automatically). This power extends to five members of the group per dot possessed (i.e., with two dots in this Background, the power potentially affects 10 members). In addition, if the group has a headquarters, the wraith may Materialize or use other Arcanoi at that site as if it were a Haunt.

On the down side, wraiths who choose this Background often find that their groups make frequent demands on their time and abilities.

- A small, innocuous gang.
- A medium-sized group with a recognizable leader.
- A largish gang with a local reputation (biker gang, computer hackers club).

- A good sized group that commands some respect on a statewide or national level (MADD, environmentalist concern).

- A respected or feared organization, either one with considerable firepower or with an international reputation (Greenpeace, NRA, CIA).



New Archetypes

Fanatic

The Fanatic goes beyond merely believing in a cause. Every action she takes, every word she utters is calculated to be meaningful to and advance her cause, whatever it is. Anything might be the focus of the Fanatic's attention, from a love affair to achieving Transcendence to bringing about the Revolution. Though the Fanatic focuses her efforts on her chosen obsession, she can work for other goals so long as they ultimately serve her aims. Unlike the Martyr, the Fanatic rarely throws herself into the front lines of battle; she is better at persuading others to do so. Those who do not fit in with her plans or aid her cause hold no interest for her.

— Regain Willpower whenever you accomplish a goal which substantially advances your chosen cause.

New Shadow Archetype

The following Shadow Archetype is one which primarily shows up in Renegades, perhaps because it is so devastating to their cause. Of all Shadow Archetypes a Renegade could have, the Informer is one of the most dangerous.

Informer

Sly, patient and silent, the Informer watches everything you do, filing away the information to be brought out at leisure — and the worst possible time. Not content merely to reveal your deepest secrets, the Informer revels in telling anyone who will listen every secret you know about others and anything your Circle or gang is supposed to keep quiet. Naturally, the Informer masquerades as you while doing so, making it appear that it's your choice. While the Informer keeps his existence a secret from everyone else, he taunts you with his accomplishments — and the consequences you're likely to pay for them.

Merits and Flaws

Blabber Mouth (1 point Flaw)

You don't know the meaning of the word secret. It's not that you intentionally mean to leak information; you just can't help telling folks what you know. Anytime you possess potentially damaging knowledge, you must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) to avoid blurting out your information — regardless of who might be listening.

Control Freak (2 point Flaw)

Like the worst of micromanagers, you just can't stand to delegate authority. If something needs to be done, you must either do it yourself or watch whoever else performs the action — often adding your advice and critique in the process. Whether this is the result of caring too much, distrust of others' abilities or simple nervousness, the result is the same: You end up trying to be everywhere at once and your compatriots resent your constant interference. Whenever a task needs to be done, you must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) to avoid trying to take over.

Inspired Orator (1 point Merit)

You have a special talent for getting your point across and inspiring others with your speeches. All Expression rolls that involve speechmaking are reduced in difficulty by two.

Unremarkable (1 point Merit)

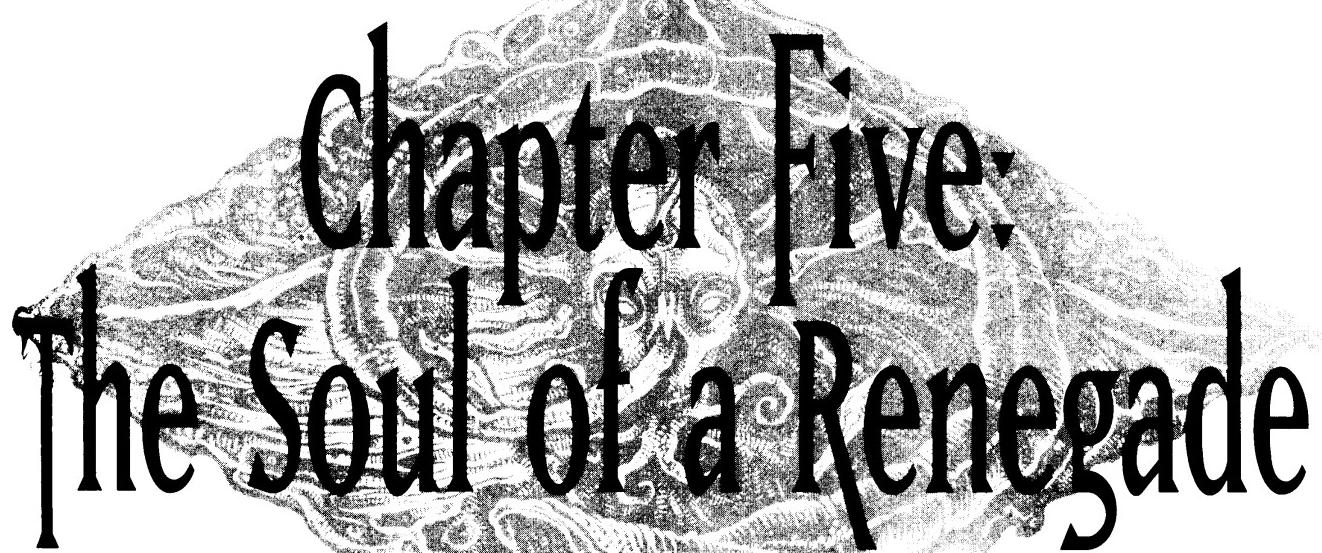
There's just something about you that makes you utterly forgettable. Either you look like a lot of other Restless or your manner simply doesn't attract attention. No one notices you without making an effort to do so; you just blend into the crowd. While some people might find this annoying, for a Renegade on the run, enforced anonymity can be a blessing. On the other hand, the sheer blandness of your presence can make things difficult if you're trying to attract new recruits through your inspired oratory. Unless you make a concerted effort and take extreme measures to counter the Merit's effect, most people simply pass you by, dismissing your presence along with whatever you have to say.

Note: This Merit cannot be disabled, even temporarily, with the effects of Moliate. Once you're Unremarkable, you're Unremarkable forever.





FRED



Chapter Five: The Soul of a Renegade

Character Creation and Storytelling for Renegades

No two Renegades are alike. Creating a wraith for play in a Renegade chronicle involves more than just filling a sheet of paper with point-purchased dots. The rebels who plague the Hierarchy should be more than slogan-mouthing hotheads, opportunistic outlaws or Skinriding hooligans. While all of these stereotypes can make for valid Renegade characters, better character concepts come from transcending the stereotype. It's more fun to portray a multi-faceted individual who acts from numerous motivations — just like the people around you.

This chapter serves two purposes. First, it presents a series of guidelines to help in the process of creating a Renegade wraith. Second, it provides some ideas for Storytellers on how to run a chronicle set on the wrong side of the Hierarchy.

Creating a Renegade

Although the process of Renegade character creation is the same as that presented in *Wraith: The Oblivion*, some special considerations need to be taken into account to re-

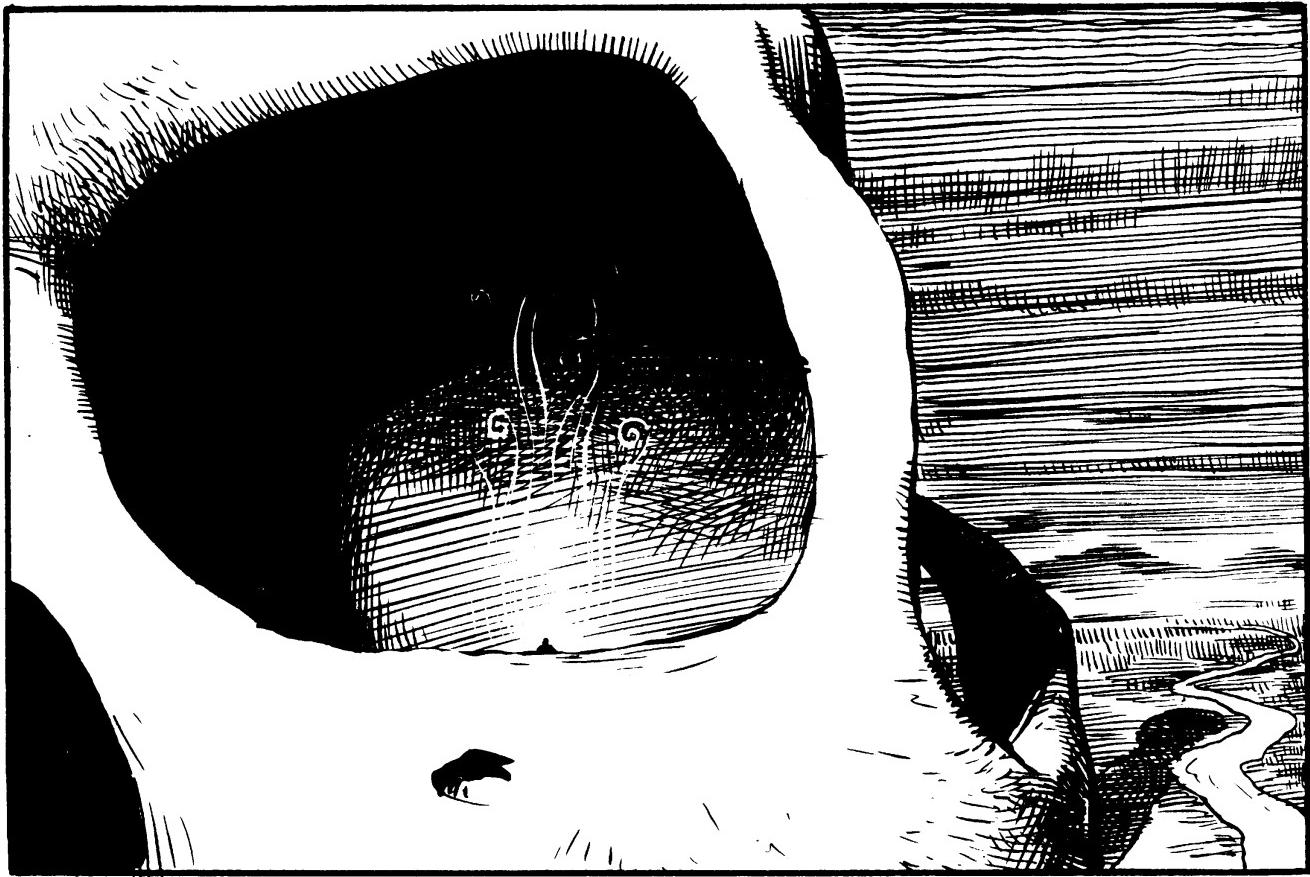
flect the unique feel of wraiths who don't fall in line with the Legions. Before you start apportioning points to your potential Renegade's Attributes and Abilities, take a few minutes to think about just what kind of person you want to play. By beginning with the intangible, immeasurable qualities that make up a character's personality and motivate her actions, you ensure that your Renegade stands out from the crowd.

Memorable characters make memorable stories. Long after plots and scenes are forgotten, your friends will remember the stuttering revolutionary with a lover on the other side of the Shroud or the callous black marketer who's a sucker for a good sob story. So put away your character sheet for a little while and concentrate on the real essentials.

Choosing a Concept

What is your Renegade all about? The best characters revolve around an overriding concept, a basic idea that serves to unify all the elements that help comprise her as an individual. This concept is the heart of your wraith. It motivates her, focuses her actions and gives meaning to her existence.

Some concepts work better for Renegades than others do. In most cases, conformists and authoritarians don't fit the Renegade mold (at least not without a lot of tweaking). For the most part, Renegade characters reflect concepts that



encourage dissension, individual thinking, love of freedom or hatred of tyranny.

Wraith suggests that you settle on a character concept by answering three questions: Who were you in life? What caused your death? What holds you to the Shadowlands as a wraith? Renegade characters need to answer a fourth question: Why did you become a Renegade? Your answers should give you a pretty good idea about your wraith.

Alternately, you can start with a visual image — a mental picture of the character you want to play. Picture a young woman in a leather jacket and faded jeans; she slumps over a barricade of barbed wire and wrecked cars. In one hand she clutches a jagged rock; her shirt is bloody from the bullet wound that killed her. This is your wraith character in her final performance on the stage of life.

Now fill in the details of the picture. Was the woman a student revolutionary, a professional agitator or just a kid from the streets? What was she doing before she was killed? Did she help build the barricade or was she just attracted to it by the excitement of a riot? Did the bullet come from a soldier's rifle or was she killed by "friendly fire?" Was the barricade located in the streets of Los Angeles or Sarajevo? Does she own that leather jacket, was it stolen from someone or had she borrowed it from her lover? You get the idea.

Another possibility to consider is whether or not your character started out as a revolutionary and simply continued her practice of defying authority after death. Was she a dyed-in-the-wool rebel before she died, or did she become a Renegade after experiencing the oppression of the Hierarchy?

A fast-track corporate executive whose conscience revolts against the practice of keeping Thralls or smelting souls might decide to turn his back on the system and join the Renegades. A classical musician nailed by the Hierarchy for Skinriding the first violinist of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra might decide that she prefers unlife as a Renegade (with the freedom to visit the Skinlands to her heart's content) to an eternity of boredom cut off from the music she loves. Don't be afraid to push the envelope. Renegades are made, not born.

Finally, you need some idea why your character has remained in the Shadowlands after death. What still holds your Renegade to the Skinlands? Does she still follow the progress of her comrades in their fight for freedom? Did she leave behind a lover or family who still mourn her, or who believe she died uselessly or stupidly? Does she harbor a desire to get back at whoever or whatever caused her death? Wraiths are defined by their unfinished business; you need to know what your Renegade still needs to do.

Once you have the answers to these questions, you can begin fleshing out the personality of your Renegade.

Standard Archetypes with a Renegade Twist

- **Architect:** Concern for what kind of society will take the place of the Stygian Empire after the Revolution motivates your actions.
- **Avant-Garde:** The Hierarchy is boring; the only place where excitement and creativity flourish is among the Renegades.
- **Bon Vivant:** Your rebellion is focused on flaunting the Code of the Dead. You want to have fun in spite of what the Hierarchy says.
- **Bravo:** You oppose the Hierarchy, but that doesn't make you a pleasant person to be around; the Renegades need muscle and you fit the bill.
- **Bureaucrat:** The Revolution will take place on schedule and in an orderly fashion; you'll see to that.
- **Caregiver:** Your compassion and concern for your fellow wraiths has turned you against the soulless bureaucracy of the Hierarchy. You find love within the Revolution.
- **Child:** You're still a child at heart. If the Hierarchy won't give you what you want, you'll take your toys and go play with the Renegades.
- **Conniver:** Even as a Renegade, you look for the easy out in every situation.
- **Critic:** You've thrown your lot in with the Renegades, but they're far from perfect. You make that known to others every chance you get.
- **Explorer:** The thrill of discovering new places and making new contacts makes you invaluable to the Renegades.
- **Follower:** You're content to follow your leaders. Every revolution needs foot soldiers, after all.
- **Gambler:** An inveterate taker of risks, you hang with the Renegades just to beat the odds on survival.
- **Jester:** You supply a much-needed jolt of humor to those around you by poking fun at everything — including the Revolution.
- **Leader:** You're a take-charge person; even the most fanatical Renegades need leaders like you to point them in the right direction.
- **Martyr:** Self-sacrifice is the highest form of service to your cause, and you expect appreciation for your effort.
- **Mediator:** You are the voice of concord in the sea of discordant Renegades.
- **Rebel:** Some Renegades may be made, not born, but not you. Fight the power!
- **Scientist:** You approach the Renegades as a field of study, testing their ideas and tactics with scientific rigor.
- **Survivor:** Over and above your loyalty to the Renegades, you have a commitment to yourself to make it through whatever happens.
- **Traditionalist:** Even revolutions have their traditions, and you uphold them.
- **Visionary:** The Renegades embody your dreams for a better afterlife.

The Archetype Game

Archetypes provide convenient "personality packages" to wrap around your wraith. **Wraith: The Oblivion** and its various supplements give a selection of Archetypes to choose from, or, if you don't find anything suitable, you can design your own Archetype.

Some Archetypes may be more appropriate than others, at least for a Renegade character. Few Renegades have Bureaucrat, Follower, Scientist or Traditionalist as their Natures or Demeanors. On the other hand, Archetypes such as Architect, Critic, Leader, Martyr and Visionary are ideal choices for prototypical rebels.

Almost any Archetype can, with some careful adjustments, serve as the basis for creating a viable Renegade, even

those that don't automatically seem to suggest a rebel or protester. After all, not all Renegades seek the overthrow of the Hierarchy. Some just want to have fun, while others buck the system for pragmatic reasons.

The woman on the barricade might have been a Visionary who believed that armed struggle was the only way to create a truly free society. On the other hand, maybe her Caregiver Nature led her to the barricade to protect a child who had accidentally strayed into the midst of a full-scale riot. Maybe she was always a Rebel and cared less about what the cause was than about her opportunity to express her anger at authority in general.

Remember, sometimes the least appropriate Archetypes make the most interesting characters. Here's where it becomes possible for your character to have a Follower Nature or De-



meanor. If your wraith followed the rules all her life and then discovered that her death had not freed her from that humdrum existence, she might very well join the Renegades out of sheer frustration. Obviously, she wouldn't start out as a leader, but her Follower attitude might make her a valuable addition to a Renegade gang unused to the novelty of someone actually following orders without questioning. Besides, just because an individual typically conforms to authority doesn't mean that she can't become so disillusioned by the insensitivity and systematic brutality of a system that she "snaps," and becomes a revolutionary. Of course, once within her new society, she may very well revert to her old behavior patterns, following her new leaders as rigidly as she followed her old ones.

Sometimes choosing opposing Natures and Demeanors can create a satisfactory tension within a Renegade character. The inherent conflict between a Follower's instincts and a Caregiver's conscience can make for some intriguing roleplaying situations.

Shadows and Shadow Archetypes

Players who are already familiar with **Wraith** know that their characters also have to contend with their Shadows, the dark side of every wraith's personality. Renegades' Shadows can be especially tricky and subversive. A character whose Psyche reacts according to her Visionary Nature changes drastically in terms of her usefulness to her gang when her Freak Shadow takes control. On the other hand, a Renegade with a Leader Demeanor may not undergo an obvious change when her Director Shadow emerges — at least not until her orders begin to resemble those given by a despot.

When choosing a Shadow Archetype for your Renegade character, try to anticipate how that alter ego will interact with its Psyche. Not all Shadows automatically attempt to betray their Psyches to the Hierarchy (although the Informer Archetype described in Chapter Four may very well turn state's-evidence if the opportunity arises). Some seek to ruin their Psyches' effectiveness, trash their reputations, make them squirm or drive them into the arms of Oblivion without delay. Storytellers should participate in their players' selection of Shadow Archetypes at least peripherally, so that a chronicle does not bog down with too many Pushers, Monsters or Freaks.

History

The history of your Renegade character can go a long way toward shaping her thoughts and actions. Times mold individuals, and the effects of the period in which your Renegade lived affect her behavior, mores, style of dress and whatnot. Even modern Renegades — those who lived and died in the last 30 years or so — reflect the attitudes and politics of

their times. Renegades who lived through the countercultural revolutions of the 1960s react differently to stimuli than do those who come from the economic and political uprisings of the 1980s and '90s.

If you are new to **Wraith** and your Renegade character is your first ever, it is probably less trouble to play an individual who is, herself, a newcomer to the society of the Underworld. In most cases, this means that your Renegade comes from the recent past. The last three decades provide plenty of options for creating possible Renegades. You might choose a member of the Free Speech movement of the 1960s, a draft-dodger from the Vietnam war that straddled the '60s and '70s, or a Cuban revolutionary. If you prefer playing a hard-core political revolutionary or an outright terrorist, you need look no further than the unrest in the Middle East or the Canadian French separatist movement. Renegade characters from the last 15 years may have participated in the fall of the Berlin Wall or the dismantling of the Soviet Union and its violent repercussions in Eastern Europe. The struggle for Civil Rights that peaked in the 1960s and 1970s opened the way for a dozen "rights" movements, all of which serve as spawning grounds for fledgling Renegades.

Blasts from the Past

Renegades and rebels come from every period of history. If you decide you want to play a historically-based Renegade, the possibilities are almost limitless.

The empires of the Macedonians, Athenians, Romans and other ancient cultures provided fruitful backgrounds for rebellion and sedition. Renegades who come from that slice of history might be participants in slave revolts or simply people who died resisting conquest by Philip of Macedon or Caesar Augustus.

Renegades from the Dark Ages might come from any of the warring barbarian tribes that spread across Europe in the wake of Rome's fall. Bandits proliferated during the early Middle Ages, defying attempts to maintain order in a fractious and fragile world. A soul accustomed to such chaos may have little use for the structures and forms of the Stygian Empire, or may cling to them as a symbol of security.

The late Middle Ages marked the rise of the merchant class and the beginnings of peasant uprisings. As the rights of the individual assumed greater importance during the Renaissance and Enlightenment, so too did instances of resistance to concepts such as the divine right of kings. Ghosts from this period might well see the rigid class structure and mythologized underpinnings of the Hierarchy as a darker echo of what they fought against in life.

The American and French Revolutions of the 18th century provide ideal backgrounds for Renegades of all kinds, from firebrands to constitutionalists. In the 19th century, revolutions and uprisings sought to do away with outdated forms of rulership and institute experiments in populist or representative gov-



ernment. The unification of both Germany and Italy came about in part through a series of rebellions. The American Civil War, with its ideological overtones lends itself well as a background for Rebel and Union deserters, black marketers and desperadoes — Renegades all.

The first half of the 20th century contained two world wars, the Russian Revolution and economic riots. Renegades from this time period might be conscientious objectors, partisans, union leaders or Marxist idealists.

Putting on the Style

If you decide to play a historical Renegade, a little research can go a long way toward making that character believable. Unless you are — or someone in your troupe is — a stickler for historical accuracy, you don't have to know everything about your Renegade's chosen time period. On the other hand, you should know something about what you're pretending to be. Just a few juicy details can make all the difference between a realistic Bolshevik revolutionary and a late-20th century hothead with a fake Russian accent.

Read a book about your characters' particular revolution or uprising. Historical fiction provides a readily ac-

cessible way to absorb the feel of a time while at the same time gaining ideas about how to play characters from that period. Children's history books also offer concise and interesting information without going into more detail than you'll need. Films that take place during your chosen period can help you visualize your character, as well as giving you ideas for dress and custom.

As an example, suppose you want to play an Irish rebel who participated in the Easter Rebellion of 1916. You might want to read Leon Uris' *Trinity* to gain an idea of what life was like in Ireland during that time period. To add a more immediate, visceral feel to your character, you might consider watching *Michael Collins*, a film which begins with the Easter Rebellion but which goes on to tell the story of one of the founders of the original IRA. Read one book, watch one movie, and you've got enough background for one hell of a Renegade character.

Changing with the Times

If you are creating your historical Renegade for a Wraith chronicle that takes place in the present, there are a few other factors to consider. First of all, how has your character survived in the years since his arrival in the Shadowlands. Has he spent time as a Thrall or in Legions? Has he always worked

for the Renegades or has it taken him a long time to rediscover his talent for revolution?

Although historical characters may hold onto many aspects of their era, they also adapt to the changes around them. How does your centuries-old Renegade deal with the trappings of the modern world? Does he embrace new technology or shun it as a work of the Devil? Imagine how a Renegade who assisted Paul Revere might react when introduced to the wonders of computers. Think about how new and old might combine to produce a character with an old mindset and a host of new skills.

Personality

Once you have established your Renegade's concept and her place in history, give some more thought to her personality. Go back to those Archetypes you chose in the early stages of creating your character.

Archetypes are broad generalizations of personality. A Leader can be a ruthless, dictatorial individual or a gentle persuader who leads through suggestion rather than command. A Caregiver may smother those in her charge by an excess of compassion, or she might administer to the well-being of her friends in a quiet, matter-of-fact manner. Bravos can specialize in physical or verbal abuse, while Martyrs may suffer in silence — or not.

Other factors contribute to your Renegade's personality. Make a list of things your character likes and dislikes, her favorite songs or poems and her preferred forms of relaxation.

Temperament also affects a character's personality. Decide whether your Renegade is excitable, rash, short-tempered, patient, methodical or long-suffering. Then decide how these qualities manifest themselves in your character, and whether or not they affect her place in the Renegade faction.

Gory Details

Finally, decide whether or not your character possesses any special characteristics that fall outside the categories already discussed. Is she double-jointed, or does she have a fear of loud noises? If your Storyteller allows you to choose Merits and Flaws for your character, this is the time to decide what kind of eccentricities help or hinder your Renegade.

Finally, the Dots

Now that you have a fully realized Renegade character, it's time to pull out the character sheet and start filling in those dots. By this time you should have a good idea of your character's strengths and weaknesses, and you should know what Abilities are appropriate for her. The process for spending points for a Renegade character is the same as the one outlined in the main rulebook for *Wraith*; just make sure you spend your points on a skill set that a rebel, rather than a Hierarchy member, is likely to possess.

Views of the Revolution

Even though Renegades agree on their opposition to the Hierarchy, most Renegades have different ideas for what they would like to see in its place. Some of the common forms of revolutionary governments are:

- Democracy: Pure democracies involve government by the majority, with each citizen having an equal say in political decisions. Democratic systems provide a healthy exchange of ideas but are often unwieldy in action, not to mention potentially fraught with corruption.

- Republicanism: Republics evolve from democracies. Citizens choose representatives to cast their votes for them. This type of government makes decision-making easier for the society as a whole, but reduces individual freedom for its citizens.

- Communism: The principle behind communist forms of government is that all citizens should share equally in the profits and the responsibilities of their society. Communism seeks to do away with classes and arbitrary divisions within society, making everyone equally prosperous or equally underprivileged. It is a great theory, but it tends to fall apart when put into practice. (*Angry letters about whether or not Communism is a good idea should be directed to Lenin's Tomb, not us capitalist running dogs here at White Wolf.*)

- Socialism: Socialism puts the good of society before the good of the individual. Each citizen in a socialist government is expected to subordinate her personal desires to the greater good. Too often, socialism falls prey to ambitious leaders who dictate the definition of the greater good. In the best of situations, however, socialism provides for the basic necessities of the population. It has also been called the "welfare state" by its critics.

- Syndicalism: Syndicalism consists of government by special interest groups. In some ways, it becomes rule by committee. Lobbying and trading of favors runs rampant in syndicalist societies. Syndicalism's inherent weakness is that decisions too often come about in closed bargaining sessions, and no one is ever really satisfied with the compromised, and sometimes arbitrary, results.

- Anarchy: At its simplest, anarchy is the complete lack of government. Rules don't exist, and no one makes decisions for anyone other than herself. Thus, it can be a recipe for unadulterated freedom or institutionalized chaos, depending on your perspective. Most anarchist societies disintegrate within a few years, to be replaced by some other form of (often repressive and reactionary) government.

Renegade Faction

Now that you have your Renegade character, you need to place her in a group context. Which of the four major factions within the Renegades best suits your character?

Hard-core revolutionaries, systematic insurgents, advocates of violent uprisings, activists, agitators and militant or paramilitary Renegades most likely belong with the Pols, the hard-core political dissidents of the Underworld. Visionaries and proponents of change without violence fit the profile of the Idealists (or Dealers). Criminals, fugitives, outcasts, deserters and profiteers fall naturally into the Outlaw faction, while Renegades who simply want the freedom to be themselves without interference from a pesky and restrictive bureaucracy belong to the Drop-Outs.

The faction you choose for your Renegade provides the overall outlook for your character. Pols tend to be focused on revolution, while Dealers are more concerned with smaller — though no less significant — changes. Outlaws are Renegades without the politics, while Drop-Outs, in many cases, have neither politics nor ideals. All of them, however, are Renegades.

Prelude

Once you have all these steps under your belt, it's time for the Prelude. This is your wraith's personal story, one which begins shortly before her death in the Skinlands and climaxes with her introduction to the Shadowlands and Renegade society.

The main rulebook for **Wraith** gives information on how to run a Prelude, including several methods of bridging the gap between character creation and the beginning of a story. For a Renegade, the Prelude might involve not only her death and passage across the Shroud but also the events that lead up to her joining the Renegades. This time might include a period as a Thrall, a daring rescue by a gang of Renegades, or a successful career within the Hierarchy that results in gradual disillusionment and ultimately, rejection. During the Prelude, you and the Storyteller have the chance to test out your Renegade to see if she flies as is, or if she needs some adjusting to make her playable in a group. Most importantly, however, a Prelude serves as a way to introduce your character to her Renegade gang without actually having to play through all the steps of getting a gang together. By the time all the characters have experienced their Preludes, the players and the Storyteller should all have a fair idea of how the individuals relate to one another and to the group as a whole.

The Gang's All Here

Renegades most often act in groups, called gangs. These collections of wraiths provide mutual protection and support for one another. In addition, several wraiths working together can achieve more than the same number of wraiths laboring alone. Renegades of every faction have some kind of agenda or purpose; gangs help them achieve their goals.

Types of Gangs

Depending on which faction your Renegade character belongs to, her gang should reflect certain structural traits. Some of the basic divisions of gangs are discussed in Chapter Two. Here are a few more approaches to designing a gang.

Cells, Blocs, Bands and Communes

Each faction's gang-structure reflects the philosophy of that faction. Cells, the building blocks of the Pols, tend to be highly organized. Members of cells often assume military ranks and discipline. Blocs, the cornerstones of the Idealist faction, have a looser overall structure but still have some internal structure. Bands, the preferred grouping for the Outlaws, tend to have a leader and a bunch of followers. Communes, units which serve to unite Drop-Outs, have little to no recognizable structure but still manage to function with reasonable efficiency.

Independents

Some Renegade gangs exist as independent entities, subscribing to no faction and hewing to no party line. Independent gangs tend to have a single leader who holds her position at the pleasure of the other members. These groups of Renegades are accountable to no one except themselves. This freedom allows the gang a great latitude of choice as to what activities it will participate in, but it also cuts the gang off from the protection of a larger ideological faction.

Mixed Gangs

Many Renegade gangs include members from all factions and, therefore, do not necessarily conform to the structure common to any specific group. These gangs often come together due to circumstances. A raid may decimate several Renegade gangs, leaving the survivors with the options of either trying to go it alone, or joining a mixed group and trying to find some common ground (while avoiding the Hierarchy and pernicious internal conflict). Mixed gangs have the most varied types of internal organization of any Renegade groups,



but have the advantage of having a much higher survival rate than lone Renegades do.

- **Leader and Followers:** The most common type of mixed gang contains a leader, who makes crucial decisions for the group, and followers, who may contribute to the decision making process but do not assume responsibility for the group as a whole.

- **Cooperatives:** These gangs have no visible leaders. Instead, decisions come from consensus of all members — or at least a quorum thereof. All members of the gang are considered equal, at least in theory. A gang like this places its emphasis on working together, and on sharing credit for successes as well as blame for failures.

- **Anarchies:** Not only do anarchist gangs have no leaders, they ostracize and condemn any of their members who even hint at acting or speaking for the group as a whole. Anarchists believe that all authority is inherently corrupt. Despite their disavowal of structure and organization, Anarchist gangs somehow manage to survive and prosper in the Shadowlands.

Roles

Gangs that have some internal structure usually delegate responsibility for specific activities to different members. Although not all gangs have all the roles described below, most gangs have at least one or two of the following:

- **Gang Leader:** This Renegade runs the show, makes decisions, accepts responsibility (and blame) and frequently gets the lion's share of credit for successful activities.

- **Intelligence Specialist:** This position involves gathering information about enemy movements and keeping track of events on both sides of the Shroud that might have some bearing on the gang's well-being.

- **Public Relations:** Advertising a gang's exploits and representing the gang to other factions within the Renegade movement are the chief tasks of these officers. The wraith holding this position also takes care of downplaying a gang's failures and, occasionally, covering up colossal blunders so that the gang's reputation remains intact.

- **Security:** One of the most important positions in any gang, Renegades charged with security have the task of protecting the gang from infiltration and attack, as well as making certain that the group's Haunt is well-defended at all times.

- **Scout:** This gang member generally undertakes reconnaissance and exploration missions, going ahead of her group to mark a safe passage through the Tempest or to find out how best to get from one part of a Necropolis to another without running into Hierarchy patrols.

Building a Gang from a Bunch of Wraiths

Rose has an idea for a chronicle involving Renegades in an ongoing battle with the Hierarchy of the Necropolis of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Her players leap at the opportunity to play a gang of rebels and set about the business of creating their Renegade characters.

First the troupe, which consists of four people, meets to discuss what sort of Renegade gang the players wish their characters to be a part of. After arguing the pros and cons of playing a single-faction gang such as Pols or Outlaws, they finally settle on a mixed gang composed of wraiths — one from each of the major Renegade factions — who share a common hatred for the Hierarchy but aren't averse to a little partying and profiteering as well.

Nicole's character, a fanatic Basque revolutionary, assumes the role of gang leader. The other players concede that her character, Luken — with his devotion to the cause of independence and his insistence on unabashed loyalty within the group — makes the best overall choice for the role. Rose agrees, knowing that Nicole's goal-oriented style of playing will serve to keep the troupe from foundering in situations which call for quick action, while her concern for letting everybody participate in the game prevents her from hogging the show.

Karen decides that her character Zoe, a veteran peace activist from the 1960s, should act as the gang's public relations *cum* intelligence officer. Because Karen enjoys engaging in long "in-character" discussion with other characters, Rose feels that this role will give Karen a perfect outlet for airing her opinions and interacting with the rest of the troupe. Privately, Rose makes a note to keep Karen from inadvertently monopolizing roleplaying opportunities with drawn-out philosophical exchanges. Michael volunteers Rudy, his high school dropout heavy-metal musician, as the scout for the group. Rose approves this decision, since Michael's preference for physically oriented roleplaying can exhaust itself through challenges in navigating the Tempest and acting as point for the gang in their forays into enemy territory.

After vetoing several of Joseph's character concepts as too extreme or otherwise unsuitable for the chronicle, Rose finally gives her approval to her problem player's Scandinavian professional mercenary and sometime hit-man Roland, who should act as the gang's security officer. Rose hopes she can keep Joseph's interest in game mechanics in the background by giving Roland a lot of "stuff" to keep him busy.

Coming up with a name for the Renegade gang presents a problem until Michael suggests the Salem Roadrunners. It's not the best name in the world, but everyone in the troupe agrees that they can live with it.

Over the week between the initial character creation session and the official start of the chronicle, Rose conducts brief Preludes (one by e-mail) for each of her players, bringing all the Renegades together as the newly formed gang arrives in the Winston-Salem Necropolis.

Rose decides that each Renegade once belonged to a single-faction gang, but that Maelstroms, Hierarchy raids, attrition and Harrowings have resulted in each of the wraiths being forced to go it alone. Brought together when they all take refuge in the same haunt during a particularly destructive storm, the four Renegades decide that forming a partnership for mutual survival makes more sense than continuing to go solo. Hearing that the Anacreon of the Winston-Salem Necropolis has a shaky hold on his city, the Roadrunners make the decision to travel there and check out the possibility of instigating a takeover.

This is the decision Rose had hoped the characters would make, since it places the gang in a good spot for her to begin her chronicle — on the outskirts of the city, gazing up at the Citadel walls and ready to do their worst.

Special Cases

Some Renegades fall outside the gang structure and require special treatment from the Storyteller. These Renegades do not fit in well with groups, but serve as viable characters for one-on-one play or in a non Renegade chronicle.

• **Solo Renegades:** These Renegades have no gangs to fall back on, as either their old gangs were destroyed or else they just managed to get themselves kicked out. Solos travel from place to place, pursuing the goals that made them Renegades in the first place. Many of them are fugitives, ex-Hierarchy members or simply loners who can't stand being tied down to the restrictions of

group tactics. Assassins for the Revolution also exist as solo Renegades outside standard gang structure.

• **Covert Renegades:** Renegades who masquerade as members of the Hierarchy for purposes of espionage or infiltration cannot afford the luxury of belonging to a gang. Covert Renegades may, in fact, belong to a Legion patrol or a Heretic cult. These Renegades make ideal characters for chronicles that involve Hierarchy or Heretic characters as well as Renegades. In such instances, covert Renegades simply pretend to be Legionnaires (or Heretics or whatever), saving the Storyteller the necessity of having to go into too many contortions to explain the presence of a Renegade character among the Legions.

Rules for Renegades

- Resist authority.
- Just say “No!” — unless you *they* want you to.
- Trust no one.
- Question everything, including your leaders and the Movement.
- Assume the worst.
- Don’t believe anything the Hierarchy says.
- Don’t admit to being a Renegade to any one you don’t know.

Renegade Chronicles

Running a chronicle for Renegade wraiths involves understanding the motivations of individuals whose main focus lies in challenging authority. The following ideas for unifying themes and story seeds are not exhaustive, but should provide some ideas for Storytellers who want to illuminate the many sides of the Renegade movement.

Themes

Renegades stand for many things, among them freedom, resistance to authority, anarchy, social change, random violence and shameless self-indulgence. Most Renegade chronicles should emphasize one of these themes over the others, but it is possible to work in several secondary motifs to give variety and change of pace to individual stories. The following examples of themes are particularly suitable for Renegade chronicles.

- **Rebellion:** Almost all Renegades are rebels of one sort or another, even those without a clear-cut focus for their rebellion. By emphasizing the oppressive nature of the government of the Underworld, Storytellers can push their Renegade characters to the point of actively seeking to upset the Hierarchy’s apple cart. Stories revolving around rebellion will subject characters to stress on many levels, as they confront the cruelty and oppressive brutality of sadistic Legionnaires and callous Hierarchy administrators.

- **Change:** Change differs from rebellion in that proponents of change do not seek to abolish the old order, but rather to redeem it. Many Renegades believe that the danger presented by Oblivion warrants the need for a strong authority in the Underworld, but they object to many practices of the current Empire of the Dead. Stories revolving around change may emphasize subtle means of working against the system. Renegades involved in ending the practice of Thralldom may seek to convince local Hierarchs that there are better alternatives to the practice. Of course, when those same Hierarchs attempt to capture the Renegades and drag them away in chains, the theme of the story may itself change — to one of rebellion or escape.

- **Escape:** The Hierarchy has trapped the population of the Underworld in the Shadowlands. By denying the existence of Transcendence and forbidding wraiths from interacting with the Skinlands, it has successfully crafted the Underworld into a prison surrounded on one side by the Shroud and on the other by Oblivion. Renegades seek to escape from the confines of the Hierarchy’s dictates. Characters who have been captured by patrols for whatever reason have an immediate incentive to escape their captors. Failure to do so inevitably results in a fate much, much worse than death. Escape, therefore, can form a metaphorical theme of self-liberation or it can become a literal necessity for continued existence.

- **Anarchy:** Violence for its own sake holds an attraction for many Renegades. The Hierarchy serves as the perfect target for random terrorist acts. Anarchists instinctively balk at anything resembling rules and do everything in their power to point out the impossibility of enforcing laws and regulations on an uncooperative population (namely, themselves). The fact that innocents may suffer while proponents of anarchy make their point is irrelevant. In some cases, the peripheral damage even adds to the anarchist mystique. Storytellers whose chronicles focus on anarchy and chaos should be prepared to confront their players with the grisly and often tragic consequences of invoking mayhem and terror.

- **Freedom:** The Hierarchy tries to structure every facet of a wraith’s existence. Many of the Restless become Renegades because they want the freedom to determine how they will pass their afterlives. Chronicles based on the concept of freedom usually focus on getting out from under the omnipresent eye of the Hierarchy’s Legions. Actions that emphasize self-determination, such as Skinriding in defiance of the Code of Death and otherwise interacting with the Quick, may bring this type of chronicle across the Shroud into the world of the living.

Storytelling Across the Shroud

Renegade characters make ideal members of mixed troupes and allow Storytellers the opportunity to create chronicles that take place on both sides of the Shroud. The general disregard most Renegades hold for the *Dictum Mortuum* leads many of these Restless rebels to seek out contacts in the Skinlands. Renegades who serve as mentors to living groups of revolutionaries, terrorists, anarchists or other lawless gangs may embroil their allies in the politics and machinations of the Shadowlands. Conversely, Quick who associate with Renegade wraiths may drag their otherworldly companions into Skinlands plots and counterplots.

In order to function within a mixed troupe, wraith characters need to possess sufficient levels in Arcanoi that enable them to manifest in or act upon the Skinlands. Renegades trained in Embody can Materialize for limited periods of time; doing so becomes easier in places where the Shroud is relatively weak. Inhabit allows wraiths to take control of non-sentient items, such as cars, computers or cell phones. A wraith using Claim (Inhabit ••••) to control an ATV, for example, can act as both chauffeur and transport vehicle for her troupe. Knowledge of Puppetry provides the best means for a wraith to join living members of her troupe in the flesh; in such cases, the Storyteller may want to provide a Consort attuned to the wraith. Wraiths skilled in Phantasm may affect their companions' dreams or take their souls on dream journeys. Finally, Spooks and Haunters have their own, spectacular methods of getting their points across to their living compatriots.

Twists and Turns

There are complications, however, in putting together a troupe which consists of characters who exist on different levels of reality. What happens when the action in a story goes somewhere some of the players can't follow? How do non-wraiths deal with a wraith companion undergoing a Harrowing? When a wraith's Psyche loses control to its Shadow, how do her living (or undead) friends handle the sudden appearance of the wraith's unpleasant alter-ego?

The player of a wraith who becomes stuck in the Shadowlands while the rest of her troupe remains in the Skinlands need not sit out the rest of the story while the other players have all the fun. Creative Storytellers can always find an alternative to player boredom. If the wraith can employ Puppetry as a means of manifesting in the Skinlands, then there's no problem with keeping the wraith in play; conversely, a Storyteller might allow the wraith's player to remain in the game by assuming the persona of her character's mortal consort. Some Arcanoi, such as the basic ability of Embody, allow a wraith to stay in constant contact with her mortal companions without too much difficulty. There's also the possi-

bility of having the character Rise, or otherwise enter the Skinlands through a creative use of vampiric Necromancy.

Alternately, the Storyteller may choose to create a side-story to involve the stranded wraith in events in the Shadowlands that might have repercussions once the troupe manages to reunite itself with its missing companion. Who's to say that the Spectre the lone wraith is tracking down hasn't created a cult in the Skinlands, one which is currently causing all sorts of problems for the rest of the characters.

In some cases, not all members of a mixed troupe may possess the ability to enter the Shadowlands; these characters may be left behind in the Skinlands if the story leads the troupe into the Underworld. If this happens, Storytellers may want to have a few spare wraith characters on hand to pass out to the players of characters who couldn't make it across the Shroud or else be prepared to run a split-story until the troupe can reassemble in one place. Another alternative would be to have the players who were "left behind" play the nascent Shadows of those characters new to the Shadowlands, growing stronger and stronger the longer the interlopers stay in the Underworld.

Wraith: The Oblivion and The Shadow Players Guide give some examples of how to handle group-play of Harrowings. Storytellers are encouraged to consult these sources for ways to incorporate the troupe members as actors in a wraith's Harrowing scenario. The first appearance of a wraith character's Shadow may prove confusing to her non-wraith companions; whenever this inevitability occurs, Storytellers should make certain that players do not act on knowledge their characters could not possibly possess. Why spoil the fun of discovery?

Possibilities

What kinds of stories can successfully link together a group of characters that might include a Renegade wraith or two and one or more of the following: a Dreamspeaker or Euthanatos mage, an anarch vampire, an Unseelie slaugh, a Silent Strider Garou and a boardwalk medium? The examples below serve to illustrate the range of possibilities in across-the-Shroud games.

- **Renegades and Mages** — A Native American burial ground becomes the center of controversy in a land rights struggle. Native shamans (Dreamspeakers or hedge mages) and Indian rights activists might enlist help from friendly "spirits" and wind up with a few Renegades as unlikely allies.

- **Renegades and Vampires** — An attempt by vampire anarchs to overthrow the tyrannical prince of their city might attract unexpected assistance from local Renegades, who see undermining authority in the Skinlands as parallel to overthrowing the Hierarchy in their Necropolitan version of the same city.



• **Renegades and Changelings** — The Unseelie fae revel in anarchy and chaos, seeking to establish discord on earth. Their efforts may act as a magnet for Renegade Spooks and Puppeteers, intent on creating their own havoc in the Skinlands.

• **Renegades and Mediums** — Cross-Shroud friendships can form between mediums and their Restless contacts. Mediums can assist Renegades in protecting their Fetters or in locating and destroying Fetters that belong to their enemies, or they can take other actions to benefit their Restless friends. On the other hand, Hierarchy wraiths might target mediums as a way of striking back at those Renegades availing themselves of cross-Shroud services, forcing the wraiths out into the open if they want to protect their valued human resources.

• **Renegades and Garou** — While most Garou are leery of the Restless, Silent Striders are familiar with some of the secrets of the Dark Umbra (the Shadowlands). Renegades may ally themselves with these werewolves in attempts to bring down corrupt human institutions, or in efforts to protect sites of spiritual and emotional importance from the depredations of the Wyrm's servants.

• **Renegades and the Quick** — Living revolutionaries need all the help they can get. Renegades (perhaps drawn from the ranks of deceased group members) may mean the difference between a successful coup and disaster, or life and death. Then again, some Renegades may prefer to see their compatriots fail, so as to join them in their new, post-mortem struggle.

ideas for Renegade Chronicles

Storytellers may consider using variations on the following story ideas as starting points in creating chronicles for Renegade characters.

• **Revolution in the Shadowlands:** The Necropolis from which the Renegades operate is ripe for rebellion. Stygia shows little concern with supporting her Legions, the Anacreons have their own petty power games to play and the wraiths-on-the-street seem ready to overthrow their masters. All that is needed is a group of committed individuals who can guide the takeover of the city. Enter the characters. This chronicle involves several stages (each of which should form a story by itself): assessing resources, planning the uprising, the confrontation itself and, if the revolution succeeds, securing the victory against a counterrevolution.

• **Escape from Stygia:** A group of Renegades falls into a Hierarchy trap. The wraiths end up imprisoned in Stygia, awaiting a gruesome fate — but destiny provides an escape route. That doesn't mean the characters are safe, however — far from it. The Circle must now evade recapture, make contacts with sympathetic wraiths on the Isle of Sorrows and make their way out of a hostile fortress to safety. Even after the wraiths have managed to make it out of Stygia, they must continue to dodge patrols of Legionnaires and their barghest bloodhounds. High tension and fast-paced action mark this chronicle.



• **Wheeler and Dealers:** This chronicle idea brings two groups of Renegades into conflict with one another. A gang of Renegades, preferably Idealists or Protesters, comes across a transport of Thralls bound for Stygia. In order to liberate these doomed souls, the Renegades must rely on help from an Outlaw band. The raid succeeds, but that's where the trouble begins. The Outlaws want to keep some or all of the Thralls and turn a profit from selling them to the highest bidder. The Idealists (or Protesters) don't. Internal dissension among the Renegades becomes the focus of a story which involves negotiations, direct confrontations and underhanded machinations — and the imprisoned souls just might have something to say about their fate as well.

• **Indoor Plumbing:** Someone is leaking information about Renegade activities in the area to the local Hierarchy. A Renegade gang receives orders from "above" (whatever that means) to flush out the spy and bring her to justice. At first the operation seems relatively simple, just a matter of laying traps, planting false information and waiting to see who takes the bait. But when the evidence points to a member of the gang, things can get interesting. The Storyteller may wish to consider using a willing player character as a cat's paw in this game of intrigue, or she can just have fun making her players paranoid.

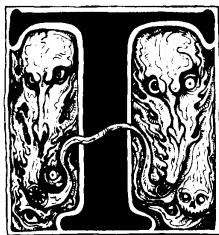
• **The Real Story:** An important member of the Hierarchy defects and seeks out the characters, claiming that she has important information that she needs to deliver to the Renegade Coun-

cil — personally. The wraiths must decide whether or not to believe the defector and, if they do, whether they can afford to put the Council at risk by attempting to bring a stranger to Freedom Isle (assuming that Freedom Isle exists, that the characters know where it is and that they're welcome there — all big assumptions). While they are trying to decide what to do, the defector escapes from the Renegades' protective custody and sets off on her own, apparently in an effort to find the Renegade Council. The characters must pursue the fugitive through the Tempest, but what happens next is anyone's guess. Is the defector merely a stooge, sent out to allow the Hierarchy to discover the whereabouts of the leadership of the Renegades? Or is the information genuine and the defector's motivation sincere? And what does the fugitive's Shadow have to say about what's going on?

• **Clothed in Flesh Once More:** A group of elite Legionnaires have begun covert operations across the Shroud, Skinriding humans and using their consorts to destroy Renegade Fetters. The Renegades decide to fight fire with fire (or flesh with flesh) and take the battle to the other side of the Shroud. This story is ideal for Renegades who are Puppeteers or Spooks, and can even impinge upon the rest of the World of Darkness' denizens. After all, if that pesky Legionnaire's Fetter is actually a vampire, wrecking the Fetter can have some fascinating consequences.



Chapter Six: Children of the Revolution



here are a lot of types of Renegades out there. I mean, you've got your firebrands, your public speakers, your revolutionaries, your deserters, your freelance Reapers, your Bywaymen — you name it, there's a Renegade that does it. I mean, let's face it, there are a lot of these guys. (Makes you wonder what Stygia is doing wrong, doesn't it?) As a matter of fact, there are so many different types of Renegades that any attempt to identify the "archetypal" or "typical" Renegades here would no doubt miss all sorts of folks who consider themselves central to the Renegade movement. Plus, Renegades are the sorts of folks who don't take too kindly to being skipped over, if you know what I mean, and neither you nor I want to see some of these guys when they get upset.

So with that in mind, here are five randomly selected Renegades to give you an idea of what you can do with a Renegade character. Take these folks and use them yourself, modify them, Moliate them or do whatever else you need to in order to make them useful for your chronicle. Just be careful with 'em, and don't tell the other Renegades where you got 'em.

Those Renegades can be spooky bastards, you know, and if they found out who your supplier is, they just might come looking for me.

Revolutionary Dreamer

Quote: *Don't be afraid. There is nothing they can do to you that is worse than the slavery in which they would keep us all!*

Prelude: You come by your revolutionary zeal honestly — you found it in a book. Born to wealth and privilege, you nevertheless had a social conscience, understanding that many of your friends had less than you did. Taught to use your intelligence, you decided you wanted to break out of your protected existence and experience everything the less fortunate lived every day. Rather than wasting your time at school dances or at the local arcade, you learned the art of rebellion.

You embraced movements designed to uphold the rights of individuals — fighting for gay rights, the rights of women and self-determination for nations held in thrall by oppressive governments. You worked for the rights of the handicapped, abused children and the mentally ill. Rallies, demonstrations, leafleting and fund raising called upon your best skills — your gifts for public speaking and working a crowd — but you longed to do more. Dozens of movements and many, many revolutionary contacts later, you still found yourself wondering if you'd made any difference.

So you started dabbling with groups that were a bit more energetic than you were used to. You were all for getting more done, but when the cell's leader started talking about bombings, kidnappings and assassinations you knew you were in over your head. Following your conscience, you told the guy that you wanted

out. It was a bad move. You left the cell all right, but feet first and in a garbage bag for easy disposal.

When you arrived in the Shadowlands, a group of friendly Reapers was waiting for you. Activists in the fight against Stygia, they had followed your (short) career and wanted you to join them now that you were among the Restless. Determined not to make the same mistake twice, you made certain they advocated your kind of revolution rather than the gun-waving idiocy that got you killed. Since then, you've become a featured speaker for Restless rights, moving from one area to another to spread your message. You're finally being heard by the masses, now it's time to bring your platform to the Isle. Once you do that, you're sure that you can help the Deathlords make the changes necessary to bring about a new golden age of peace and equality.

Concept: You are a dreamer who believes passionately in equality for all. Coming from a wealthy background, you had the money and leisure to adopt revolution, though you never actually had to live under any oppression yourself. Despite the details of your death, you don't believe that violence is what revolt is all about. You use logic and righteous indignation to advocate fairness for all, saving your most scathing rhetoric to condemn the hideous practice of soulforging.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak passionately about the rights of the individual, but never soil your Corpus with weapons or battle. If Pathos is the true wealth of the Underworld, inspiring words ought to be enough riches for anyone! Never let your moral certitude be compromised. You are a true rebel, one whose ideology forms the core of belief that will free all wraiths from the tyranny of Stygian oppressors! Show others the way you have found, and millions of wraiths will follow!

Relics: Leaflet for rally, beret



DARREN FRYDENBALL
18

Name: Revolutionary Dreamer

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Rebel

Shadow: Director

Life: Activist

Death: Shot by right-wing extremist

Regret: Not changing the world

Attributes

Physical

Strength Dexterity Stamina

Social

Charisma Manipulation Appearance

Mental

Perception Intelligence Wits

Abilities

Talents

Alertness Athletics Awareness Brawl Dodge Empathy Expression Intimidation Streetwise Subterfuge

Skills

Crafts Drive Etiquette Firearms Leadership Meditation Melee Performance Repair Stealth

Knowledge

Bureaucracy Computer Enigmas Investigation Law Linguistics Medicine Occult Politics Science

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies Haunt Memoriam Status
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00000 00000 00000 00000
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Passions

End tyranny (Righteousness) Convert others to your cause (Pride) Become a famous Renegade (Egotism) Find your killer (Vengeance) Help mortal revolutionaries (Duty)
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Arcanoi

Argos Castigate Fatalism Puppetry
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Fetters

Voorkaas Old skinlands group House where you died Favorite rally site
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Corpus

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Angst

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
Thorns Trick of light
Spectre Prestige Shadow Play

Guild Marks

[Empty Box]

Pathos

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ □ □ □ □

Dark Passion Avenge your death (Vengeance)
Seek oblivion (Self-hate) Undermine your work (guilt)
00000

Hierarchy Defector

Quote: You wouldn't believe the things I've seen — scores of souls lined up for the forges, and not those too weak to keep it together, either! The Hierarchy's out of whack, and I, for one, want out while my Corpus is still in one piece!

Prelude: You were always a realist. You never expected to be a world-famous musician, rocket scientist or computer whiz, but you were comfortable with that. You were fairly average, but you were OK with that. The only problem was that you really weren't sure what you wanted to do with your life.

Still, you knew you needed a college degree to get anywhere, and you had no money for school. There was only one option: You joined the army. You had it all figured: You'd pull a short hitch, learn a marketable skill and get money for college too. It was going to be a piece of cake.

Everything was going according to plan until the day some bigwig decided that troops were needed halfway around the world for "peacekeeping." They shipped your unit out to some dirty little country you'd never heard of, in order to defend the natives from attacks made by their own people. There were thousands of people living in stinking refugee camps, and for what? You didn't know and you didn't want to know, but seeing those hungry faces behind the wire got harder to deal with each day. In the end, though, you stayed put because you had no idea how you'd leave the country if it wasn't with your unit.

You were saved from coming to a decision by a fatal slip. It wasn't much, just a shaving cut, but you'd forgotten you were living in squalor city and didn't take care of things properly. The cut got infected and before you knew what hit you, you died.

Reaped by the Legions, you moved from one army to the next with hardly a break in between. At first, you believed your officers when they said you were defending all wraiths from Spectres and Oblivion, but when you got a good look at the forges and realized what your shiny sword was made from, you decided you wanted no part in it. It all reminded you too much of the hopeless victims in the refugee camps.

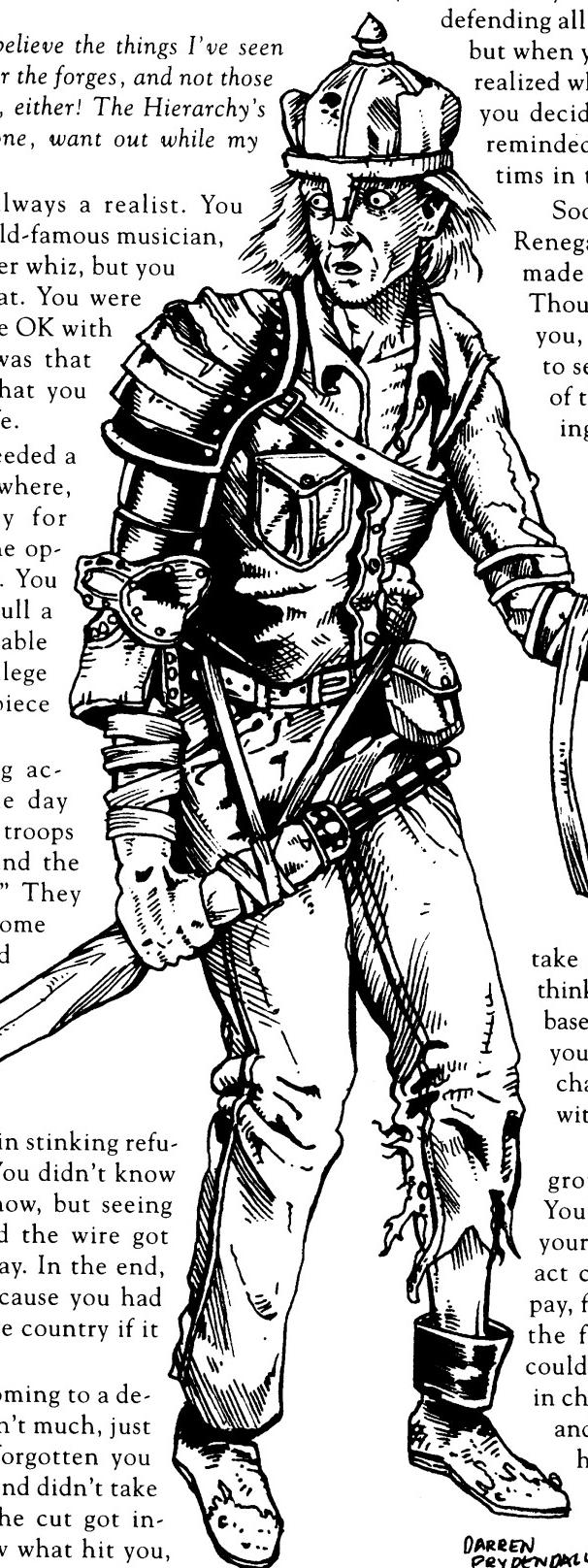
Soon you tumbled to the fact that the Renegades weren't just bogeymen, so you made contact and arranged to defect. Though the gangs have been slow to trust you, the group you joined is beginning to see your value and accept you as part of their family. Things are finally looking up.

Concept: Hey, people have to look out for more than just themselves if they want to make a difference. You may not have known what you wanted to do in life, but you've certainly decided on a path for your afterlife.

Some people may laugh at the thought of you as a revolutionary because you're just a grunt, but no group can get along without people like you. While you don't take charge, you can be counted on to think things through and make sure all the bases are covered. Some people may call you a coward, but you know why you changed sides and you're comfortable with your decision.

Roleplaying Hints: Support your group and watch everyone's backs. You're a trained soldier and you put your knowledge to good use. You may act cynical and claim you defected for pay, for more privileges or even to avoid the forges, but the truth is, you just couldn't deal with keeping other wraiths in chains. You're totally committed now, and you know that the Hierarchy can't hold out forever.

Relics: Helmet, patch from old unit



DARREN
PRYDENDALL
96

Name: Hierarchy Defector

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Survivor

Shadow: Informer

Life: Soldier

Death: Accident leading to systemic infection

Regret: Never figured out what to do with life

Attributes

Physical

Strength Dexterity Stamina

Social

Charisma Manipulation Appearance

Mental

Perception Intelligence Wits

Abilities

Talents

Alertness Athletics Awareness Brawl Dodge Empathy Expression Intimidation Streetwise Subterfuge

Skills

Crafts Drive Etiquette Firearms Leadership Meditation Melee Performance Repair Stealth

Knowledge

Bureaucracy Computer Enigmas Investigation Law Linguistics Medicine Occult Politics Science

Advantages

Backgrounds

Eidolon
Haunt
Relic
Status

Passions

Protect the weak (Compassion)
Support your gang (Loyalty)
Prove your value (Humility)
Bring down the Hierarchy (Anger)

Arcanoi

Argos
Castigate
Moliate
outrage

Fetters

Drill instructor
Parents
Refugee Camp
Hospital (Deathsite)
Army base in U.S.

Corpus

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Angst

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
Thoms
Tainted Relic - knife
Shadow Trait (subterfuge)
Shadowed Face

Guild Marks



Pathos

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ □ □ □

Dark Passion
Betray your Gang (Hate)
Harm the weak (cruelty)
Fail in what you do (contempt)

Eccentric Weirdo

Quote: What exactly do you mean by that — explain why you think I'm "different?"

Prelude: Always out of step — at home, in school and with the other children — you never quite fit into any pre-packaged niche. Smart enough to have skipped a few grades, you chose instead to do just the bare minimum of work necessary to advance each year. You never spoke to your family or teachers (you had no friends to confide in) about your thoughts or feelings. Instead, you'd go to the movies and mumble out a monologue throughout the film, emerging whenever you lost interest in the picture.

Taken to a child psychologist after your parents caught you sitting on the roof one day, you smiled at him benignly but failed to answer even one of his questions. He shrugged, and sent you home with a recommendation that your parents keep you occupied and interested, but nothing more.

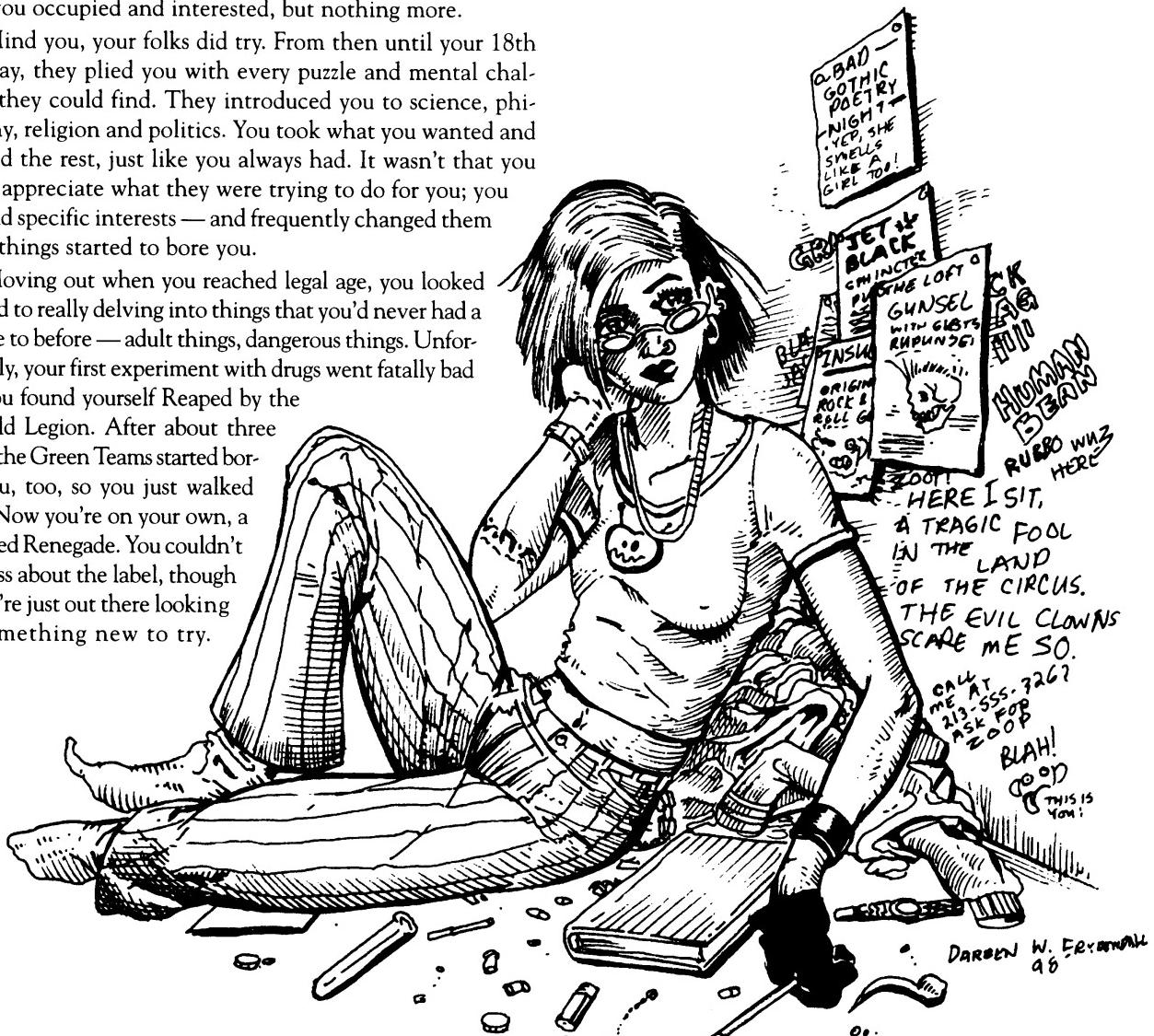
Mind you, your folks did try. From then until your 18th birthday, they plied you with every puzzle and mental challenge they could find. They introduced you to science, philosophy, religion and politics. You took what you wanted and ignored the rest, just like you always had. It wasn't that you didn't appreciate what they were trying to do for you; you just had specific interests — and frequently changed them when things started to bore you.

Moving out when you reached legal age, you looked forward to really delving into things that you'd never had a chance to before — adult things, dangerous things. Unfortunately, your first experiment with drugs went fatally bad and you found yourself Reaped by the Emerald Legion. After about three weeks the Green Teams started boring you, too, so you just walked away. Now you're on your own, a so-called Renegade. You couldn't care less about the label, though — you're just out there looking for something new to try.

Concept: You are the quintessential dilettante, interested in many things, but devoted to none. You've always been considered odd by everyone else. Sometimes it has amused you to play that image up, other times you try to fit in long enough to learn something from folks you don't want to freak. You're an inadvertent Renegade, but not because you're trying to overthrow the Hierarchy. It's just that eternal bureaucracy is not what you're after.

Roleplaying Hints: Question everything. Examine new ideas and explore new situations so long as they intrigue you — but drop them instantly once you get bored. People like you are a threat to the system by dint of your mere existence, just because you can't be neatly pigeonholed. Follow your own dictates. Doing so drives the Hierarchy crazy and makes you a hero to those who cherish individualism. Those same folks also call you a weirdo, but their labels don't matter to you either.

Relics: Whatever has caught your fancy most recently



Name: Eccentric Weirdo

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: Explorer

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Shadow: Parent

Life: free Spirit

Death: Accidental overdose

Regret: Didn't live long enough to do everything

Attributes

Physical

Strength
Dexterity
Stamina

Social

Charisma
Manipulation
Appearance

Mental

Perception
Intelligence
Wits

Abilities

Talents

Alertness
Athletics
Awareness
Brawl
Dodge
Empathy
Expression
Intimidation
Streetwise
Subterfuge

Skills

Crafts
Drive
Etiquette
Firearms
Leadership
Meditation
Melee
Performance
Repair
Stealth

Knowledge

Bureaucracy
Computer
Enigmas
Investigation
Law
Linguistics
Medicine
Occult
Politics
Science

Advantages

Backgrounds

Haunt
Memoriam
Relic
Status

Passions

Experience Everything (curiosity)
Pretend you know everything (Guile)
Protect Individuality (Stubborness)
Never Be Bored (Pride)

Arcanoi

Argos
Embody
Molate
Phantasm
Puppetry

Fetters

Child Psychologist
Parent
Library
Museum
Apartment
Computer
Movie theater
Guild Marks

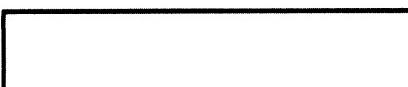
Corpus

Willpower

Angst

Dark Passion

call attention to your ignorance
(insecurity)
court Danger (Fear)



Scumbag Slaver

Quote: What're you lookin' at? You maybe want to turn around and not get involved in my business, before I make you my business.

Prelude: You learned fast and early that no one was going to take care of you if you didn't take care of yourself. If you needed something you had to earn it or take it; nobody else cared if you lived or died. School held no interest for you, so you turned to the streets and the gang that ran your neighborhood. You were big and you were tough, and you had no compunctions about doing anything necessary. The gang's bosses liked that about you, and made you one of their own.

After a disastrous stab at handling drugs, you turned to the slightly less lucrative, but much more enjoyable traffic in flesh, and you soon amassed quite a stable. Before you knew it, you had expensive clothes, fine jewelry and a slick car complete with chauffeur. You started moving in on other prostitution rings, taking over their territory and people. Some you paid off; others — those pimps and Madames too stupid to realize that their time was up — you eliminated.

From handling those acquisitions, you graduated to supplying conventions whenever they came to town, and even to providing high-priced "escorts" to "special guests" and "foreign concerns." Just as it seemed you had the whole state's flesh trade under your thumb, one of your girls tried to get out from under your control. She failed, but you decided that you needed to make a lesson out of her. As you stalked into the room where one of your bagmen was holding her, you suddenly felt a terrible pain behind your eyes. A momentary brightness later, you were dead, killed by an aneurysm.

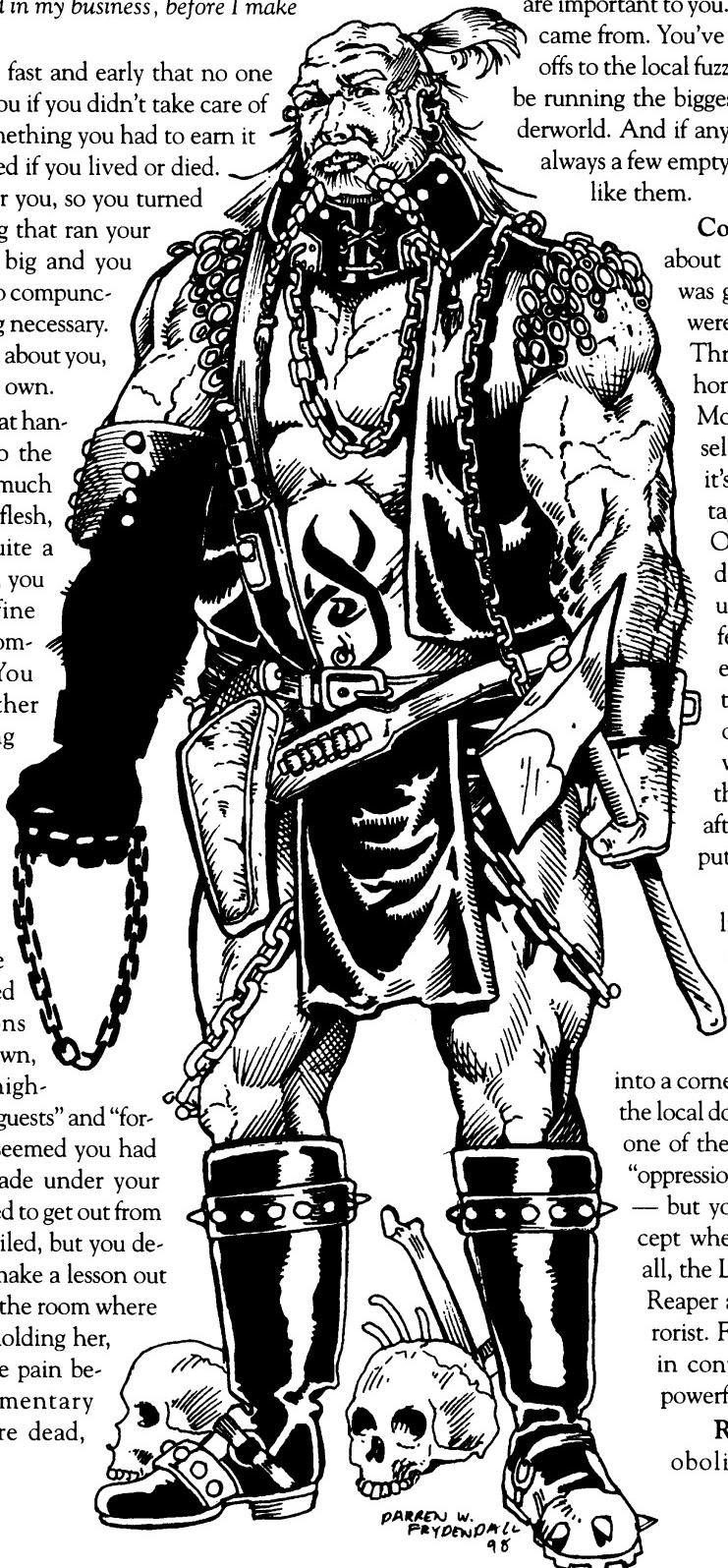
It turned out that on the other side, things aren't too different for you. The only real changes are that you can use actual chains on the merchandise here, and that when you say "merchandise," you don't have to pretend it was a slip of the tongue.

You don't even have to make believe that these slaves are important to you. There's always more where they came from. You've learned how to handle the payoffs to the local fuzz, the Legions; pretty soon, you'll be running the biggest slavery operation in the Underworld. And if anyone gets in your way, there are always a few empty manacles just waiting for idiots like them.

Concept: You don't really care about anything but yourself. Pimping was good enough for you while you were alive; now that you're dead, the Thrall market seems like a more honest version of the same thing. Most of the wraiths you chain and sell are useless Drones anyway, so it's not like you're taking advantage of them. They'd end up in Oblivion's lap if someone like you didn't turn them into something useful. Occasionally, you take a few who aren't Drones, but they either got in your way or made themselves easy targets. The idiots should have been watching what they were doing, right? It's their own fault you nabbed them, after all, and their stupidity is what puts the oboli in your pocket.

Roleplaying Hints: You pay lip service to the Renegades, because they're convenient muscle when you need them as back-up. Squealing "oppression" when the Legions back you into a corner is usually enough to convince the local do-gooders to save your ass. You're one of the loudest voices against Stygia's "oppression" — when it suits your purposes — but you're not on the barricades except when push comes to shove. After all, the Legions will forge an unlicensed Reaper as quickly as they'll forge a terrorist. For that reason alone, you keep in contact with several of the more powerful Renegade gangs.

Relics: Chains for Thralls, oboli, diamond pinkie ring



Renegades

Name: Scumbug Slaver

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Leader

Shadow: Perfectionist

Life: Pimp

Death: Aneurism

Regret: Didn't get control of prostitution

Throughout the State

Attributes

Physical

Social

Mental

Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●●○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents

Skills

Knowledge

Alertness	●●●○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Bureaucracy	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Drive	●●○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Awareness	○○○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	●●●○○	Firearms	●●○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Leadership	●○○○○	Law	●●○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Meditation	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Melee	●●○○○	Medicine	●○○○○
Intimidation	●●●○○	Performance	○○○○○	Occult	●○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Repair	○○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Stealth	●●○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Passions

Arcanoi

Allies	●●○○○	control as many souls as possible (Lust)	●●●○○	Argos	●○○○○
Haunt	●●○○○	Make others suffer (cruelty)	●●●○○	Molate	●○○○○
Noferity	●●●○○	Don't let others push you around (Pride)	●●○○○	outrage	●●○○○
	○○○○○	Destroy your competitors (Envy)	●●○○○		○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

Fetters

Corpus

Angst

Jail cell	●●○○○	○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○	● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Ex-Wife	●●○○○	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
Pool Hall	●○○○○		
Favorite stripjoint	●○○○○		
Apartment	●●○○○	● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○	
Deathsite	●●○○○	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □	

Guild Marks

Pathos

Dark Passion

Kill Ex-wife (Jealousy)	●●●○○
Get Caught (Guilt)	●●●●○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Profiteer

Quote: See that fool waving a leaflet around? Know who that leaflet used to be? Yeah, the leader of his gang. Don't tell me she gave her all for the Revolution. The revolution is crap! I expect to make a tidy profit on what I do — or I ain't doin' it.

Prelude: No one ever offered you a free ride and you didn't grow up expecting one. Like the other kids from your neighborhood, you had to work for what you wanted, then fight to keep it. School was a joke, and your real education came from the street.

That's where you learned what was really important: getting with a gang tough enough to protect you; claiming territory and making those within it pay you for staying there. You learned to find commodities that people wanted, get control over them and make the suckers pay a lot for what you had to offer. You discovered that *everything* has a value — knowledge, information, skills, transportation, machine parts, TVs, even people — and that you could make a profit on all of it. All that's necessary is the guts to get the merchandise, the strength to keep it and the contacts to sell it to. That's it.

Of course, rival gangs put the lie to that little axiom, and a few years after you'd graduated to negotiator, you ran afoul of one of their "acquisitionists." Seeing as he had backup and you didn't, he took your merchandise and you headed for the Shadowlands, courtesy of a slit throat.

Though you were Reaped by the Legions to start with, you soon learned that quartermaster jobs that would give you a chance to make off with valuable materiel were few and far between. Instead, you sought out like-minded individuals — most of them Renegades — and made plans to join them in a daring raid on a Legion supply dump. The operation went off mostly without a hitch, but you were spotted and labeled a Renegade, to be captured and sent to the forges on sight.

Since then, you've hijacked, boosted, pilfered, stolen, liberated and

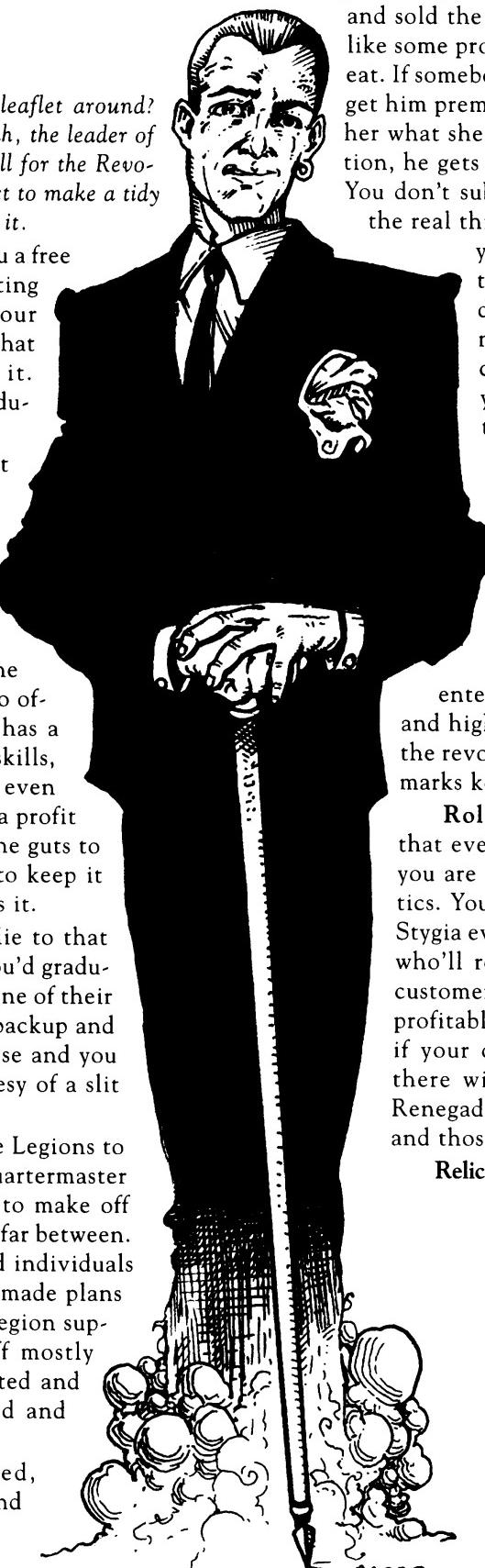
acquired anything you could get your hands on, and sold the swag to the highest bidder. Unlike some profiteers, you don't shit where you eat. If somebody pays you premium prices, you get him premium stuff. If she prepays, you get her what she wants. If he outbids the opposition, he gets the goods, regardless of politics. You don't substitute shoddy merchandise for the real thing, you don't jack up prices and

you never sell out your buyers to the Hierarchy so as to make double profits. You are trusted more than most of your kind because you keep to those rules, and you make certain everyone knows that you do.

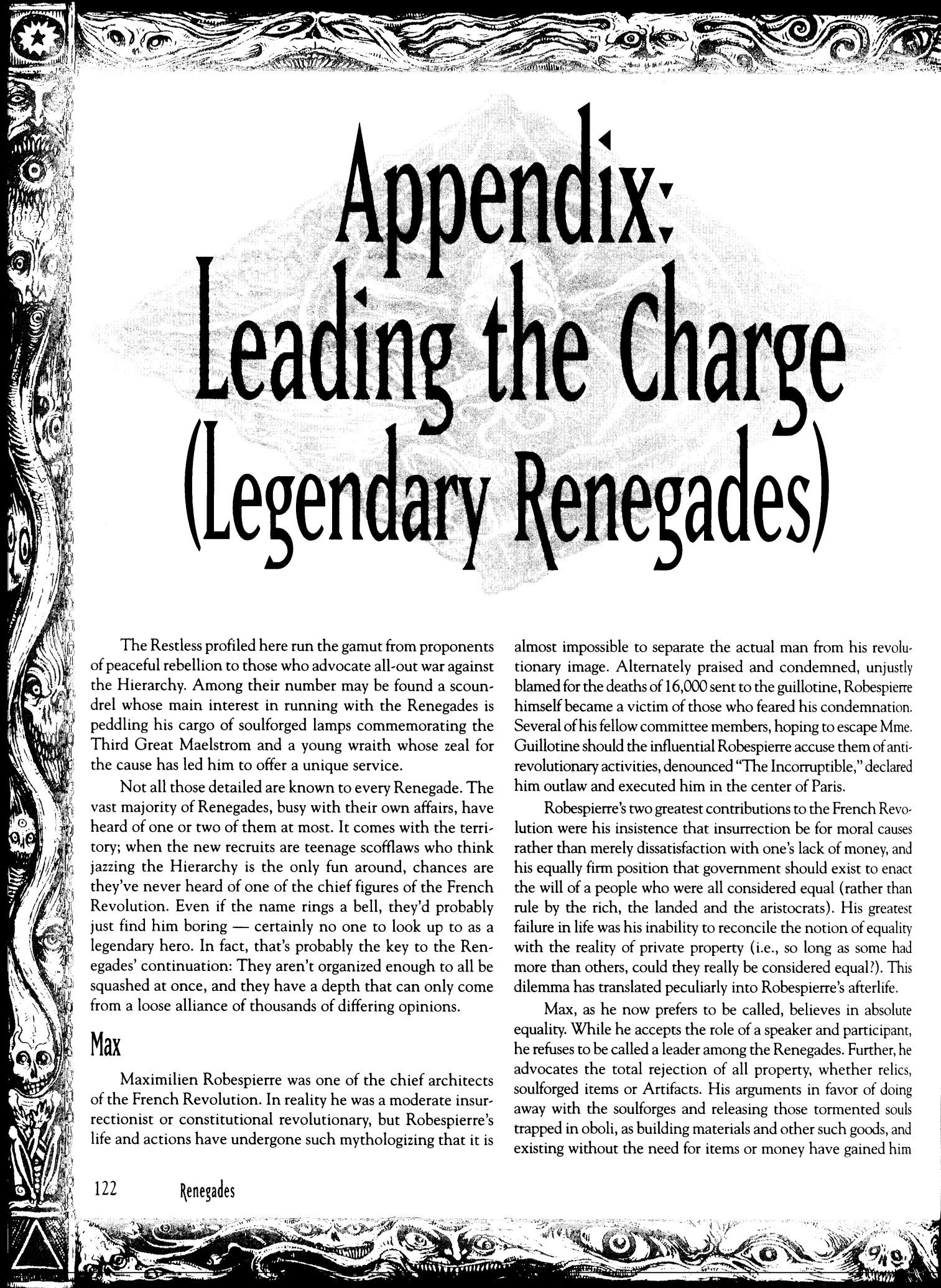
Concept: You're out to make a profit and make no secret about that. A pirate at heart, you are nevertheless an honest pirate. Let other profiteers backstab their customers for a quick obolus; in the long run, the trust you build with your clientele guarantees you repeat business and higher profits. If what you do helps the revolution, that's fine, so long as the marks keep handing over the money.

Roleplaying Hints: Make certain that everyone you deal with knows that you are interested in business, not politics. You're in this for the money, but if Stygia ever goes down the tubes, the folks who'll replace the Deathlords are your customers. That puts you in a potentially profitable situation. On the other hand, if your old customers turn ungrateful, there will always be another batch of Renegades looking to overthrow them. — and those guys are going to need you.

Relics: Inventory list, big gun and ammo



DARREN
PRIDENDALE
98



Appendix: Leading the Charge (Legendary Renegades)

The Restless profiled here run the gamut from proponents of peaceful rebellion to those who advocate all-out war against the Hierarchy. Among their number may be found a scoundrel whose main interest in running with the Renegades is peddling his cargo of soulforged lamps commemorating the Third Great Maelstrom and a young wraith whose zeal for the cause has led him to offer a unique service.

Not all those detailed are known to every Renegade. The vast majority of Renegades, busy with their own affairs, have heard of one or two of them at most. It comes with the territory; when the new recruits are teenage scofflaws who think jazzing the Hierarchy is the only fun around, chances are they've never heard of one of the chief figures of the French Revolution. Even if the name rings a bell, they'd probably just find him boring — certainly no one to look up to as a legendary hero. In fact, that's probably the key to the Renegades' continuation: They aren't organized enough to all be squashed at once, and they have a depth that can only come from a loose alliance of thousands of differing opinions.

Max

Maximilien Robespierre was one of the chief architects of the French Revolution. In reality he was a moderate insurrectionist or constitutional revolutionary, but Robespierre's life and actions have undergone such mythologizing that it is

almost impossible to separate the actual man from his revolutionary image. Alternately praised and condemned, unjustly blamed for the deaths of 16,000 sent to the guillotine, Robespierre himself became a victim of those who feared his condemnation. Several of his fellow committee members, hoping to escape Mme. Guillotine should the influential Robespierre accuse them of anti-revolutionary activities, denounced "The Incorruptible," declared him outlaw and executed him in the center of Paris.

Robespierre's two greatest contributions to the French Revolution were his insistence that insurrection be for moral causes rather than merely dissatisfaction with one's lack of money, and his equally firm position that government should exist to enact the will of a people who were all considered equal (rather than rule by the rich, the landed and the aristocrats). His greatest failure in life was his inability to reconcile the notion of equality with the reality of private property (i.e., so long as some had more than others, could they really be considered equal?). This dilemma has translated peculiarly into Robespierre's afterlife.

Max, as he now prefers to be called, believes in absolute equality. While he accepts the role of a speaker and participant, he refuses to be called a leader among the Renegades. Further, he advocates the total rejection of all property, whether relics, soulforged items or Artifacts. His arguments in favor of doing away with the soulforges and releasing those tormented souls trapped in oboli, as building materials and other such goods, and existing without the need for items or money have gained him



many admirers (and earned him the enmity of the Artificers Guild). Most of the Restless who know him consider Max a dreamer whose ideas, while admirable, are wholly impossible to implement. Nonetheless, enough wraiths follow the Maxian Doctrine that Artificers and those who own many relics tread with care when outside the immediate influence of the Legions.

Feyrh

Rumor states that the woman called Feyrh was the abbess of a prestigious convent during medieval times, second in command of the Mnemoi when the Guilds still flourished, and a favorite of the Beggar Lord. No one is certain whether any of those rumors is true. Feyrh has been around for some time and appears to have been present in Stygia during several seminal events. Nonetheless, she still has Fetters, for she travels in the Shadowlands without difficulty. Feyrh also has knowledge of a number of Arcanoi, but whether her bag of tricks includes Mnemosynis is anybody's guess.

For someone who has been one of the Restless as long as Feyrh has, she seems singularly mysterious. She has never been listed among the rolls of the Legions, no one associated with the Guilds remembers her being a member of any, and despite her rumored religious background, she apparently despises Heretics.

Even her name is a mystery. She has never confirmed whether her name rhymes with "fair" or "fear." She answers to either — when anyone can find her to address her by name.

Most Renegades have heard of Feyrh's exploits. According to gang lore, Feyrh helped found the Renegade movement, refusing (along with the Ferrymen, with whom she is sometimes associated) to acknowledge Charon's self-appointment as Emperor. For a time, she and several followers harassed Charon's Deathlords — with the exception of the Beggar Lord, so it is said. Why she should have exempted the Beggar Lord from her disapproval is as mysterious as anything else having to do with her. After receiving a sentence sending her to the forges, Feyrh and six of her most devoted lieutenants navigated the Sunless Sea to found their own city on a distant island. Known as Freedom Isle, the city serves as a sanctuary for Renegades in need of a hideout and plays host to the Renegade Council.

Young Renegades who show courage, intelligence and the promise of being effective revolutionaries are occasionally given an invitation to Freedom Isle. There (so it is said), they receive expert tutelage in revolutionary tactics. Though many charismatic leaders of gangs have traveled to a place they say was Freedom Isle, none will confirm whether they met or were trained by Feyrh herself.





The Renegade Lord

Many of the Restless Dead have heard rumors of the Renegade Lord. Most of those do not believe that there is such a person. There is. Acknowledged only as a mentor by the Renegade Council — though he is often confused in rumor and legend with the Council's even-more-mysterious leader, Sangfroid — the Renegade Lord always appears masked. Charismatic and eloquent, the Lord is a committed, learned and tireless revolutionary. Although generally more interested in non-violent methods, rumor speaks of his ferocity when he is compelled to employ deadly force. His presence has helped several Renegade groups overthrow Stygian garrisons and claim Necropoli, though no Restless outside his very small Circle knows what Haunt he claims as his own.

The Renegade Lord's age as a wraith is unknown, but only the eldest Restless remember a time when there was no Renegade Lord. Then, of course, he was called by a different name. Usually somewhat aloof and calm, he affects an air of mystery that is deepened by the concealing mask he wears.

One of the best-known rumors concerning the Renegade Lord maintains that he was once one of the Deathlords. The tale unfolds that the Lord became disenchanted with his fellow Deathlords and their policies. Seeing the wretchedness of most of the Restless Dead, he laid aside his mask of office, donned a new one and embraced the revolutionary cause. Further embellishments to the story paint part of it in a romantic light. Rather

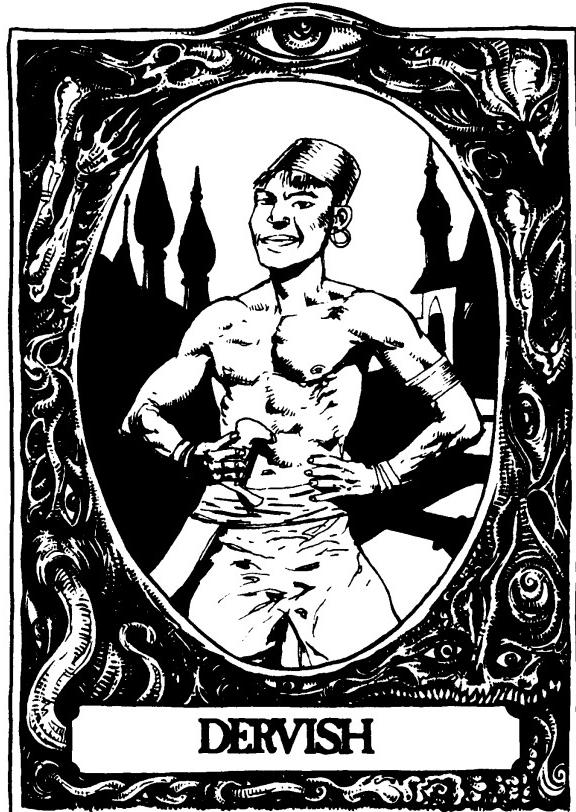
than simply claiming he is one of the Deathlords, this version insists that he used to be the Beggar Lord and that he has had a centuries-long romance with Feyrh. Whatever the truth of these fanciful imaginings, the Renegade Lord (or someone claiming to be him) can be found traveling from enclave to stronghold, encouraging revolution wherever he goes.

Dervish

Still somewhat new to death, this young wraith has carved out a lucrative slot for himself in the Underworld. A teen entrepreneur in life, Dervish continued his business dealings even after his death from a random bullet. Realizing that the goods had changed, but the game remained the same, Dervish quickly made connections with Hierarchy, Heretic, Guild and Renegade factions.

Never too squeamish to deal in even the most repulsive wares, Dervish became a chief supplier of Artifacts, relics and soulforged goods to the fringe element. While he rarely involves himself in raids and theft, he isn't above picking up "a little extra on the side" through such methods.

Strangely, Dervish is quite popular. While customers may abhor his prices and suppliers decry his cheapness, both groups find him personally amusing. Dervish has a clever or funny story for every situation and loves to share them with his acquaintances. He loves a good time and is always looking for new experiences. In essence, he's a thorough scoundrel with no conscience whatsoever, but such is his demeanor of bonhomie, most wraiths ignore their better judgment and find him lovable.





Glory

A homicidal maniac, Glory wreaked havoc in the Skinlands until her untimely (but well-deserved) death, caught in the blast of one of her own bombs. When she arrived in the Shadowlands, Glory redistributed several plasmic parts of the slaver who Reaped her, then disappeared into the Tempest.

Several years later she emerged and began her maniacal career as a terrorist. Rumors that she had served as a torturer in some Heretic hell remain unconfirmed. More easily documented are her many assassinations of Hierarchy, Heretic and even Renegade personnel (she claims to admire the Guilds too much — and insists that there are Guilds still in existence — to bother their people). Glory is a loose cannon, a crazy whose actions give the Renegades a bad name except among those who believe some actual political agenda informs her actions. Because she doesn't exempt other Renegades from her depredations, she is feared by most gangs, who don't trust her methods or her motives. In recent times, many Renegades have questioned whether or not Glory is a Specie. She seems far too crazy not to be.

Mercury

A New Yorker born and bred, Roger hoped to become an Olympic cyclist. Killed by a hit-and-run driver as he pedaled his bike through midtown traffic, this former bonded courier arrived in the Shadowlands still atop his relic bike and was Reaped by a gang of Renegades known as the Fellow Travelers.

The Travelers taught Roger the ropes and inculcated him with prime Renegade rhetoric. Cautiously, the young wraith checked out what was available on the Hierarchy side of the fence, then willingly joined up to serve the Renegade cause. Just as a career as a stockbroker or sales analyst had always seemed too confining to him, Roger found the roles the Hierarchy offered to Restless with a strong sense of personal freedom highly limited.

Roger moved around with the Travelers, attending Renegade rallies and secret meetings with other gangs to discuss planned disruptions of Hierarchy business. From his experience of those meetings, he quickly realized that the Renegades' greatest weakness was their inability to trust one another. He hit on a plan to use his relic bike. Starting small, Roger changed his name to Mercury and offered to become a courier between different Renegade factions. Though they were reluctant at first to trust him with any significant information, the gangs came to realize that his services were sorely needed. As Mercury completed each assignment, he proved his trustworthiness and devotion to the cause.

Eventually Mercury came to the attention of the Renegade Council. Now he not only carries messages between factions, but often delivers memorized verbal instructions handed down from the Council as well. Additionally, he now has several assistants — many of them with their own relic vehicles — who are known as the Quicksilver Fleet. They work alongside him in carrying messages, Artifacts and even wraiths in hiding from one area to another. Most Renegade factions know of Mercury and the Quicksilver Fleet, using them as couriers and as neutral guarantors of peaceful meetings between rival factions.



Renegades

We Got Your Dictum Mortuum Right Here —

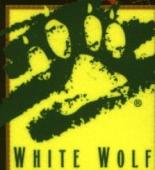
Don't tell me you were dumb enough to buy the load of crud the Hierarchy's been trying to sell you. If you believe the Deathlords are benevolent, the Legions are here to protect us and soulforging is a necessary part of the Stygian way of life, I've got a Fetter on the Brooklyn Bridge to sell you. It's all lies, kid, but you're lucky. You're about to hear the truth.

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